Mar. 5, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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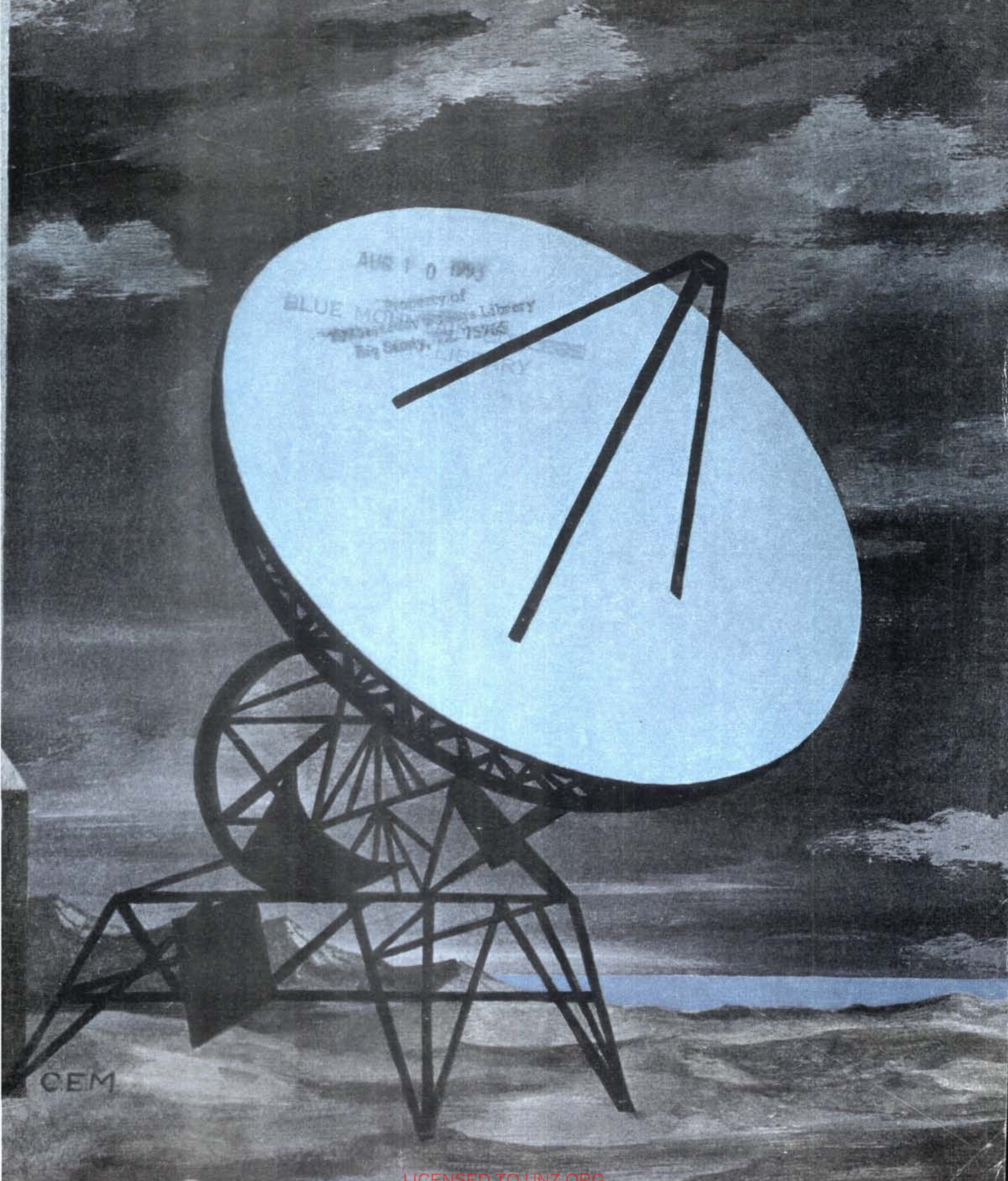

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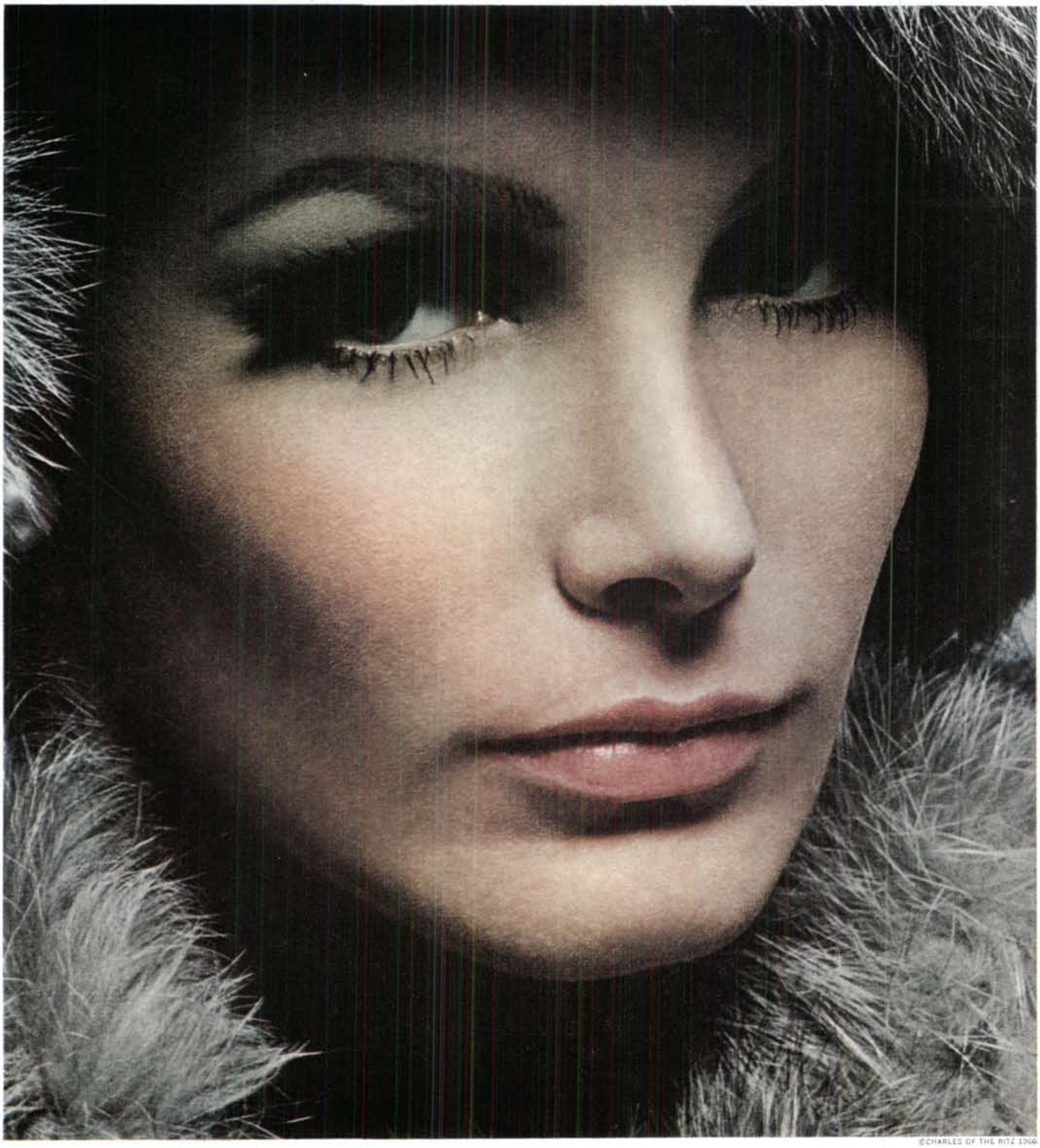

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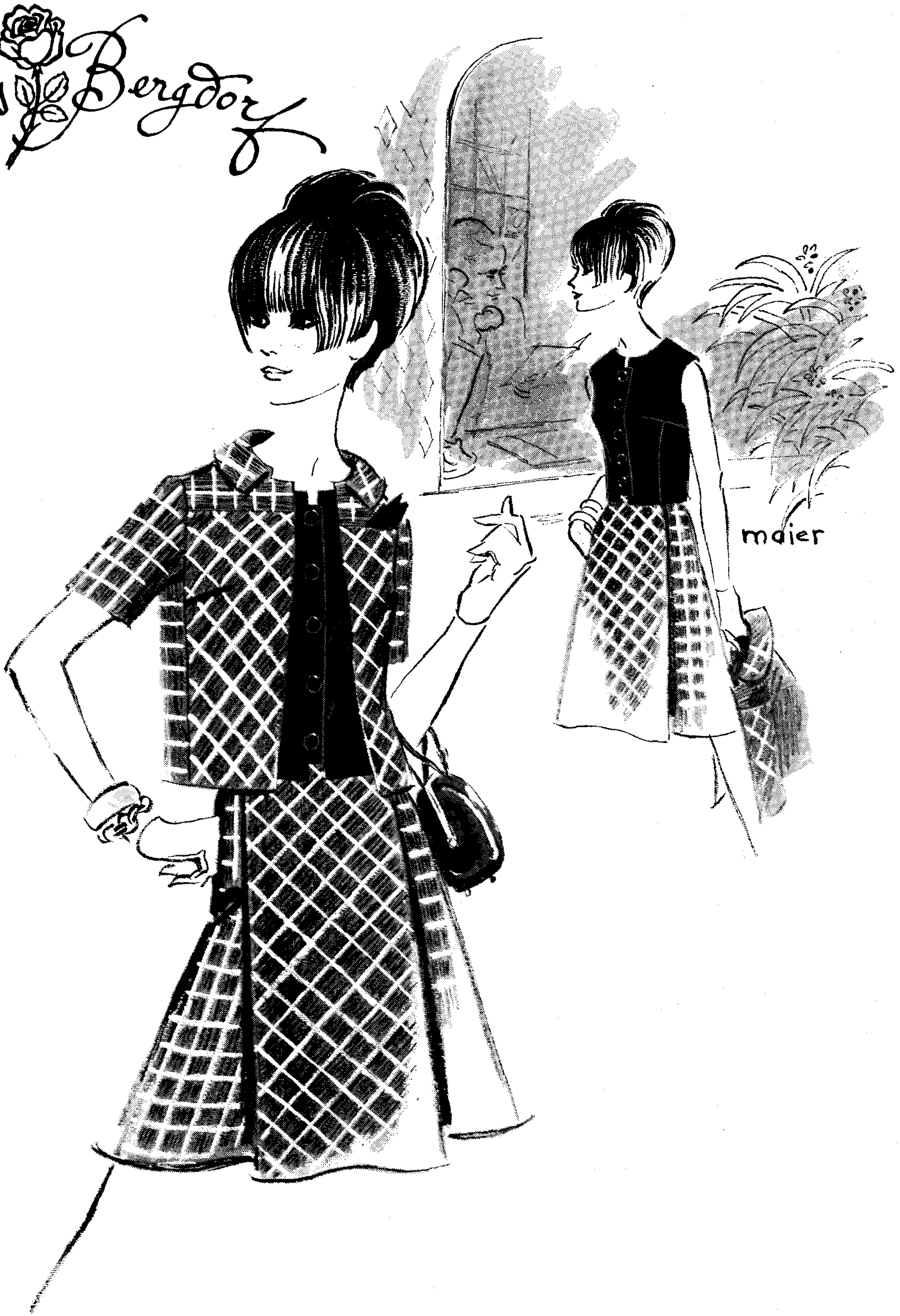
Charles of the Ritz

Miss Bergdorf



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—There are altogether too many dramatic recesses in this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs give the proceedings a lift every now and then. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—A marathon monologue makes up the bulk of this drama by John Osborne, which describes the disintegration of a solicitor who has no respect for his law or for himself. Hard going, but occasionally relieved by the performances of Nicol Williamson, as the lawyer, and Madeleine Sherwood and Ted van Griethuysen, who portray assorted other characters. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company representing the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum, which is, as depicted here, a nightmarish place indeed. Peter Brook, who directed the depressing drama, plainly aims to shock, and from time to time he succeeds. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are excellent as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, in which Christopher Plummer and David Carradine lead a first-rate cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

You Can't Take It with You—The APA Repertory Company's expert revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb is the director, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik having a fine time in South Africa as a Jewish grandfather who likes to go adventuring with a native pal (Louis Gossett) in Johannesburg and its environs. An insubstantial bit of business, put together by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon. The piece is enlivened by Harold Rome's incidental music. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Where's Daddy?—William Inge's new comedy, starring Betty Field and Hiram Sherman. Directed by Harold Clurman. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—Julie Harris is appealing as a young lady trying to save a Manhattan brownstone from some high-rise builders bent on destroying it, but this musical hasn't much else to recommend it. Adapted from Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" by Peter Stone, the play has music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography, by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are lively. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **golden boy:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 5.)... **half a sixpence:** Tommy Steele in an adaptation of H.G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello. dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Virginia Dare. (St. James,

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What is the look of the French shoe,
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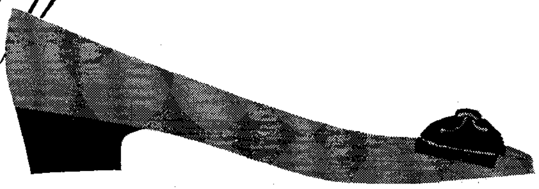

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Lion in Winter—A play about Henry II by James Goldman. Robert Preston and Rosemary Harris lead a cast under the direction of Noel Willman. Opens Thursday, March 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Three Bags Full—Jerome Chodorov's comedy, based on a French original "Oscar," with Paul Ford in the title role. Directed by Gower Champion. Previews through Saturday, March 5. Opens officially on Sunday, March 6. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment, which originated in South Africa and has been running in London, with a cast of three girls and five men. Staged by Leon Gluckman. Previews through Saturday, March 5. Opens officially on Monday, March 7. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happily Never After—Barbara Barrie and Gerald S. O'Loughlin in a comedy by J. A. Ross. Joseph Anthony is the director. Previews through Wednesday, March 9. Opens officially on Thursday, March 10. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**HUNGARIAN NATIONAL BALLET AND FOLK ENSEMBLE:** A two-week return engagement (new program) by this company of a hundred and ten dancers and singers, plus an orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Final performance Sunday matinée, March 13.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's third offering is Sartre's **THE CONDEMNED OF ALTONA**, adapted by Justin O'Brien. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and **PAGLIACCI**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Coop—A play by Ralph S. Arzoomanian. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deadly Game—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, does quite well. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

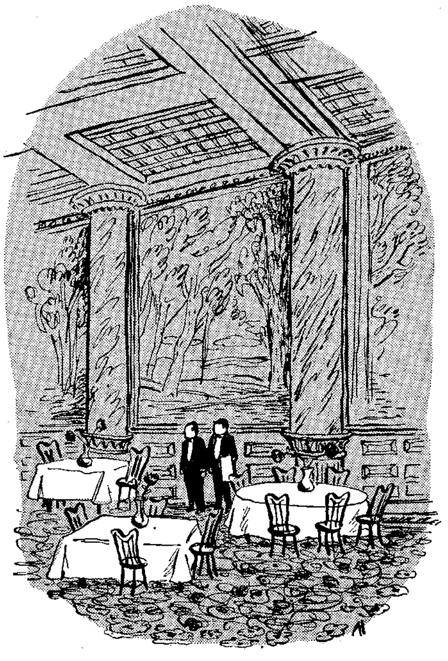
Laughwind—A play by Tom Waters. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Monopoly—Four one-act plays by Jerome Kass. Previews Thursday and Friday, March 3-4 at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, March 5. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Phèdre—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)



The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 763-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rooms—A pair of glib, rather cheap one-acters, the first a comedy and the second a melodrama. James Broderick is good in both of them. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Winterset—A revival of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

National Ballet—The company from Washington presenting "Night Song," "Pas de Trois," "La Sonnambula," and "Homage au Ballet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 5, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Anna Russell—In a single performance of her new solo revue, "All by Myself." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, March 4, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Several things happen in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. One is Pat Henry, a doer of monologues, most of which have stood the test of time; another is Nancy Ames, whose choice of songs can cause one to wonder. A third, and the major, entrant in the ring is the orchestra of Lee Evans, which spends the evening sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Well-schooled dancing is par for this *concours*, where George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the restaurant from eight until nine, then breaks into prance tunes. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—John Mills of London, the Governor of this British colony, is giving it the Ambassadeurial touch he gives his London town houses. The music is rolled forth in the master treadroom by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and a crew from up here. In the Champagne Room, though, only a violin and a piano confer, and in whispers. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Ben Cutler's boys from Boola Boola U. stick to the real New York beat for whoever both dances and dines, and every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, there dwells Liza Minnelli, sometimes overlaid with ballads that only a Greek chorus should do, sometimes completely her merry self with an airy little song and an airy little romp with Neil Schwartz and Bob Fitch, her accomplished ballet partners. On Wednesday, March 9, she will be succeeded by Diahann Carroll, that impetuous dramatic soprano, who will make but one appearance, at ten,

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Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Room at the top. If the vistas and the vittles do not use up enough time, there is always a dance floor, with a trio that burbles from eight-thirty to one-thirty. On Monday, March 7, the orchestra of José Melis will replace the present threesome. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Si Zentner's army, which leads from strength and backs it up with intricacy, is the current big band on deck. It lets go from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Urban renewal has set the Maisonette aflame with imported scenery that is tempered by row upon row of bookshelves—Thackeray, Carlyle, and the Walpoles. American life goes on as before, though, to the tune, or tunes, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano—which happens from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week (except Mondays), and from five to eleven on Sundays—is right up Peacock's Alley. The little dance band that bowls in the Alley from nine to one takes Sundays off.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. All sports but the Twist and its offspring are permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or so it seems on these premises. The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Domestic life in Firenze. The family retainers who are not required in the kitchen now and again display their knowledge of Italian, operatic and otherwise, to the diners. They are not unknowledgeable about American arias, either. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **mike malkan's,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): The Kingdom of Lilliput in a garrulous mood, full of young'uns on their best behavior. While they gabble, Mr. Malkan, *padrone*, plays rumbling piano. Seven until almost daybreak is the scheme. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week.

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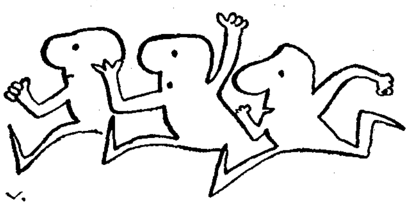
The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A fearless jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **charlie bates,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall delights the young people. The music—Bob Emma's period piano and song, and Bob Gibson's chortling trio—sets to at seven; Sundays, in their place, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. . . . **bell's,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): The comforts of home, and the happy congregating of young and old for a mannerly Old Home Week. George Taylor's trio, which is always on the verge of sing-along, burbles from nine until three. It stays home Sundays. . . . **the apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A blockhouse on the Wild, Wild East frontier, where Charles De Forest, who sits right down and writes a night-life ballad whenever he hasn't one for the precise occasion, plays piano and chants away from ten until three. He is marked absent on Sundays.

Note—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. The music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, it sounds at one. . . . **arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **downtown,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four, except Mondays) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The new face of Spain, but even so the architecture makes the twentieth century a great deal less stark. The guitarist, Rogelio Reguera, sets forth a panorama of Spain in the subtlest of hues. He starts up at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Coming through the Romany Rye with Sarita Heredia, the Almerian gypsy who fulminates here at dinner and supper, is an uplifting experience, for her simultaneous swinging, swaying, snapping of fingers, and crackling of guitar are vivid and virtuoso. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do (and doing it superbly), with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, there is Joe Moon, a knowledgeable pianist, whose music runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dreams of Empire, all right, but of the one that once lay along the Neva and the Volga. Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **café carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (Karl Inwald's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is Viennese. Closed Sundays. . . . **polo bar,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): This portion of the Hotel Westbury is given over to dining and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the winter on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to. . . . **barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): More than a touch of Moorish architecture,

It's a long way

from a dab behind the ears

It clings like perfume,
goes on like a lotion,
and covers your body with
a scented veil.

'A Veil of Arpege'

A VEIL
OF
ARPEGE
LANVIN
ALSO IN MY SIN

LANVIN

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and quite a few touches of globe-trotter piano by George Rudolph, who is on point duty from six until midnight, except on Sundays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, Mario Peralta wields with ease an absolutely unwieldy and age-old bandonion, whose seven-until-nine music is all balm. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, which is a bar first and foremost, there is piano by Tony Gorody, who was once part of the Havana dawn patrol. He is on duty from six to one. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): From the choicer collections of the Second and Third Avenue dealers come the jests put forth by the team of Allen & Rossi, who give them a tumultuous welcome home. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a Never-Never Land, in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. In the middle of it all stands Kay Starr, the principal soprano of the event, and not far in the background is Betty Jo Alvies, a tawny creature who is certainly Miss Amazon of 1966. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): This enterprise is marking time—with the assistance of a new band run by Gerald Wilson—until the arrival (on Thursday, March 10) of Trini Lopez, an apocalyptic evening in the lives of all children who like motion-with-emotion balladeers. In the meantime, Damita Jo is the lively troupial and Timmie Rogers the so-so speaker. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. The ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all noblewomen; Bill Hinnant is their sly shepherd. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): It's boots-and-saddle time in the back room when the feet of Joaquin Robles take off on their infuriated flamencan cavalcade; the rest of the night is assigned to Los Vegas, a quintet of Mexicans who have far better ideas than most of us North Americans about how to make the music of the rockers and the rollers presentable. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the pocket-edition revue here, is a slow starter, but it soon picks up momentum. R. G. Brown, Fannie Flagg, Kelly Wood, and Richard Blair, the leaders of the pack, are the important fun-lovers. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Even if a word to the wise is insufficient, there is always another in the lyric vocabulary of Mabel Mercer, whose soft-spoken balladry has for generations ministered to the needs of people in love and people who would like to be. Also on hand: Joan Rivers, a girl with a gift of gab (mostly stream, and scream, of unconsciousness), who uses this small temple as a trial run. Miss Mercer departs on Saturday, March 5; Miss Rivers stays on. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A special bonus is conveyed by Thelonious Monk's quartet (introspective) and Coleman Hawkins' foursome (outgoing). Their final night is Sunday, March 6. On Monday, March 7, Thad Jones' eighteen-man band, in which one may easily descry such prince valiants as Bob Brookmeyer, Hank Jones, Pepper Adams, and Mel Lewis, returns to action. Their final night is Saturday, March 12. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a belowstairs cave. Up top, Jaki Byard does his best with an over-age piano every night but Monday, and he is spelled by Dave Pike's trio. Down under, on Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, Gloria Lynne will do her shotgun ditties and Horace Silver's quintet will ululate. On Mondays, down under is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy. Lennie Tristano's quartet pensively considers the human condition and the condition of jazz. On Tuesday, March 8, a change of cast (as yet a mystery) is expected. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Jake Holmes, a folk man who knows what he is doing, is onstage in this reliable coffeehouse, along with the Uncalled-For 3, this enterprise's court jesters. On Wednesday, March 9, Josh White, who was around folk music in the very beginning, takes over from the Uncalled-For 3. The regulars lay off every Tuesday. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The Jazz Workshop of Charles Mingus is in its standard state of productive ferment. Toshiko Mariano, nowadays going it alone on piano, provides fetching interludes. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, is using a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Roger Kellaway, Morey Feld, and the Japanese pianist Shoji Suzuki—to produce the old-school music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually comprising Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Max Kaminsky is lying in wait here. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three every night, and each Tuesday-through-Thursday a bagpiper waxes eerie. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays bring on, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a few stanzas by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.

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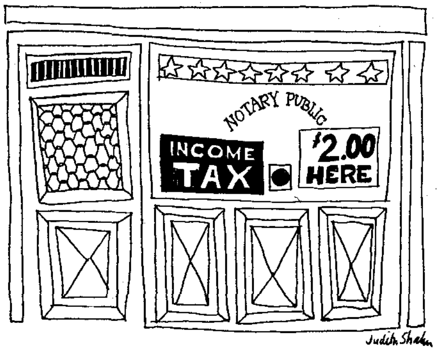

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRO, PETER LANYON, AND CÉSAR MANRIQUE—Paintings; through March 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT ALCALAY—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

WILL BARNET—Portraits; through Saturday, March 12. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGIT BECK—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 12. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LELAND BELL—Mostly figure paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROBERT BENSON—Rectangular wall pieces; through Saturday, March 5. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

VICTOR BRAUNER—Surrealist paintings; through March 19. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

POL BURY—Paintings and lithographs; through Saturday, March 12. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Recent gouaches, mobiles, and stabiles; through Saturday, March 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Abstract paintings; through March 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JOHN DOBBS—Figure paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

ALICE FORMAN—Figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 5. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

KEN FRITSCH—Figure paintings; through Thursday, March 10. (Aegis, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—Abstract oils; through Saturday, March 5. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

LÉON HARTL—Landscapes and still-lifes; through March 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARTMAN—Paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARGO HOFF—Collage paintings; through March 26. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BUDD HOPKINS—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Still-lifes and figure paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Representational paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

IRVING KAUFMAN—Paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

ROBERT KEYSER—Abstract oils; through March 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JACOB LAWRENCE—Twenty-one tempera paintings from the series on the theme "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Saturday, March 12. (Martin, 43 Greenwich Ave., at 11th St. Weekdays, 2 to 10.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 12. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Landscapes; through March 26. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

MARIO MICOSSI—Etchings of Italy; through Thursday, March 10. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

SUE MITCHELL—Landscapes; through Saturday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 5. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Costantino Nivola—Drawings; through Saturday, March 12. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Noland—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Felix Pasilis—Abstract oils; through Saturday, March 5. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Graphics; through March 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner—Figure paintings; through March 26. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Reid—Abstractions; through March 17. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Carlos Sansegundo—Paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Peter Saul—Vietnam drawings; through March 26. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Sawin—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, March 5. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Henry Schnakenberg—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through March 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Sivard—Paintings of Yugoslavia, Paris, Puerto Rico, and New York; through Saturday, March 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jane Smith—Still-life paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Soto—Op art by a Venezuelan artist who works in Paris; through March 19. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hedda Sterne—Portraits, 1941-65; through Saturday, March 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tal Streeter—Sculptures; through Saturday, March 12. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

John von Wicht—Graphics; through March 15. (Grippi, 344 E. 59th St.)

Robert Watts—Objects and constructions; through March 19. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

Greek Art—Plates, vases, bronze animals, and other Greek antiquities; through Saturday, March 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "Sea and Coast," an exhibit of paintings by (for instance) Bennett Bradbury, Leonard Lane, and Stanley Woodward; through March 26. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Hassam, Twachtman, and Pleissner; through March 25. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints and watercolors by Misch Kohn, Bill Majors, and other members of the gallery, plus bronze nudes by Doris Caesar; through Saturday, March 5.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by Robert Motherwell, de Staël, Klee, and other twentieth-century artists; through Thursday, March 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such artists as Chagall, Giacometti, and Pollock; through April 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings by Boucher, Toulouse-Lautrec, Homer, and others; through March 19.

Europeans; Group Show—"Old Masters in Twentieth-Century European Art," including Picasso, Arp, and Mondrian; through Saturday, March 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. . . . ¶ "Chinese Metalwork," a new installation of small objects dating from 1500 B.C. to about 1250 A.D., including sculptures, religious images, and jewelry, in gold, silver, and gilt bronze. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display of architectural drawings of projects and buildings by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, in celebration of his eightieth birthday; through March 20. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and collages (1941-55) by Nicolas de Staël, together with European drawings by such artists as Gianfranco Baruchello, Eduardo Paolozzi, and Antoni Tàpies; through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Oils, drawings, and small caseins by Niles Spencer, 1893-1952; through Sunday, March 6. . . . ¶ Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. . . . ¶ "Greek Gold: Jewelry from the Age of Alexander," a loan exhibition of some two hundred items, the majority of them unearthed during the past fifteen years in Greece, Italy, Syria, and Turkey; through Wednesday, March 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through March 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sculptures and recent paintings by Max Ernst; through April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Designing for the Theatre by Jo Mielziner," a showing of scene paintings (1924-65) for "The Guardsman," "Guys and Dolls," "Can-Can," "Winterset," and many more; through May 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through April 9. . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23. . . . ¶ The Vinland Map and other early records of exploration; through April 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Tikal 1956-66: Excavations in Maya Guatemala," through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-first annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Jeanette Scovotti, Ruza Pospinov, Alfredo Kraus, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, March 4, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, William Walker, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 2: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Loretta Di Franco, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8:15: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Lili Chookasian, Mildred Miller, Judith Raskin, Tito Gobbi, Thomas Stewart,

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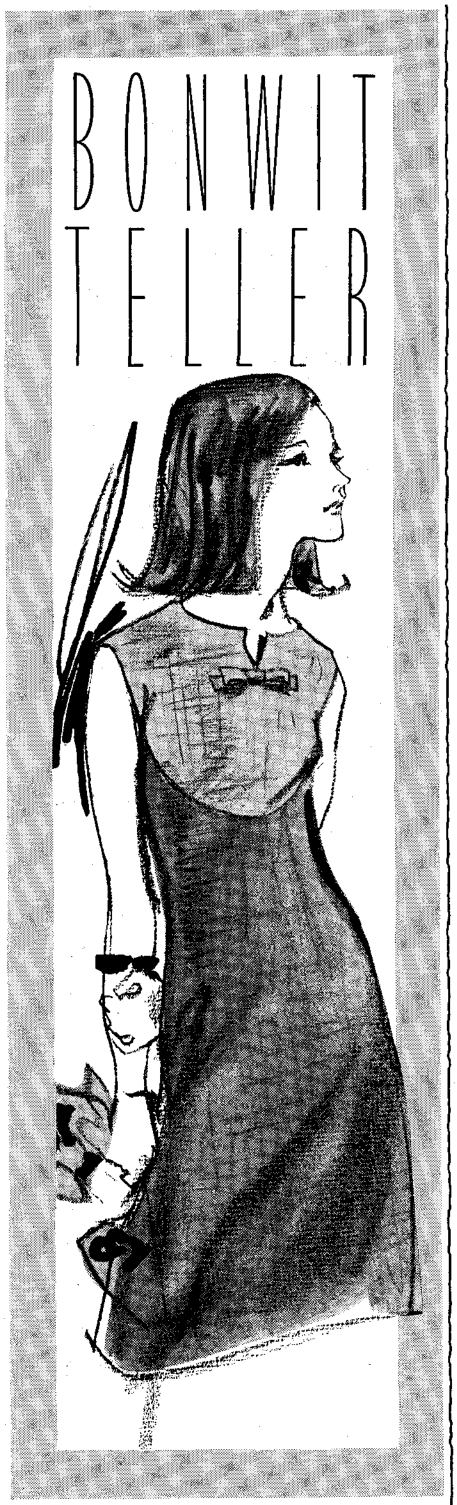

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and Luigi Alva. . . . ¶ Monday, March 7, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ingrid Bjoner, Pilar Lorengar, Jeanette Scovotti, Cesare Siepi, Ezio Flagello, Alfredo Kraus, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 9, at 8: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Lili Chookasian, Mildred Miller, Judith Raskin, Tito Gobbi, Thomas Stewart, and Luigi Alva. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 10, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Régine Crespin, Ruza Pospinov, Sándor Kónya, George London, Jerome Hines, Justino Diaz, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Friday, March 11, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Cornell MacNeil, Alfredo Kraus, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, William Walker, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Reri Grist, Luigi Alva, Fernando Corena, Nicolae Herlea, and Cesare Siepi. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, March 3, at 7:45: The company's première of Francis Poulenc's "The Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday, March 4, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8:15, and Sunday, March 6, at 2:30: "Street Scene.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 6, at 8:15: "The Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 9, at 7:45: The American première of Gottfried von Einem's "Danton's Death," with an English text by Ruth and Thomas Martin. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 10, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo.". . . ¶ Friday, March 11, at 8:15: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, March 27.)

MANNES OPERA PRODUCTION WORKSHOP—Performances of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," staged by James Lucas. Paul Berl is the musical director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday and Friday, March 10-11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, March 3, at 8:30; Friday, March 4, at 2:15; Saturday, March 5, at 8:30; and Monday, March 7, at 7:30 (all with Guiomar Novaes, piano); and Thursday, March 10, at 8:30; Friday, March 11, at 2:15; and Monday, March 14, at 7:30 (all with Van Cliburn, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 12, at 8:30 (with Yoichi Hiraoka, xylophone).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 3, at 8:30, a varied program, with four violin soloists. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8:30, a performance of Schumann's "Faust," with Beverly Sills and Veronica Tyler, sopranos; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; and several choruses. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 8:30, an all-Brahms program, with Zino Francescatti, violin.)

NORWEGIAN FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Oivin Fjeldstad and Karsten Andersen conducting a program of Norwegian music, with Robert Riefling, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 7, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 8, at 8:30.)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Jean Martinon conducting—Thursday, March 10, at 8:30: With Janos Starker, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, March 11, at 8:30: With Philippe Entremont, piano.

CLAUDIO ARRAU AND THE CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—*The pianist in the second of* three joint all-Beethoven concerts with the orchestra, conducted by Max Rudolf. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 11, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting—Saturday and Sunday, March 5-6: With Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Gérard Souzay, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, March 12-13: With Zino Francescatti, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Evenings at 8:30: All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Thomas Dunn directing Bach's Brandenburg Concerto Cantatas, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; and the Festival Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

CLARION CONCERT—Newell Jenkins conducting the final concert of the season, with Frances Magnes, violin. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 8, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music, this one with commentary by Leon Kirchner, the composer. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 9, at 8:40.)

BRATTLEBORO MUSIC CENTER CHORUS—Blanche Honegger Moyse directing a program of Bach cantatas, with the Brattleboro Music Center Chamber Orchestra, the Brattleboro Community Chorus, the Marlboro College Chorus, and soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 5:15.)

INTERRACIAL CHORALE—Edward Murray directing. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Frank Brieff directing the final performance of the season. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8:30.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Wolfdieter Maurer directing the first three in a series of five concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, March 11, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, March 12-13, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

TRIO DI TRIESTE—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 4, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY—A program of works by Henry Cowell, performed by Anahid Ajemian, violin; George Pappastavrou, piano; Theodor Uppman, baritone; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 4, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 4, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Vienna Octet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, March 6, at 4:30.) For information about tickets to both concerts, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 4, at 8:40.)

VIENNA OCTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 12, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA STRING QUARTET—The third in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music, this one devoted to the music of Holland. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 2:30.)

ITZHAK PERLMAN—Violin. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Sunday, March 6, at 8:30, a benefit recital. For tickets, call TR 7-8281. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS—A group made up of principals of the Boston Symphony. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 8:30.)

ALBERT FULLER—Harpsichord, in a program of French music. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, March 7, at 8:40.)

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8:30.)

KOHON STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

recitals. (Town Hall. Friday, March 11, at 5:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Billy Eckstine, Oscar Peterson, and Maynard Ferguson. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 4, at midnight.)... ¶ Pearl Bailey, with Louis Bellson and his orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, March 8, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Los Angeles.... ¶ Friday, March 11, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 6, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit.... ¶ Wednesday, March 9, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, at 7:30 A.M.: School figures. ... ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, at 5:30: Free skating.... ¶ Sunday, March 13, at 8 A.M.: Dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Track Meet—I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 5, at 6:30.)

Trapshooting—Charles H. Schupp Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, March 12, at 10.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Thursday, March 3, at 8:15. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and 7:06.)... **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8, from Friday, March 4, through Tuesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Faust," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 5, at 2:30.)... **NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY:** A performance, primarily for children, of "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Saturday, March 12, at 2:30.)... **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 12, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **EQUITY THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 5, at 2:30.)... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "Rodeo" and "Tales of the Coyote." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 5, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The new show, "The Meaning of Spring," describes the motions of the earth, the causes of the seasons, and the arrival of the vernal equinox. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Alice of Wonderland in Paris" and "White Mane," a French short film. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturday and Sunday, March 5-6, at noon and 2.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, March 4), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Henri Coulette and Edgar Bowers reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, March 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)... ¶ John Hollander, Robert Lowell, Rose Styron, Theodore Weiss, Richard Wilbur, and Olga Carlisle reading their own translations of works by Boris Pasternak, Andrei Voznesensky, and other Russian poets. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, March 6, at 8:30.)... ¶ Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, March 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Coliseum, Columbus Circle—**COLISEUM ANTIQUES FAIR:** This year, there's a collection of Bennington flint enamel animals, Tiffany lamps and vases, a painting by Joshua Reynolds, a Yemenite bridal headdress, theatre posters, and an assortment of weathervanes, along with the usual displays of furniture, jewelry, and objects of art. (Saturday, March 5, through Sunday, March 13. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 2 to 7.)... **INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW:** The first rite of spring for horticultural putterers or professionals, with everything from orchids to garden hose, including *formal and informal gardens, tulips and roses* by the square yard, and the like. (Saturday and Sunday, March 5-6, from 1 to 10; Monday through Saturday, March 7-12, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, March 13, from 1 to 7.)

National Antiques Show—The twenty-second annual show of antiques, chiefly American, ranging from furniture to knickknacks. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 3, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 5, at 1:45: English and other furniture, European porcelains and bronzes, and decorative objects; from various owners.... ¶ Thursday, March 10, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as de Chirico, Laurencin, Bemelmans, and Edzard; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, March 4.

COMING EVENTS

(*A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.*)

Baseball—First league games here—Yankees vs. Detroit, at Yankee Stadium, April 12-14. ... ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, at Shea Stadium, April 15.

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: March 13, 19, and 22.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 21.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 7-10.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 13, 16, 23, and 27, and April 3. . . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start April 8.

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 9.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: March 14-July 30. . . . AINTREE, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 26. . . . BOWIE, Md.: March 28-April 30.

Professional Tennis—Kenneth Rosewall, Rodney Laver, Lewis Hoad, Richard Gonzalez, Andres Gimeno, Earl Buchholz, Pierre Barthes, and others. (Madison Square Garden. March 22, 24, 25, and 26.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. April 2-3.)

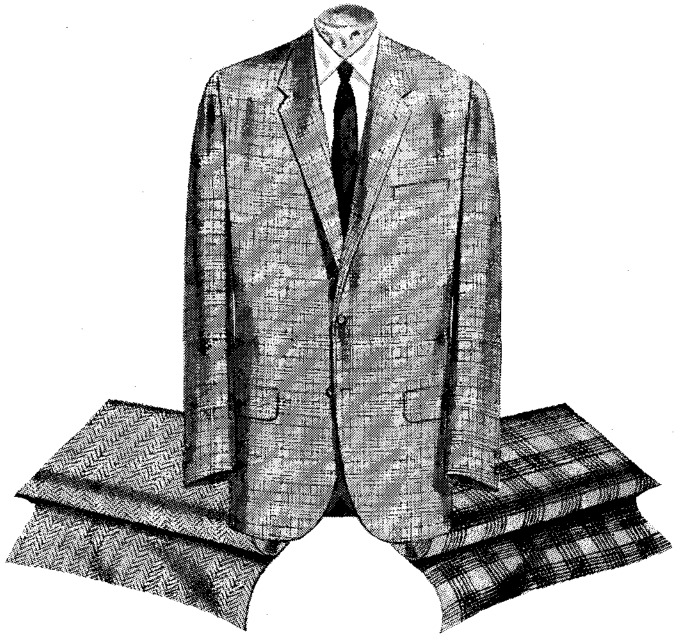
Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 16. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 21. . . . ¶ Joan Baez, folk singer, March 13. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, March 16. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, March 18. . . . ¶ Guiomar Novaes, piano, March 20. . . . ¶ Master Virtuosi of New York, March 20-21. . . . ¶ Cesare Siepi, bass, March 23. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, April 3. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 5. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, March 13-14. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, March 16. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, March 17. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 22 and 29. . . . ¶ Houston Symphony Orchestra, March 24 and 31. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus, March 27. . . . ¶ Monte Carlo Orchestra, April 1. . . . ¶ London Symphony Orchestra, April 2, 3, 6, and 7. . . . ¶ Marilyn Horne, soprano, April 5. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Choral Symphony Society, March 13. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, March 18-19. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, March 20. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, March 26. . . . ¶ Manhattanville College Choir, March 27. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, April 1. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Paris Chamber Orchestra, March 18. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Soloists, March 19. . . . ¶ Toby Saks, cello, April 1. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): Erica Morini, violin, March 26. . . . ¶ Zara Nelsova, cello, and Grant Johannesen, piano, April 2. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, April 9.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, March 29-May 22. . . . ¶ Robert Joffrey Ballet at the City Center, March 30-April 3.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Pousse-Café," a musical adapted by Jerome Weidman and Melvin Isaacson from Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unruh." Duke Ellington wrote the music, the lyrics are by Marshall Barer and Fred Tobias, and the cast is headed by Theodore Bikel and Lilo. . . . ¶ The final offering of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be Bertolt Brecht's "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," based on a Chinese fable. . . . ¶ Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, and Bob Holiday in "It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman," a musical suggested by the comic strip "Superman." Charles Strouse composed the score, Lee Adams did the lyrics, and David Newman and Robert Benton are responsible for the book. . . . ¶ The Bavarian State Theatre, from Munich, will present a two-week repertory of three plays, in German, at the City Center.

Poetry Readings—Archibald MacLeish, Louise Bogan, William Meredith, and Allen Tate. (Hunter Playhouse. YU 8-6783. March 31.)

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Thursday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 5-May 15. . . . ¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 9-17. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 10. . . . ¶ Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1965 and estimates for 1966 are due Friday, April 15.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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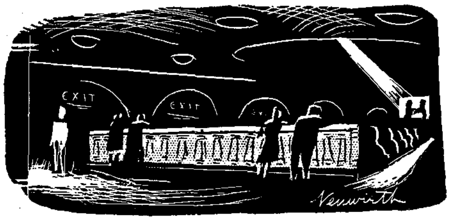

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Darling—*The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through March 8.)*

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A rousing melodrama, laid in the blistering Sahara. Among those getting blistered are James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger. Directed by Robert Aldrich. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Well directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 9.)

Italiano Brava Gente—A panoramic view of the small corner of the Second World War that concerned the Italians on the Russian front. The Italians are made to seem a kindly lot. In Italian. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; March 3.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. In Italian. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

King and Country—A harsh account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War, flawlessly acted by Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde under the direction of Joseph Losey. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

The Leather Boys—A pair of young lovers, more foolish than star-crossed, and a homosexual friend, who *really* has troubles, grow up to the roaring of innumerable motorcycles. With Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton, and superbly directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting March 9.)

Life at the Top—A sequel to the famous "Room at the Top," and equally meritorious. Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Honor Blackman, and Donald Wolfit are among the chief figures in the lowering Yorkshire landscape. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through March 8.)

Lord Love a Duck—Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld give superlative performances in Professor George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of contemporary teen-aging. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Loved One—An unfunny bungling of the Evelyn Waugh original, ill-directed by Tony Richardson. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Male Companion—Philippe de Broca has directed this comedy with characteristic zest. It stars that energetic if not very plausible Don Juan, Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Othello—Sir Laurence Olivier plays the noble Moor as an ignoble, obtuse, and cheeky West Indian, with strange and wonderful results. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

Our Man Flint—James Coburn has great fun playing a Bond-like paragon of international sleuthing. He is aided and hindered by lots of pretty girls. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; March 4-8.)

The Shop on Main Street—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully well acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—An entirely successful adaptation of the famous best-seller. With Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director is Martin Ritt. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664; through March 6. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 8.)

The 10th Victim—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this witty extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. Ably directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Thunderball—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea and even under the sea. Starring Sean Connery, of course, and directed by Terence Young. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 4. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting March 4. No evening performances on Tuesday, March 8.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Where the Spies Are—A cheerful, frantic thriller, distinguished by David Niven's well-bred perplexity and resourcefulness in the midst of innumerable low-bred scoundrels. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; March 3.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 3.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy, in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 8.)

Cartouche (1964)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting March 9.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 8-9 at noon and midnight.)

Double Indemnity (1944)—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband. Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 4.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 4.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 4.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 5-6.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 4-7.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through March 5.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting March 9, tentative.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 4.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 8.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; March 3.)

Two Daughters (1963)—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 3.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through March 5.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 3.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Four programs in a series called "A Producer's Work: Sam Spiegel." March 3: "On the Waterfront" (1954), with Marlon Brando and Karl Malden. . . . ¶ March 4-5: "The Strange One" (1957), with Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ March 6-7: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957), with William Holden and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ March 8-9: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), with Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through March 6: A program of experimental shorts. . . . ¶ Starting March 8: "The Puritan" (1938), in French, with Jean-Louis Barrault and Pierre Fresnay. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OUR MAN FLINT.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Inside Daisy Clover," Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
From March 3 at 8:30: "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer. (Opening night by invitation only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE LOVED ONE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through March 8: **DARLING.**
From March 9: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
March 3: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "Bambole!" (in Italian), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.
From March 4: **THUNDERBALL.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 8: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**
From March 9 (tentative): **SAPPHIRE**, revival; and "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
OTHELLO.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
MALE COMPANION (in French).

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through March 6: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**
From March 7: "The Sleeping Car Murder" (in French), Simone Signoret, Yves Montand.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LORD LOVE A DUCK.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
THE KNACK.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
March 3: **WHERE THE SPIES ARE.**
From March 4: **THUNDERBALL.**

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through March 7, showings at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: The opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," sung in English, with Norman Foster and Mildred Miller.
From March 8: "Dear John" (in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 8: "The Hill," Sean Connery; and "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.
From March 9: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
(Saturdays and Sundays, features are shown only after 4.)
March 3: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.
From March 4: **THUNDERBALL.** (On Tuesday, March 8, at 7:30 and 9:30, "100 Men and a Girl," a revival, with Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin, will be shown instead.)

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 8: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**; and "Kid Rodelo," Janet Leigh.
From March 9: "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Johnny Reno," Dana Andrews, Jane Russell.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
March 3 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: The opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," sung in English, with Norman Foster and Mildred Miller.
March 4-8: **OUR MAN FLINT.**
From March 9: "The Heroes of Telemark," Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 3: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).
From March 4: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival. (On Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8-9, at noon and midnight, there will be showings of **CITIZEN KANE**, a revival.)

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through March 5: **ROOM SERVICE**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.
March 6-8: "King Kong," revival, Fay Wray; "Cat People," revival, Simone Simon, Kent Smith; and "Isle of the Dead," revival, Ellen Drew, Boris Karloff.
From March 9: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 8: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**
From March 9: **THE IPCRESS FILE**; and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 8: **BILLY LIAR**, revival; and **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival.
From March 9: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 8: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft; and "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.
From March 9: To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
March 3 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: The opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," sung in English, with Norman Foster and Mildred Miller.
From March 4: **THUNDERBALL.**

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 8: **LIFE AT THE TOP.**
From March 9: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
OTHELLO.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 6: "The Second Spring" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Lady General" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.
From March 7: "Empress Wu" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
March 3: **ITALIANO BRAVA GENTE** (in Italian).
From March 4: "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
KING AND COUNTRY.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 4: **M** (in German), revival; and **DOUBLE INDEMNITY**, revival.
March 5-6: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "The Stranger," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young.
From March 7: "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
March 3: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From March 4: **THUNDERBALL.**

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 3: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.
March 4-7: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
From March 8: "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival; and "The Condemned of Altona," revival, Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 8: **LIFE AT THE TOP.**
From March 9: **THE LEATHER BOYS.**

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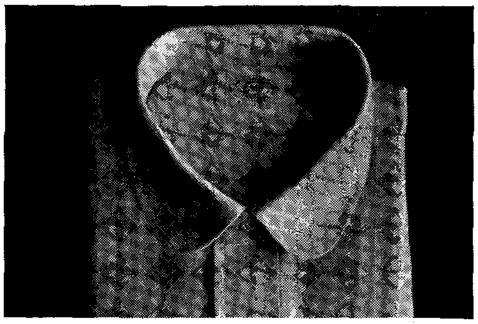

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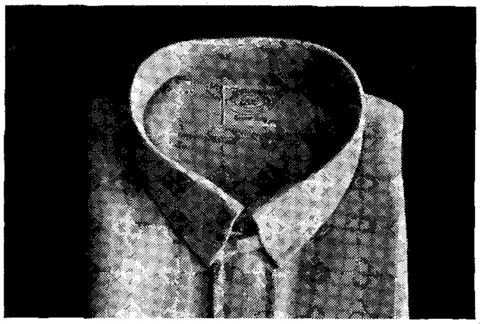

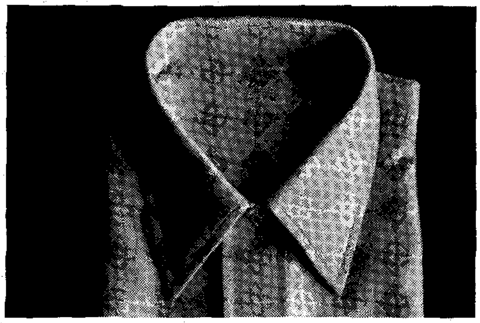

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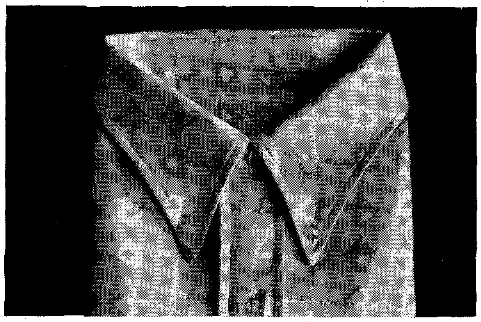

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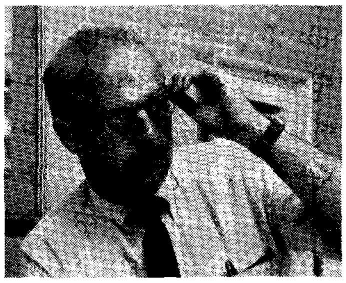

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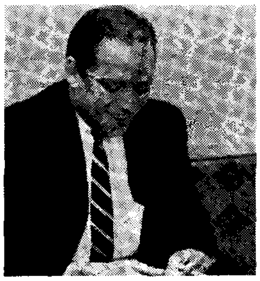

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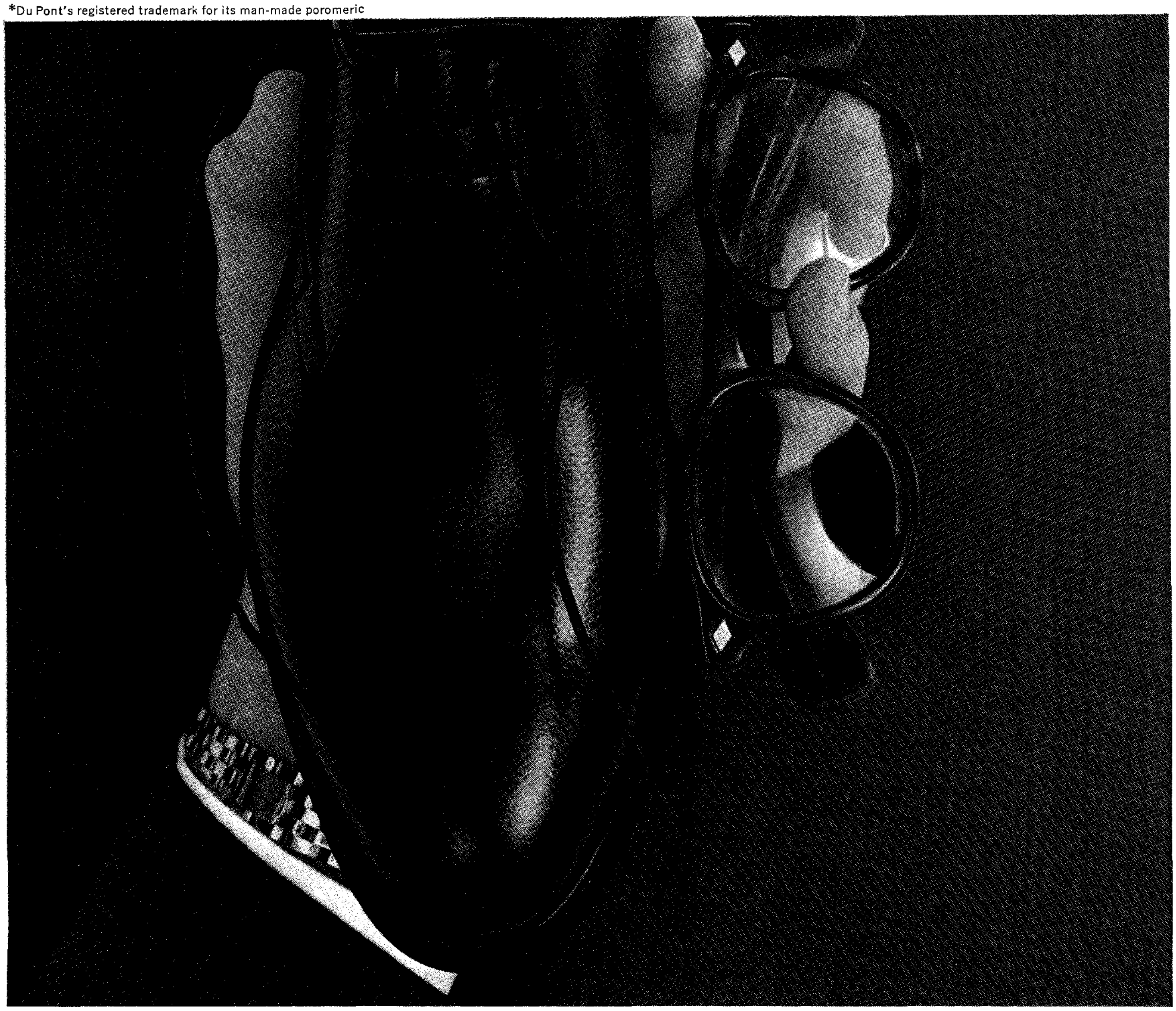

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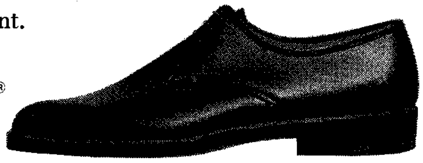

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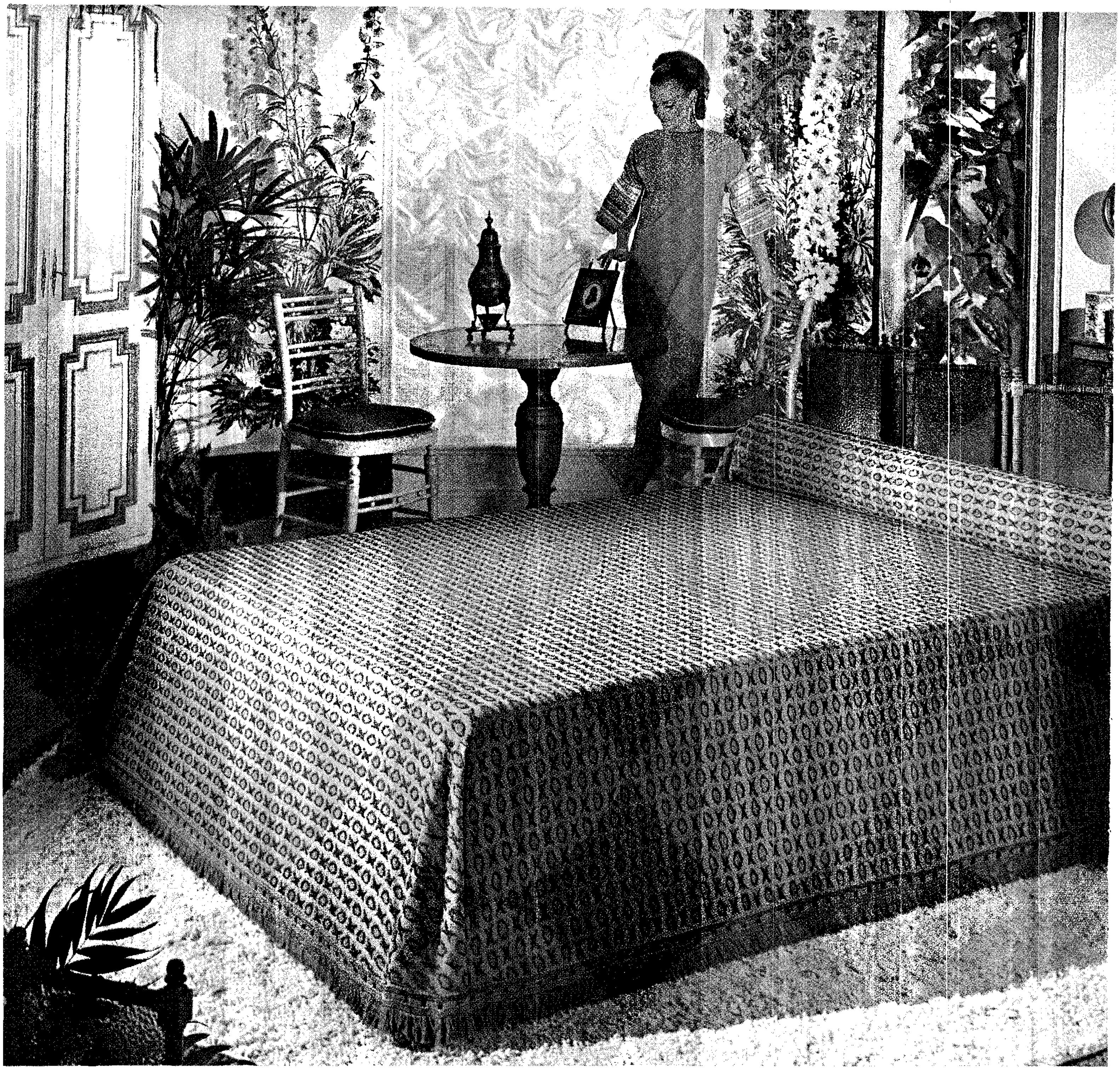

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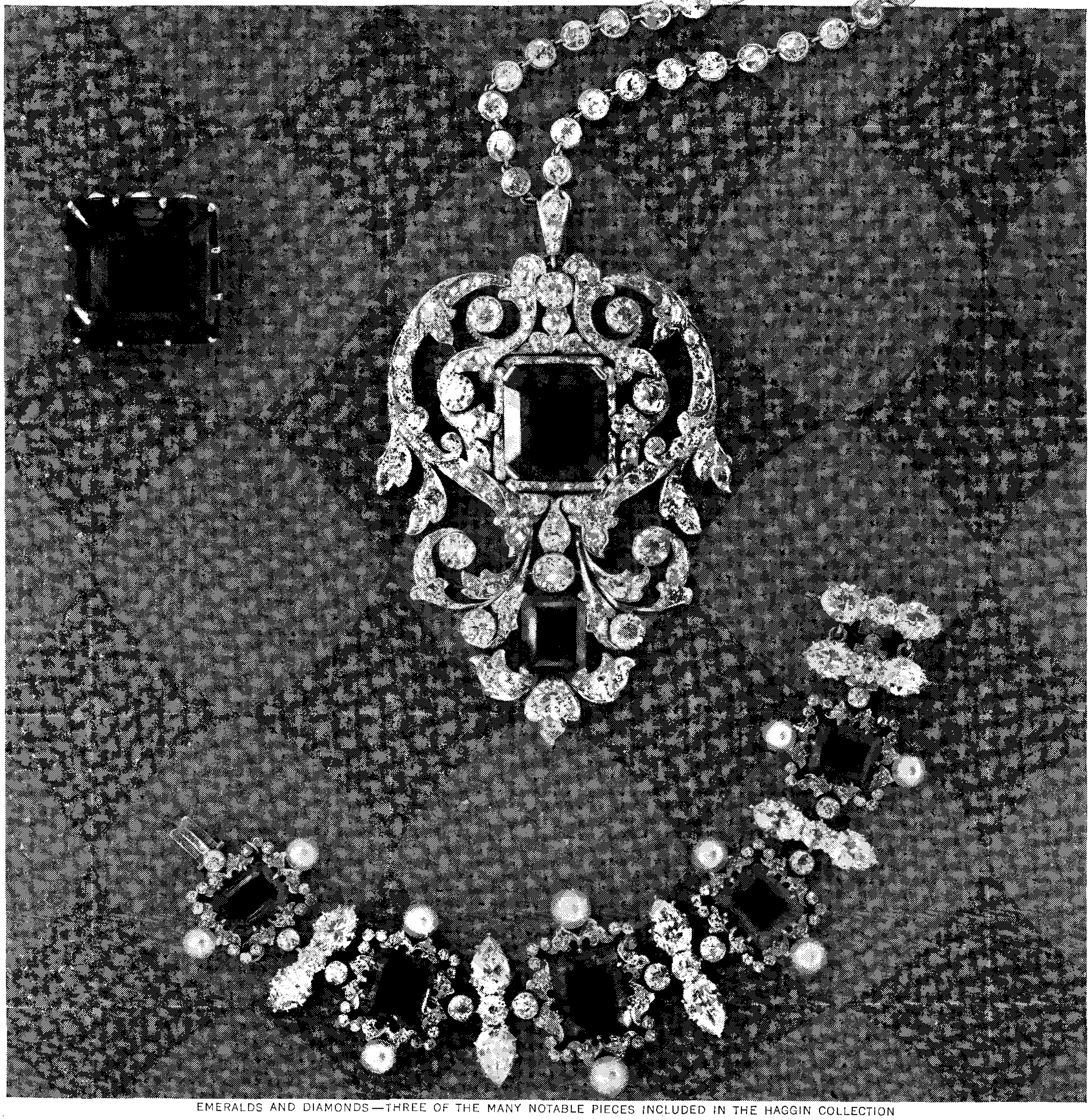

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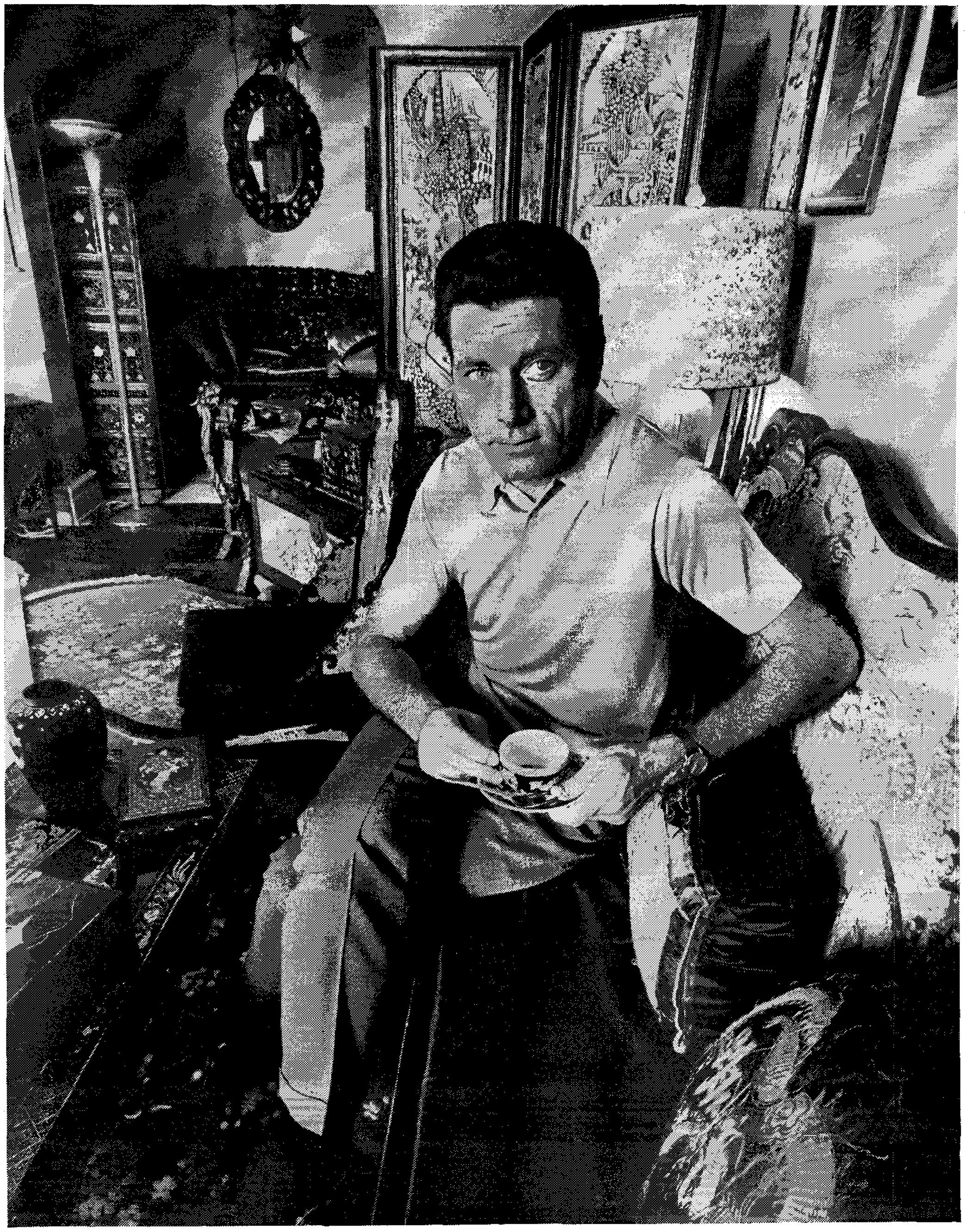

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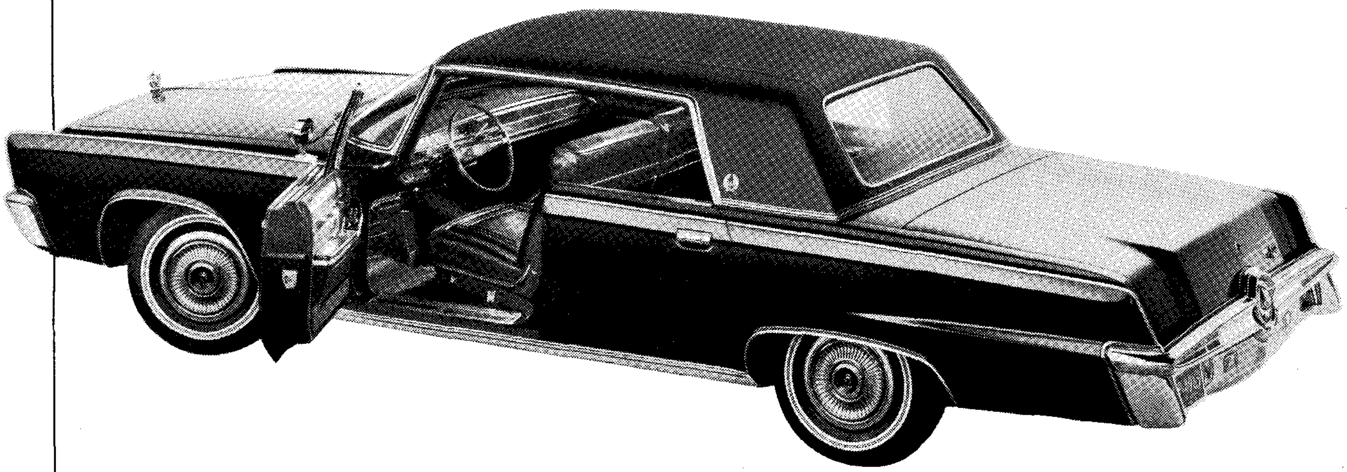
Inside the 1966 Imperial are comforts rarely found at home.



Within the Imperial, you'll discover many of the comforts and luxuries you've become accustomed to. But you'll also find uncommon elegance and convenience.

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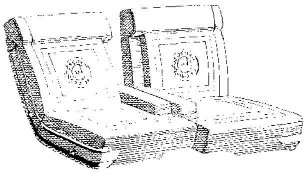

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Vera paints Clothesopolis

That's Vera up above.
And this column is all about her trip to Greece. Which means it's really a Greek column. Yes, Vera went to Greece and really saw Greece. Not just a tourist's glimpse. But a painter's panorama. The Greece only Vera's responsive eye could see. Now you see her paintings and designs on all sorts of things to wear including scarves and shirts and tunics and overblouses. Or as they say in Greece: Clothesopolis.

The ones you see here are paper because Vera paints and plans on paper first. Then, when her designs get to silk or cotton they're the last word. Reach the top with the tops: Lyre shirt in silk shantung, $18; Crete tunic in cotton satin, $14; Aegean Sea overblouse in cotton satin, $15; Corinthian overblouse in cotton satin, $15. And the scarves in Vera silks: The Hunt oblong, $4; Seascape 32" square, $3; Columns 32" square, $5; Dome Design 28" square, $4. See them in Vera shades of blue, turquoise, sun yellow, orange, cherry and meadow pink at B. Altman, New York (all branches); Bullock's, all stores; Burdine's, Miami; Filene's, Boston; Marshall Field, Chicago (all branches); and other nice stores all over the country. Tops in sizes 8 to 16. Prices are slightly higher on the West Coast.

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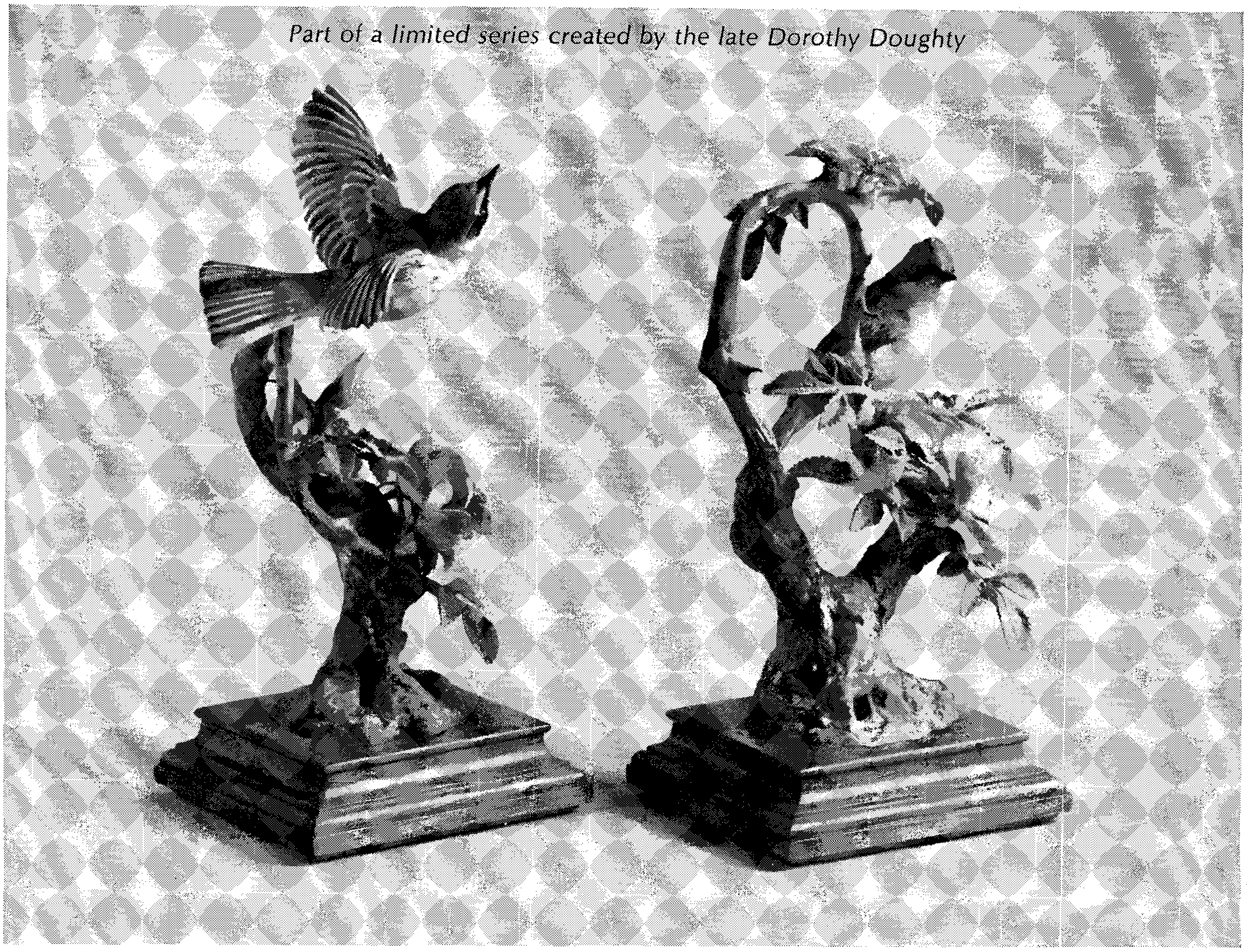
RARA AVIS: BRITISH BIRDS IN PORCELAIN


Part of a limited series created by the late Dorothy Doughty

"Lesser Whitethroats and Wild Rose" now at Halle's in Cleveland. A tone poem of winged blues and delicate pink petals. (The male poised for flight, 10⅝" high, including plynth).

Would you happily invest $1350 in this charming pair of Doughty birds? Many people are captivated by their airy grace and sheer, spirit-lifting beauty. Others value their intrinsic worth as art objects . . . or are simply moved by the collector's urge. In any case, these British birds will rival Miss Doughty's earlier American bird series as treasured collectors' items.

A gifted painter, sculptor and naturalist, Miss Doughty sketched and modelled from living birds, both in the field and in her own garden aviary. Royal Worcester has drawn on its two centuries of tradition to translate into bone china the verity of detail and soaring spirit of the artist's originals.

"Robin in the Autumn Woods" (with plynth). Single bird, $650.

Each bird is life-size, true in colouring and natural habitat. Each leaf, stamen and petal is hand moulded, using living flowers from the Royal Botanical Gardens as working guides. Throughout the long, intricate processes, Miss Doughty worked closely with Royal Worcester's artists and master artisans.

The Halle Bros. Co.

Is it any wonder that the British Royal Family has presented Doughty birds to heads of state, or that others are at home in private collections and museums (like the Parula Warblers in our own Smithsonian)! Many editions now command premium prices. Like the thirty varieties of the American series, the fifteen British birds are to be released one or two each year. After that there will be no more. Editions are limited to 500 each, 250 of which are allocated to the United States.

In addition to those illustrated, we currently have on display: *Blue Tit and Pussy Willow; Kingfisher and Autumn Beech; Chiff Chaff and Hogweed.*

Inquiries are invited. We will be pleased to add your name to our list, to inform you of arrival dates and prices, and provide information about Doughty birds as they become available. The Halle Bros. Co., Euclid Ave. at Twelfth, Cleveland, Ohio 44115.

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- Except engineering, maybe. Our Falcon's got a thing about gas. It hates to use the stuff. Its brakes adjust themselves. It is a fanatic about not stopping for routine maintenance between 6000 mile or 6-month stretches.
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- But deep down, our Falcon's a compulsive wallet watcher. You slip on board a Falcon and you're on a non-stop flight to economy.

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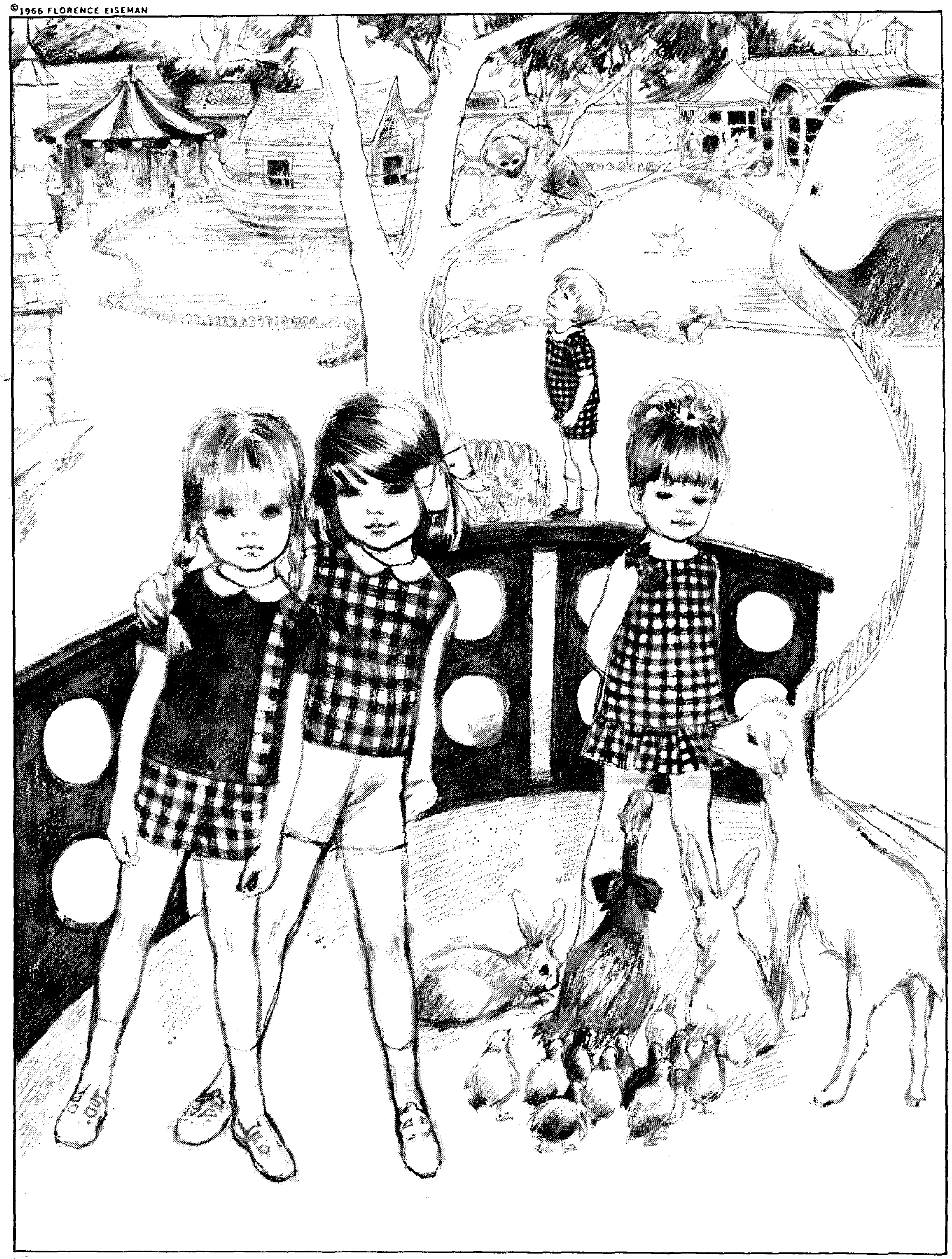

When you're at the zoo, hear no evil, see no evil, pull no evil.

IF YOU WANT TO PURSUE YOUR ZOOLOGY MORE THAN ONCE THIS SEASON, PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING MANNERS:

1. Mind your manners at feeding time.
2. Be courteous to the fowl. That duck may be somebody's mother.
3. If you're allowed to pick up the animals, set them down ever so gently.
4. Do not give the animals candy wrappers, chewing gum, erasers, marbles. They don't like them.
5. Don't scream, The vicuna has a headache.

Our zoologists are naturally wearing Florence Eiseman's well trained knits. They're made of finest two-ply cotton, wash like lambs, and come in blue, lilac, yellow, navy, red and white checks. Little boys to 6X. Little girls to 14. At Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field & Co., Bullock's Wilshire and fine stores everywhere around the country. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**

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Young Colony, sixth floor, Fifth Avenue, plus a good selection of young British fashions at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa.

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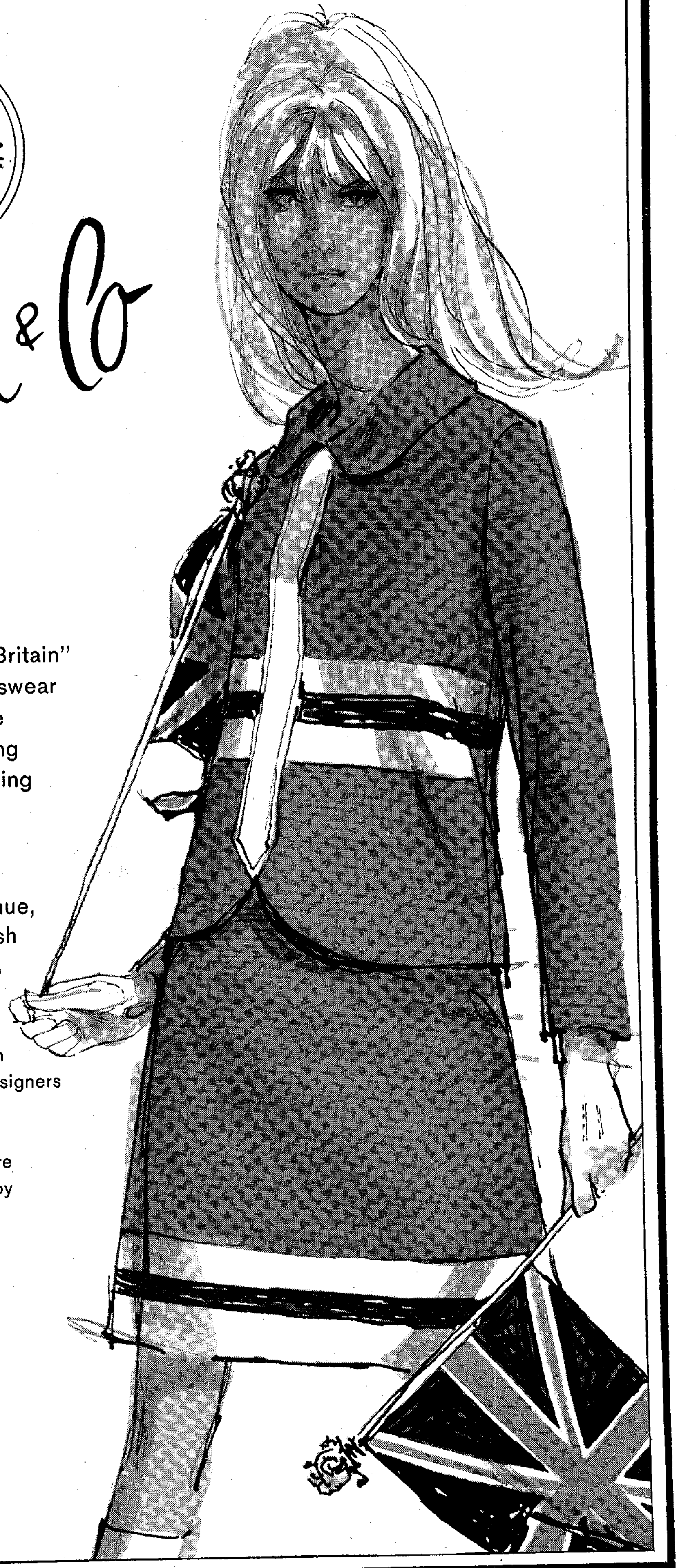
And with sincere appreciation to BOAC for flying these new young fashions to Altman's new sixth floor Young Colony®.
See Young Colony's exhibit of paintings, sculpture and industrial designs by England's leaders of tomorrow.



THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR old friend the International Organizations Exchange Specialist for the Library of Congress has communicated with us again, after a lapse of several years, and has graciously sent us a list of some of the groups his office has been in touch with since we last heard from him:

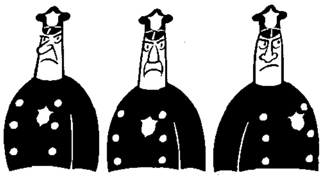
International Old Time Dance Congress
International Federation of Friends of Nature
International Congress of Amateur Figure Collecting
Symposium on Development of Entrepreneurial Spirit
World Underwater Federation
International Marionette Union
International Congress on the Age of Enlightenment
International Congress of Medical Morals
Symposium on Water in the Unsaturated Zone
Consultation on Christian Attitude to Money
Scandinavian Symposium on Aroma Research
Association of French-Speaking Dietitians
International Colloquium on Open-Air Production
International Conference on East-West Influences in the Theatre as a Total Spectacle
International Association of Paper-Historians
Toastmasters International Convention

A word of advice: Persons seeking to discover common threads, significant links, or global patterns among the above-named groups are urged to abandon the search. Immediately.

Two Commissioners

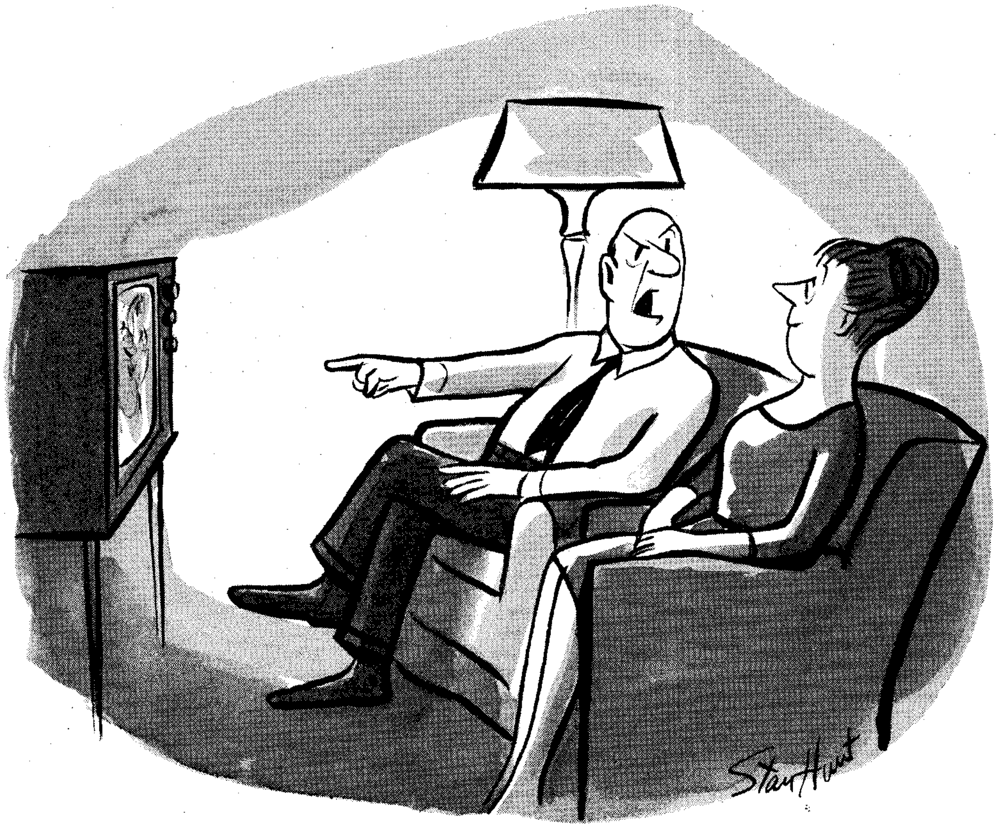
THE prevailing opinion about former Police Commissioner Vincent L. Broderick—an opinion apparently shared by Mayor Lindsay, who replaced him as a result of their controversy over the civilian-review-board question—clearly seems to be that he made his mark as an outstanding public servant during his eight months' service, which ended last week. Eager to learn what he himself had to say about his service, the police, and the city's problems in general, we asked him for an interview, and he agreed to meet us on his last Saturday afternoon in office at the house of a friend of his in Greenwich Village, not far from Police Headquarters. We got there first, and the Commissioner presently arrived in the customary forbidding black official limousine. When he was inside the house and had his overcoat off, we found him to be tall, lean, almost unbelievably fit-looking for a man who had just spent eight turbulent months in such a demanding and harassing job, and dressed, like an impeccable undergraduate, in a fuzzy tweed coat, gray flannel trousers, a striped shirt, and a foulard tie. As soon as the Commissioner had got himself settled on a sofa with a drink in front of him, we asked him for some reminiscences.

"Well, events have been moving so fast that I haven't had much chance to think about the past eight months, but I did do a little reminiscing yesterday," he replied. "It was at a luncheon given for me by some of the superior officers of the Police Department. The affair had been set up some time ago, when my reappointment was expected, and I have a feeling it was scheduled to be a gripe session, but, as things turned out, it was a farewell. Anyhow, I told them that as far as I was concerned the high point of my term had come right at its beginning—or, rather, about a month after its beginning. It was in July, when I'd first taken my stand on the review-board question, and some policemen parading outside Headquarters had been alleged to have made remarks reflecting race prejudice. A few days later, I laid it right on the line—I said that anybody on the force who couldn't do his job without showing prejudice should get out, and get out right away. Of course policemen have prejudices—there are nearly twenty-seven thousand of them in the Department, and they're like everybody else—but I insisted that they leave their prejudices behind them when they were on the job. That was rough talk, especially coming from a new man, and I was rather apprehensive about what would happen the following week, when I was to meet the line officers—representatives of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and the associations of captains, lieutenants, detectives, and so on. They endorsed my statement on prejudice unanimously, and it was then I got the feeling that we could go places. They lived up to their word, too. On the record, the rest of my tenure was strikingly free of evidences of police prejudice.



"I don't mean to imply that it was all downhill after that. Far from it—at least, as far as excitement was concerned. Everybody in the city knows that it has been a tough eight months, and not just for the police. To begin with, there was the summer, which people were worried about because of the riots we had had in 1964. That it turned out they needn't have worried is attributable largely to a lot of hard work that went on under Commissioner Murphy, before I came in. Community leaders, particularly in the areas with large Negro populations, were great about opening up new channels of communication with the police, and the local police commanders sat down with them and worked out plans. Well, as you know, we had a quiet summer. Then there was the mayoral campaign, and *there* was a time to try a police commissioner's soul. Everybody, of whatever party, was running on the issue of 'crime in the streets'—in effect, running against the police. I happened to think then, as I think now, that the phrase 'crime in the streets,' as it is used in politics, is generally a euphemism, a hypocritical way of expressing prejudice. And the worst of it is that in particular parts of New York City crime in the streets is a fact—for people in Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant it's not a political phrase, it's a real and present danger. Yet on a citywide basis this is a pretty damn safe city; when you compare violent crimes per capita here and in Chicago or Philadelphia, for example, it's almost unbelievable how far ahead we are. But all through the campaign I had to stay silent. I couldn't say, 'Maybe the Police Department isn't so bad,' because that would be throwing the Department into politics. I'm not what you'd call an easy talker, but I do have trouble holding my tongue when I've got something to say, and from my point of view it was a long, long political campaign."

The Commissioner filled a pipe and lit it. Then he went on, "When I was appointed, I said that the Police Commissionership was a problem job and always would be. I think I can safely say now that I haven't changed my mind about that. But, in a way, we were extraordinarily lucky. We had a series of events that caused the public to come in contact with the police in an unusual context—to see a community of interest with the police, rather than the usual antagonism. You know, ordinarily the policeman lives in a world of his own. There's a barrier between him and the rest of humanity, and, as a result, he's much happier when he's dealing with other policemen. He becomes isolated. If there's one reason police morale is comparatively high now, it's because of these events that brought the police and the public together. The first was the Pope's visit, in October, and that was just a good day, the way some days are. Candidly, I was terribly apprehensive, with the President and the Pope here at the same time, but everything just went right. Then, of course, there was the power blackout, in November. Here was an emergency totally unforeseen and unforeseeable. In the first place, there was no way we could have had extra men on duty for it, and, in the second, once it had come there was scarcely any way we could get hold of off-duty policemen and get them back on duty. Well, those off-duty people, by the hundred, just reported in on their own. Everybody knows that the public behaved extraordinarily well, but not so much has been said about one particular *way* they behaved well—in coöperating with the police. Civilians performing police functions in a useful way is something that we don't see often—nor do we want to. But I toured the city most of that night, and one thing I'll never forget is a priest in a brown habit—I guess he was a Franciscan—directing traffic on Thirty-second Street somewhere over on the West Side. I can't say he had it going like clockwork, but he had it going. Then, of course, there was the transit strike. Although it was a terrible time for the city, it was a wonderful time for the police. It was something all but unheard of—a long period during which the police and the public were in a close and non-antagonistic relationship. People knew that police had to fight their way in to work just like everybody else, and they saw that each day things got a little better, or a little less bad, and they appreciated it. Like the rest of the Department, I enjoyed it. Mayor Lindsay was for declaring an emergency right at the start, but I talked him out of it; an emergency would have meant restrictions on cars entering the city, among other things. I moved a bed into my office, and I used to go up for a helicopter survey of traffic early every morning, when incoming traffic was worst; then, later, I'd tour Manhattan by car, trying, sometimes not very successfully, to go always against the heavy traffic."



"*Listen, just because this Jim Dooley says 'Come on down' doesn't mean we have to go on down.*"

We asked Commissioner Broderick whether he had had anything to do with the introduction of motor scooters for patrolmen.

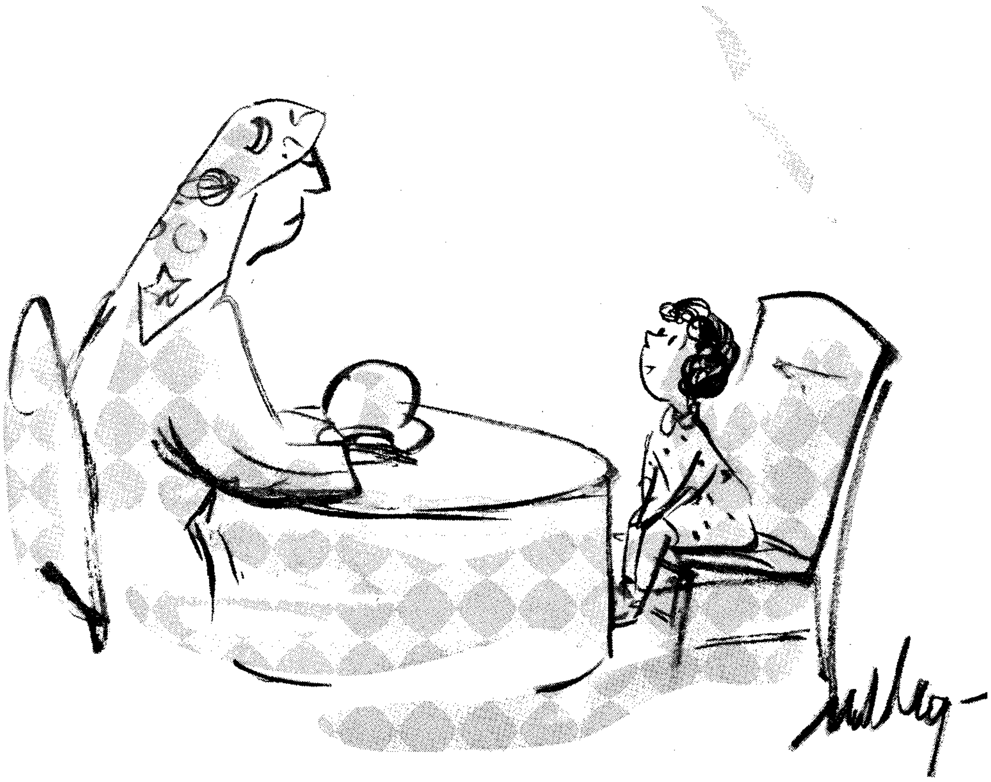
"As you know, Inspector Johannes Spreen had the idea," he replied. "My contribution was to get enthusiastic about the scooters, and to extend their use. Somebody said to me, 'What about the infernal noise those machines make?' And I could only reply, 'When we begin to hear complaints about noise in areas where they used to complain about lack of safety, we'll know that the scooters have succeeded.' "

We asked the Commissioner how his job had affected him personally, and his view of himself.

"Despite everything, it's seemed to agree with me," he said. "I've gained twelve pounds, and that's fine, because I was underweight before. When I came in, the men in the Department were wary of me. Because of newspaper reports, I was surrounded by a powerful atmosphere of being an egghead, and that didn't sit too well with the troops. It took a while for me to live that reputation down, but I think I accomplished it. One thing I found out about myself: I'd always thought of myself as not being outgoing, not being able to reach people, and now I feel I've reached these people. Even so, I'll admit that one of the tributes I liked best came from outside the Police Department—well outside it. It came from Professor Jerry Finch, of the English Department of Princeton, where I went to college. He'd read one of my more polemical statements in the newspapers, and he wrote to say that he had no idea of the merits of the controversy involved but that he considered my statement to be an excellent example of expository prose."

We asked the Commissioner how, as a result of his experience, he feels about the prospects for American cities, and he replied, "As to New York, I've found the problems—and they're truly formidable ones—to be matched by great vitality. I have not found the public apathy toward law enforcement that you hear so much about. Nor have I found public hostility to the police to be as pronounced as it has been painted. Those stories about three hundred howling people taking a prisoner away from a policeman on a hot night are usually nonsense. More often, it turns out that there were six or seven cronies of the prisoner yelling at the top of their lungs and two hundred and ninety-some bystanders just watching. A lot of the hand-wringing about cities is politics and prejudice. As a result of the past eight months, I have become more, rather than less, optimistic. The prospects for New York as a decent community are good."

After glancing at his watch, Commissioner Broderick said he had to be getting back to Headquarters; he had some final papers to clear off his desk and a disciplinary case to wind up, and, besides, he had to get some papers together for the incoming Commissioner, Howard Leary, who was to visit Broderick's house, just inside the Bronx-Pelham line, the next day to talk over some aspects of the job. We walked out onto the stoop with him, and found the black car and its driver waiting at the curb. "I'd like to think I've made a few contributions as Police Commissioner," Broderick said, standing on the steps. "For one thing, when I've seen good or great police work I've said so—to the officer and to the public—and that hasn't always been done in the past. Superiors have often been afraid their praise would be used against them later on. Second, I've aired some controversies, such as the one about who does run the Police Department and who ought to, that I think ought to be aired. Third"—the Commissioner gave us a barely perceptible smile and a parting wave—"I've proved beyond cavil the adage 'You can't fight City Hall.' "



"And from whom will I inherit this eleven million dollars?"

•

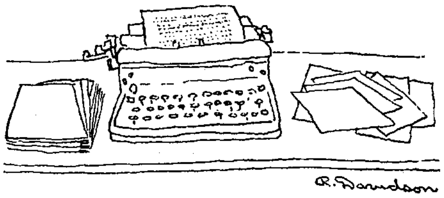
Thomas Pearsall Field Hoving, the city's new Commissioner of Parks, is an art historian and a medievalist with a remarkable eye for authenticity. When he joined the staff of the Metropolitan Museum, as a curatorial assistant, in 1959, his first assignment was to write a letter to an art dealer in Europe rejecting a marble carving of the Annunciation. "You can't reject this," he told his superiors. Under a canopy of lifted eyebrows, he set out to prove what he had discerned. He went through hundreds of photographs in the Museum files, looking at each one for no more than a second. "The trick was to go rapidly from picture to picture," he says. "Then, when you hit it, you knew at once." In such an instant, he discovered that this particular Annunciation was a section missing from a beautifully carved pulpit in Florence—twelfth century. James Rorimer, the director of the Metropolitan, put his new employee in charge of all medieval acquisitions, and eventually made him curator of The Cloisters. In this position, way up in Fort Tryon Park, he was far removed, in several senses, from the occupation he might once have been expected to follow. His father, Walter Hoving, is a former president of Bonwit Teller and the present chairman of Tiffany & Co. The younger Hoving never showed much interest in Bonwit or Tiffany. However, a couple of years ago, in another shop on East Fifty-seventh Street, he found a pendant that looked too right to him to be ignored, so, on instinct, he bought it for the Museum. It was made of what he describes as a "soft, wonderful, French-butter type of gold," with concentric inscriptions and two figures—a bishop blessing a queen. According to the Museum, Hoving's pendant is one of two known reliquaries of St. Thomas à Becket. In 1962, he spent several days in a bank vault in Zurich studying a twelfth-century ivory cross, identified it as genuine, placed its origin at Bury Saint Edmunds, and arranged its purchase, for more than half a million dollars. Hoving, who is now thirty-five, wrote his doctoral thesis at Princeton on "Sources of the Ada Group Ivories." He studied under Kurt Weitzmann there. Weitzmann, in turn, had studied at the University of Berlin under Adolph Goldschmidt, the author of important books on Carolingian and Romanesque ivories. "I was to be third in a chain of great ivory historians," Hoving says, with neither regret nor vanity in his voice. "The sequence was to have been Goldschmidt, Weitzmann, and Hoving. Now I am in the Department of Parks."

We happened to know Commissioner Hoving in his earlier incarnation, and the other day we called on him in his new surroundings to see how they agree with him and to learn what he plans to do in the job. His desk, on the third floor of the Arsenal, in Central Park at Sixty-fourth Street, is in an octagonal alcove with a white-and-black checked floor, pea-green walls, and a prevailing sound—from the zoo, below—of seals barking. Sitting forward on the edge of his chair, wearing a dark-brown suit with a vest, smoking in a kind of Continental-backhand manner, answering quick successions of phone calls, and dealing with a flow of subordinates, Hoving had completely put aside the manner of the patient scholar and now showed all the impatience and energy of the political appointee in the Kennedy-Lindsay style. Hoving is a tall, very slim man with alert dark eyes. He told us that the main thing he wants to do as Commissioner of Parks is to restore the approach and outlook with which American park systems began. "It all started here a hundred years ago," he said. "Read this book." He handed us a sizable volume called "Central Park as a Work of Art and as a Great Municipal Enterprise, 1853-1895." This, he explained, was the second volume of the professional papers of Frederick Law Olmsted, who designed Prospect Park and—in collaboration with Calvert Vaux—Central Park. Hoving had encountered Olmsted's work in a course in American Art that he took as an undergraduate at Princeton. "Olmsted invented American parks," Hoving said. "He really did look upon them as works of art—everything related to a controlling idea. Central Park was a swamp. He moved a billion cubic feet of earth to make it. He was the greatest landscape architect in the country. We have the full potential now of choosing and of paying for the best landscape architects to be found. I want to restore a note of energetic creativity—to make these places exciting, not just well swept." The Department of Parks has six thousand employees, and all are under Civil Service except the Commissioner, so Hoving can't go out and hire at will. As a beginning, though, he has raised enough money, through foundations, to pay for the full-time services of a design consultant.

We asked Commissioner Hoving how his vest-pocket-park program was coming along.

"Do you know who invented the small park?" he asked. "Jacob Riis—in 1897. He outlined a small-park plan for the city, and nobody bothered to carry it out. We're doing it now. A small park can be one lot or a quarter of a block—anything. Instead of having a vacant lot full of garbage, you at least have blacktop and a basketball backboard. We need open space in these filthy, congested areas. I know darn well we can build a park, if we have to, for under ten thousand dollars. The point of these little vest-pocketers is that we can do them. We want to do two hundred in the next four years, if possible. We've got seven in the works already—two in East Harlem, one in West Harlem, two in the Bronx, one that Mr. Paley, of C.B.S., is giving us on the site of the old Stork Club, and one at Twenty-ninth Street and Second Avenue."

In mid-December, Commissioner Hoving said, he read in a newspaper that Robert Moses' Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority had bought the lot on Twenty-ninth Street as part of the preparations for the expressway that Moses hopes to build across Manhattan connecting the Queens-Midtown Tunnel and the Lincoln Tunnel. Hoving called on Moses and asked him what he was going to do with his vacant lot before he built the new road. Moses said it would be a temporary parking lot, and Hoving proposed that it become a temporary park instead. Moses readily agreed. A landscape architect volunteered his services, and Hoving persuaded a trust to donate twenty-five thousand dollars. "Not to be outdone—or undone—Moses put up twenty-five thousand to match the twenty-five thousand from the trust," Hoving continued. "Then we called in the people of the neighborhood. In Philadelphia, this kind of thing has been done extensively and very well; neighborhood groups not only have helped to plan parks but have actually done the physical labor of building park structures and devices. The Parks Department here has always resisted this idea. We got the people of that neighborhood together, and, for the first time ever—ever—in New York, a group of citizens have been planning the development of a park they will use. The lot is a hundred by a hundred and thirty feet, and they want everything in it, including the whole of Sequoia National Park. After it is finished, they will have to maintain it. I tell them, 'Don't expect us to come down here every day with a brush. You've got to help out.' We have to bring these things where the people are." The little park is expected to last for five years or so, but Hoving hopes that its existence will help discourage the building of the expressway and that it will become permanent. He calls it Mosesplatz.



A woman on Commissioner Hoving's staff came into the office and told him that an ancient lion in the Central Park Zoo was very sick and was going to be put to sleep at five-thirty. The *Times* wanted a picture of the dying lion and a statement from Hoving.

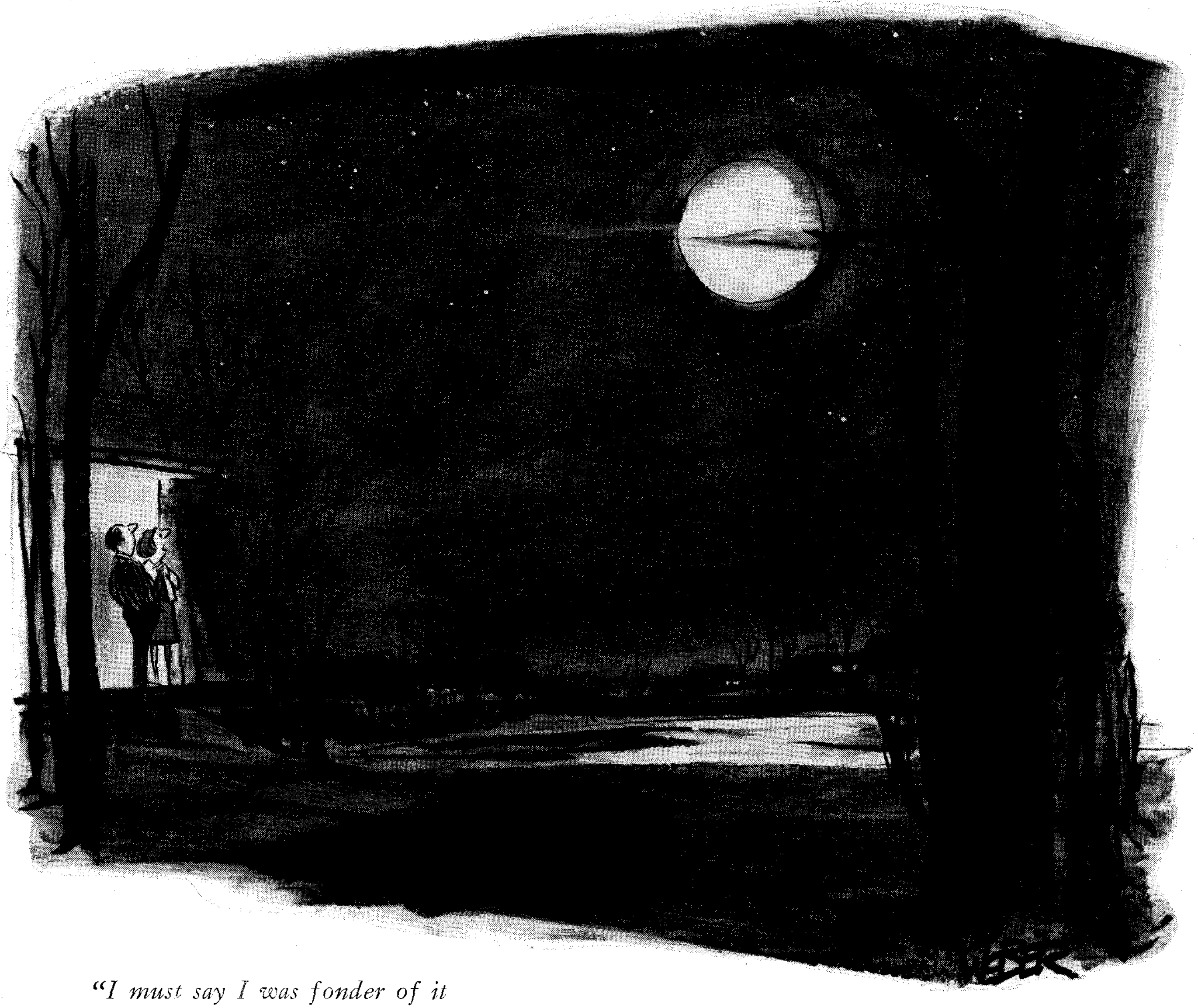
"A *statement!*" Hoving said.

"Yes. They say that it will be a much worse story if you don't make the statement," the staff woman said.

Hoving stared at the green walls, saying nothing at all. Finally, he said, "Poor lion."

Returning to less poignant matters, the Commissioner said that he had two major parks to develop in addition to all the vest-pocketers—one in the center of Staten Island (now called the Green Belt), and the other at Breezy Point, the curving peninsula on the southern tip of Queens where the city makes its most dramatic flourish into the Atlantic Ocean. "The decision to acquire Breezy Point was a courageous act by Mayor Wagner," Hoving said. "He will be remembered for it. He had to condemn very expensive buildings that were being built there. He stopped them as the concrete was being poured." Hoving feels that in general New York has ignored the possibilities of its waterfront as an aesthetic resource. "This is one of the great deltas in the world, and we've really messed it up," he says. "Jamaica Bay is part of the park system. Six thousand acres of park land is under water there. Jamaica Bay is full of sewage. It needs cleaning up. I'd like to put parks on piers, so people can sit out on them and watch the city. There are dozens of piers in disuse, and all kinds of opportunities for landfill. We would fill out to the pierheads. I'd like to put floating swimming pools in the rivers, the way Paris has floating swimming pools moored in the Seine."

Putting his finger on a map of the city, Commissioner Hoving traced the outline of Riverside Park, pointing out that people can walk along the water from Seventy-second Street to the Harlem River. There, he said, he would like to establish a ferry for hikers, then open up the Croton Reservoir



"I must say I was fonder of it when I didn't know it was just a lot of pebbles."

right-of-way to them, so that they could continue north into Van Cortlandt Park—a fifteen-mile footpath in the wilderness within New York City. "We can't develop many large masses anymore, but we can develop long paths," he said. "We're going to build more marinas, too—all along the waterfront. Out on the water is the only place you can get away from people. You're in your own territory when you're out there. Incidentally, the big reservoir in Central Park is being phased out, and we'd like to develop that for dinghies and sailboats. Of course, our biggest problem is crime and safety. Why have parks if people are afraid to go into them and they're just pockets for rumbles? We have to drive out the disorderly-conduct element. We need more lighting, more patrolling, and more education of the young against vandalism—all these things balled up into one great juggernaut. We need more indoor facilities. People still look at recreation from a nineteen-twenties point of view. They think of it as a summer thing. It has to be year-round." Soon, when the city government is reorganized, Hoving will have a greater opportunity to carry on this part of his work. His new title will be Commissioner of the Department of Recreation and the Arts, and his new department will have the responsibility for parks, recreation, and cultural institutions and affairs.

We asked the Commissioner how long he has known Mayor Lindsay.

"I worked for John in congressionals—1960, 1962, 1964," he said. They met one night when they were passing out leaflets in the same apartment building. They became friends. Last spring, a member of Lindsay's staff called Hoving at The Cloisters and asked him to prepare a study of the city's park system. This became one of Lindsay's white papers, and is now more or less the working manual of the new parks program. Hoving still gets around the city on a second-hand Czechoslovakian motorcycle, which he used for commuting between the Metropolitan Museum and The Cloisters. He says that he works seven days and seven nights a week in his new job.

We asked if he ever misses the Museum.

"No," Hoving said. "This is real life. I used to tell my wife, 'I'm not near any human beings. Just sculpture. Painting.' Last month, I put a mountain down in Tomkins Square Park. There was a great hunk of dirt there, about twenty feet high and forty feet across. A contractor was about to haul it away. Kids were playing all over it. I told the contractor to leave it there. Some people in the Department said we couldn't possibly do that, because the mound contained three thousand dollars' worth of topsoil. I reminded them that a standard concrete sandbox costs from six to eight thousand dollars. We left it there. A couple of weeks ago, some children in that area went sledding for the first time in their lives."

BEYOND THE BEDROOM WALL

AT the age of nine I was not afraid of the dark. When I ran down a deserted street at night, I knew the chilling pursuer I felt at my back was put there by my own act of running, and would disappear—as do all creatures of the imagination when put to a test—the second I slowed to a walk. The gray hands that reached for me as I lay in bed were of my own creation, too, and once I had proved my power to summon them up, for the sake of a safe, enjoyable scare, I could destroy them.

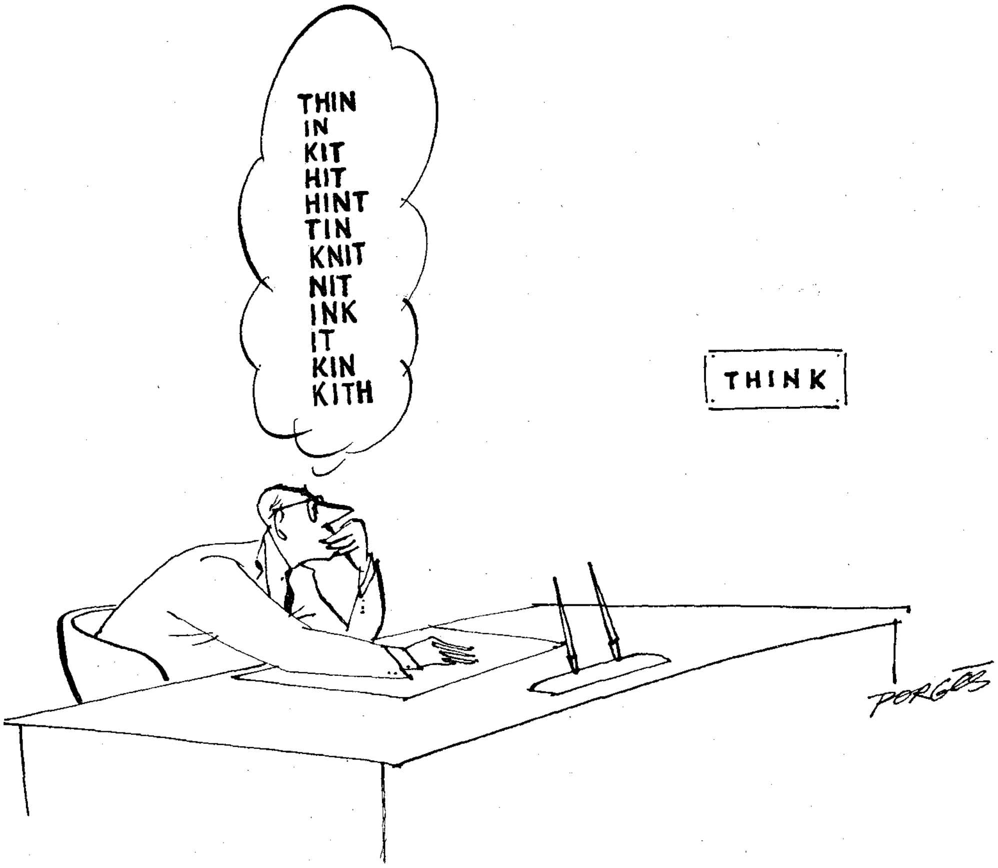
When the change came, it seemed to come in a moment, but I think I was being prepared for it. I think it began one morning when my father read a letter at the breakfast table. The letter was from his father, a prosperous contractor in Illinois; a new school district was being formed in the town he lived in, and they were in need of a high-school principal. For a muscular, leathery-faced man—strong-minded about his beliefs, uncompromising in carrying out his school policies—my father was remarkably unaggressive and tender when it came to family matters. He dreaded the possibility of making a wrong decision. He turned to my mother.

Wasn't he satisfied with the job he had, she wanted to know. Of course, but there wasn't much chance of getting ahead in North Dakota. Wasn't he the superintendent of a high school now? Yes, that was true, he said, speaking as calmly and as reasonably as she did. And didn't he make enough to keep them happy? More than enough. Then would it be wise to give up the job he had, and sell the house, and move to Illinois, where it was so hot and so humid, when a job hadn't actually been promised to him yet? Didn't she like Illinois? Not especially. Well, they had only been there in the summer, and he imagined that was why. His father hadn't liked it at first, either, but now he called it God's country. Then why did he so often come back to North Dakota? Well, probably because North Dakota was his home state. And wasn't it theirs? Yes, but his father had done so well for himself down there, and maybe he could, too. Wouldn't she like a nicer house? This was the house she had always wanted—how could there be a better one? Well, his only reason for considering the idea at all was that his father was getting old and wanted the family reunited. She knew that, didn't she? Yes, she said, and bent over him and kissed him. He took both her hands in his. Wouldn't she like it if they were in a bigger town where he could make more money and she could have more friends? She bowed her head, as she did only when she was very sad or very ashamed.

And so, in the early summer of that year, we moved from North Dakota to the small town in central Illinois where my grandfather lived. While my father was waiting to hear about the appointment, he bought and started remodelling with his own hands a duplex that had originally been a gasoline station. He ripped up the twelve-inch baseboards and tore stucco off the inside walls, knocked down a small enclosure in one corner of the living room (what it was, no one knew), sawed a long rectangular hole in the kitchen floor and put up a partition in front of it, making a new stairway to the basement, and converted the concrete island that had once held the gasoline pumps, a car's breadth from the front door, into a flower planter. Putting aside his usual calm and reserve, he went at the frightful place with such a passion that I was inspired; I learned to use a hammer, and helped him.

The bedroom I was given had no window. It was a small upstairs room with a ceiling that took its sharp slant from the pitch of the roof. There wasn't any floor in the rest of the attic, and so the room was surrounded by bare ceiling joists, and was as isolated, and as lonely, as I was in the place we had moved to. There was no daylight and no light fixture in the room, no smell but the smell of dust and old lumber (the previous owner had used it as a storeroom), no color, no company; the seasons outside were merely changes in temperature. When my father first showed me the room, he said he would add a dormer and fill it with daylight as soon as he finished remodelling the downstairs part of the house, but, for the time being, all he did was move a dresser into the room and set up a narrow cot against one wall.

Lying on the cot, I learned the secrets of the dark. A wooden catwalk with a banister ran from the door of the bedroom to the head of the stairs. If I got out of bed, feeling my way to the steps, and went down them, I entered a house deep in sleep. A low hallway (I could hear it!) led from the foot of the stairs in one direction only, to the left, passed the bathroom and ended at the living room. If I snapped the wall switch, the whole living room was caught off guard—the windows blinked, the rugs stretched out flat, the chair backs straightened. To my right, in the far wall of the living room, the door of my parents' bedroom guarded their sleep; to my left, an arch leading to the kitchen-dining room—a high, wide arch—yawned. Utensils on the stove and the glass knobs on the doors and drawers of the cabinets, pick-



ing up the light from the living room, were like half-opened, protesting eyes.

Back in my bed, hearing the whole house creak and sigh in its heavy sleep, I also learned about the one thing that stays awake: the air. Long after the house was asleep, and long after I should have been, the dark air was alive with excitement. Because there was never any light in the room, from the sun or from the moon, the air was my gauge of events, and of time. A disturbance outside—a passing train, a car, the lashing of a tree—made it ripple. When the sun rose, the air became angry, agitated. And some nights, for a reason I could never understand, it thickened and pressed against me.

Before the state of Illinois officially certified my father as a teacher, all the administrative and even the teaching positions in the new school district were filled. He had to start working for my grandfather, as a carpenter. My father was not one to go back on a promise or leave a job undone, but his remodelling of the house slowed almost to a stop; gray rock lath rose to shoulder height, and above that the bare studs, black with dirt and age, were exposed, and my room remained dark, without a window. The passion that had inspired me to work with him left his eyes, and was replaced by an oppressed, helpless look.

My mother did not like the house we were living in, and was troubled because my father had to give up teaching, the profession he loved, and become a common laborer. Also, she was in her last months of pregnancy. She became silent and secretive, and kept her face lowered. My father watched her from the time he came home from work until the time he went to bed. How was she feeling today? Fine. Was there anything he could do? No. Would she like to go out—to a movie or somewhere? No—no, thank you. When her answers turned from single words to shrugs, and when his smile and his time-honored burlesque of the schottische failed to cheer her up, he became silent too.

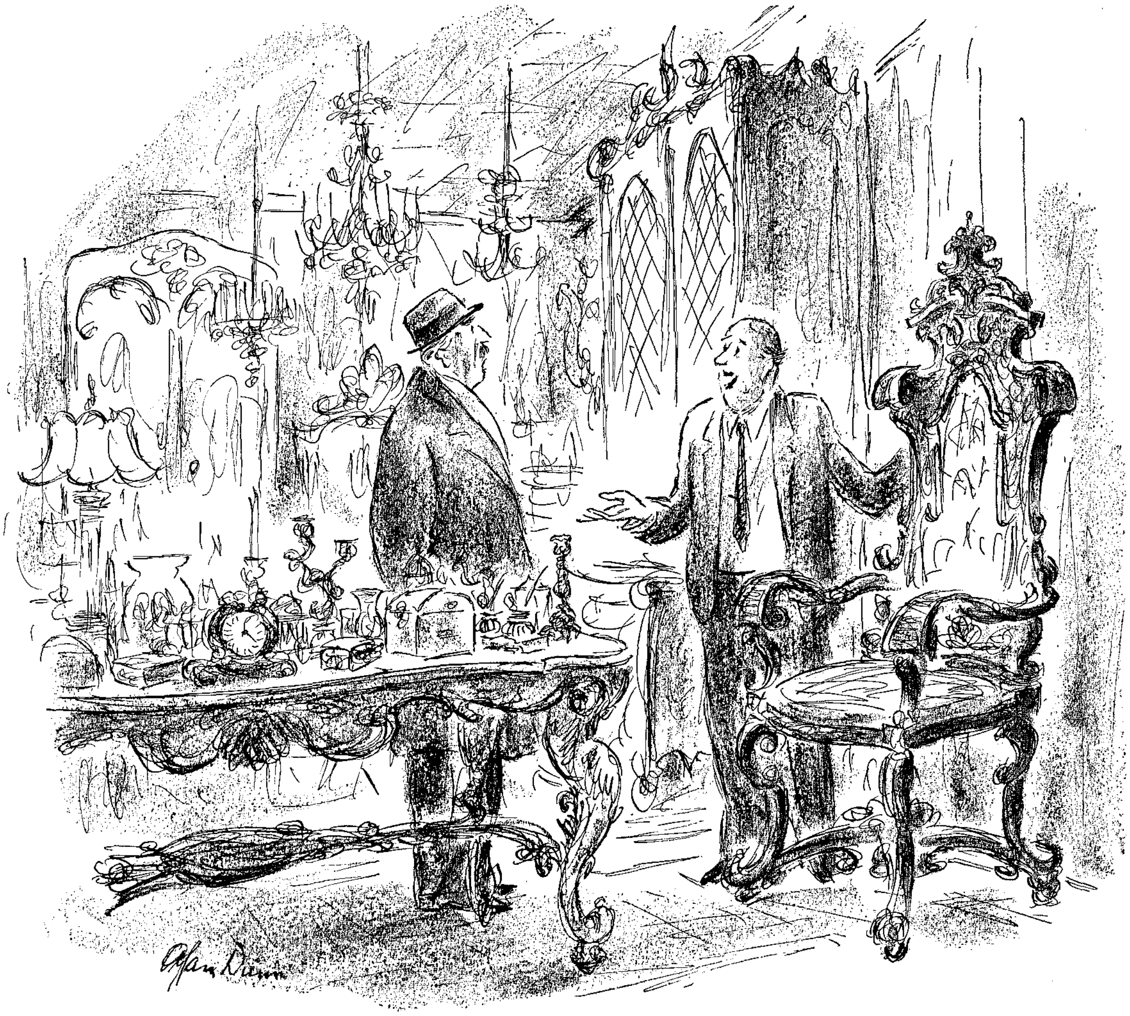
One afternoon I stood near the top of a stepladder and nailed lath to the partition in the kitchen. My mother sat at the table, paying little attention to the noise I made, and embroidered on a dish towel. Once I missed the nail completely, and the stud, too, making a circular hole in the rock lath with the head of the hammer, and cursed. Still she didn't look up. When I first started using bad language, she washed my mouth out with soap. I had never heard my father swear, ever, and now she was letting me do it. I felt manly and arrogant, and made even more noise.

But then I realized how much she must have changed, to ignore what she disapproved of so. I studied her from the top of the stepladder. The face I loved had lost all its beauty. It was dry and chapped. Her dark-brown hair, which had always hung loose, was pinned back behind her ears. At her temples, just above her dark eyebrows, I could see the bones of her skull. She had paused in her sewing, and was looking at her hand—first the palm, then the back.

"Mom? Are you O.K.?"

Without looking up, she said, "Yes," and quickly continued sewing, as if I had caught her at something. "Don't worry about me," she said. "Do your job."

Her manner and the tone of her voice upset me. I came down from the stepladder, marked a piece of lath, and shakily cut across it with the razor knife, curving off in the wrong direction two or three times. I snapped the lath across my knee, broke off the hinged endpiece, and started up the ladder. An emotion spread from her and pressed on me like a hand. I stopped, my eyes on the smooth grooves of one of the steps, and tried to make out what she was feeling. I couldn't. I turned to look at her, and the grooves seemed to lift up with my eyes, stretch through the air and link us. She lifted her face to me. I felt weak. I



"Not only is it a hedge against inflation but it's something to sit on in the meantime."

• •

had never been so close to her. At any other time she would have smiled, or told me, with a slight blush, to quit staring, but now she held me with her eyes until I was the one who blushed, and so badly I had to start hammering again.

"Don't," she said.

"Don't what?" I asked, and when I turned to her she was running her fingertips over the embroidery.

"Don't work anymore."

"The hammering bothers you?"

"No. I don't want you to work."

"Why not?"

She wouldn't look at me. "Go and play."

"Who with?" I took a nail out of my mouth and pounded it in place. "Dad told me to do this wall."

"I don't want you to. You're too young to work."

"No, I'm not!"

"Don't argue. Go outside."

With her head lowered, her voice didn't seem a part of her. I came down the ladder angrily, determined to make her look at me, and saw she was crying, the length and breadth of her cheeks wet with tears.

I went out the back door and sat on the steps. It was not right of her to go against my father, and she never had before. She was even going against what she had said. She wouldn't talk to you, and when she did talk she wouldn't look at you, and then she cried. If something was wrong and she didn't want me to know what it was, I wished she would just leave me alone. And then I remembered the look in her eyes, the long unguarded look she had held me with.

ONE January night I woke, for no apparent reason, and felt the dark air had thickened. It was denser than it was when the sun rose, and I felt some sound was trying to make its way through the denseness. Listening intently, my eyes joining in the effort, searching for the sound, I heard (coming from the ground floor? from somewhere above the roof?) a sound like the breathy creak of a pigeon's wings, rising and falling, reaching for me and then falling away from me again. I rolled over and my shoulder struck the wall.

Light switches clicked downstairs, there were footsteps, the telephone jingled as it was cranked, and I felt the heavy throb of my father's bass voice. After a number of throbs, punctuated by long silences that seemed humming question marks in the dark air, the receiver slapped lightly into its holder, my father's footsteps crossed the kitchen, and another switch clicked. A white rectangle, its top end bent up against the foot of the wall, gripped the floor; he had turned on the light in the hallway downstairs. He made several quick trips from the bathroom to their bedroom and then back to the bathroom. I went to the banister and looked down the stair well. His shadow crossed the bottom steps.

"Dad?"

After a silence, a long pause in the footsteps, his head appeared around the corner. "What are you doing up at this hour?"

"Nothing."

"You'd better go back to bed."

"Who were you talking to on the phone?"

"The doctor. Do you realize it's three o'clock?"

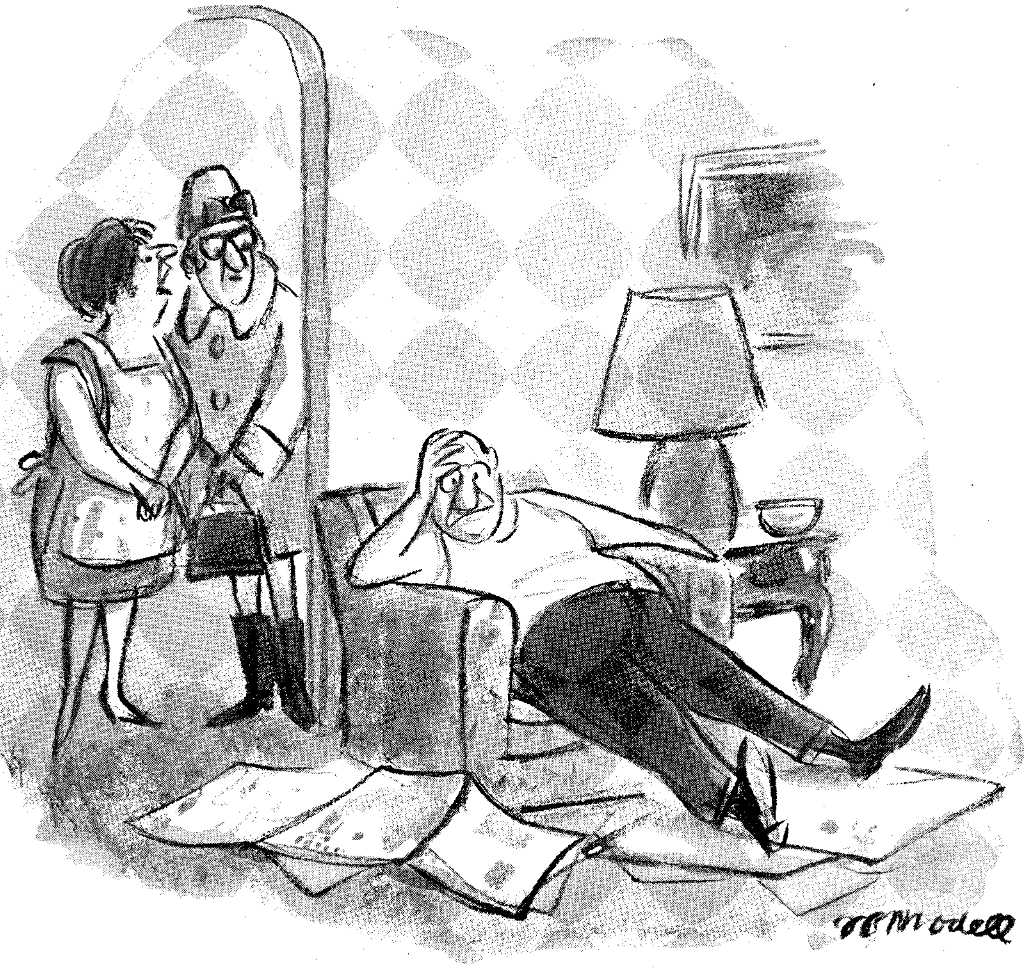
"Is somebody sick?"

He stared up at me, and then said quietly, "Go to bed. Please."

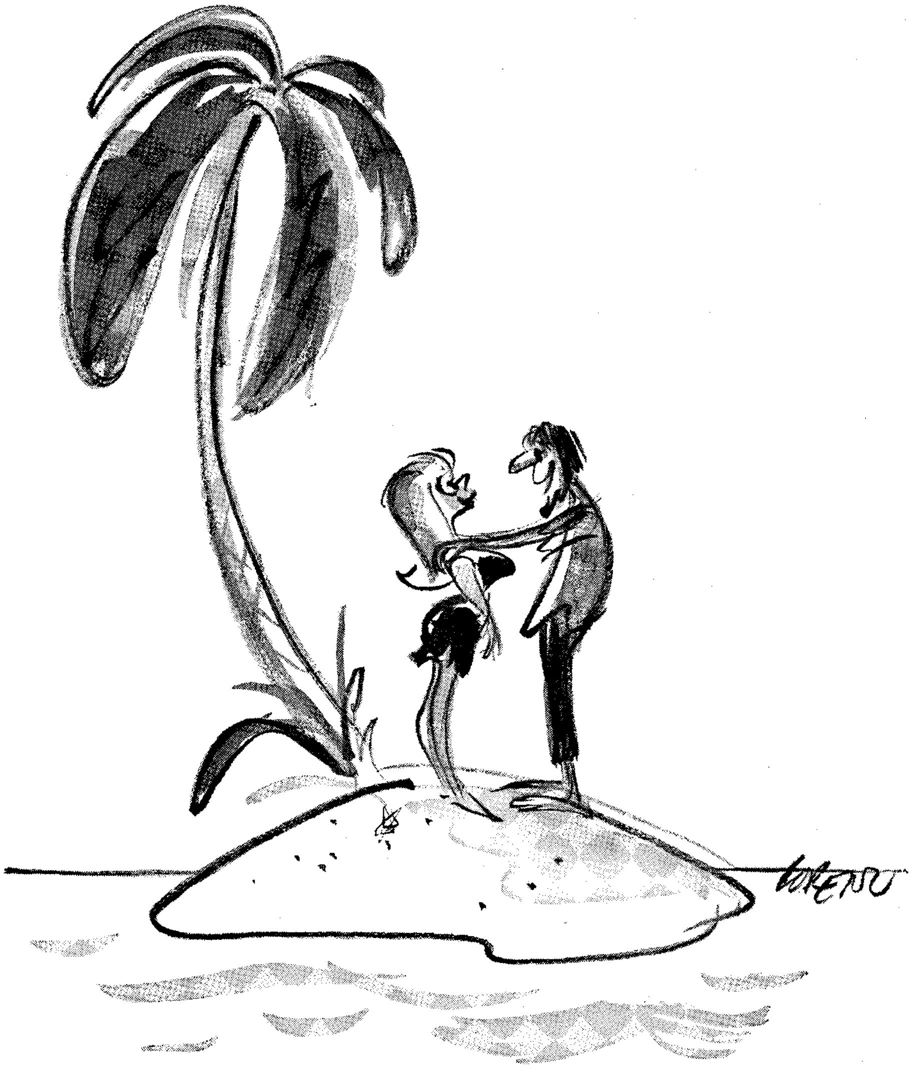
I did, but I couldn't sleep. The birdlike sounds rose up again, my father's footsteps crossed the house, in long strides this time, and the telephone jingled harshly. I got out of bed and was almost at the bottom of the stairs when I heard my father's voice in the kitchen: ". . . realize it's practically a half hour since I called you? You can't be more than a block away, and if . . . *What?* How in the world can a man *read* at a time like this? . . . Well, I don't *give* a damn about your—your *damn* family doctor's book! . . ."

The profanity, so wrong on my father's tongue, scared me. His voice was always under control; I had never heard it like this. I went to the kitchen doorway and saw that he was trembling, holding on to the walnut box of the wall telephone to steady himself. ". . . You listening? You get yourself over here this minute or I'll come and get you!"

He quickly hooked the receiver into its metal cradle, leaned against the wall, and whispered, "Oh, God! God, what next?" I watched him draw his tall body erect, and when he turned his face to me



"He'd still be making the eight-fifteen if Mayor Lindsay hadn't brought up the question of who was essential and who wasn't."



"You're what's happening, Baby!"

• •

it was not my father's face. It was so white it looked as if his heavy day's growth of beard had caved it in, making it thinner and chinless; his lips were blue, and his large blue eyes were glazed.

"I thought I said for you to go to bed."

"Are you sick?"

"What are you *doing* down here?"

"I have to go to the bathroom."

He bowed his head, gripped the bridge of his nose, and moaned. I was sure he was deathly sick. "Go," he said weakly.

"What's the matter?"

"Do as you're told."

I decided to go into their bedroom before I went back upstairs, to find out from my mother what was wrong, but when I stepped out of the bathroom he stood blocking the hallway.

"Hurry up," he said. "I'll turn out the light."

"I want to see Mom."

"No. Not now. Not tonight."

"Why not?"

"She's too sick."

"Let me *see* her!"

"Maybe tomorrow. Go now."

"She's *sick*?"

He nodded his head with such finality I couldn't ask him anything else, or disobey—run past him to their bedroom. But as I climbed the stairs I felt I had done something wrong. Because I didn't know what it could be, and because I at last realized it was my mother who was sick, I began to tremble. When I settled into bed and the rectangle on the floor vanished, darkness pressed on me as it never had before. It took all my imagination, and closed eyes, to keep it away. Just as I heard strange voices—several of them, it seemed—my whole being weakened, and I submitted to the dark.

I dreamed I was walking with my mother through a large department store. The walls and ceiling were white, and the floor was of white marble. The low display cases were set at great distances from one another. My mother held my hand firmly. She wanted to go upstairs, and I wanted to stay where we were, on the ground level, and look in the display cases. I pulled away from her and ran to one. *Don't. Don't look!* she called after me, and her voice echoed through the empty store.

The display case was filled with blue china figurines. There was a blue swan, like the one we had in our kitchen, with a hole in its back, so that it could be used as a flowerpot, some angels, and small blue busts of young children. My mother put her hand on my shoulder and said, *Come away*. I turned to tell her no, and couldn't breathe. She stood far above me, taller than she had ever been, her face made of blue china, her eyes alive and staring at me as they had in the kitchen. She pulled her coat close up around her throat, turned, and left me. I tried to run after her, but my feet wouldn't move.

I woke to darkness, twisted in the blankets, my heart beating against the hard mattress. I had to see my mother, immediately. I started to get out of bed and struck the wall. I was stupefied; the wall was on the *other* side of the cot. I tried again. I knew there was no wall there, and not all the logic in the world, or the wall itself, could convince me that there was. Nothing so simple as getting reversed in the bed occurred to me. I tried again and again. Finally, exhausted, I fell back onto the narrow cot, and my left arm stretched out into black space. If there was a wall where I was convinced there was none, I refused to imagine what waited for me in that emptiness where the wall should be. I pulled my arm onto the safety of the bed and held it over my chest, afraid to move, afraid of the dark.

IN the morning, without having to be told, I knew my mother was gone. My father, who had had no sleep, said she had been taken by ambulance to the hospital. Without being able to confide in him, or in anyone (once the sun has risen, the dark seems part of our imagination), I knew I would never see my mother again, and started preparing myself for her death.

—L. WOIWODE

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Miss Teenage America, Colette Daiute of Paramus, N. J., was with Sadler at today's press conference. She said she thought the plan was a wonderful idea because "it will give the young people of our country the opportunity to see the country of which we are proud of."—*The Post.*

What country is that?

THE WEST FORTIES: MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT

But nothing whatever is by love debarred . . . —*Patrick Kavanagh.*

I. WELCOME TO HOTEL MAJESTY (SINGLES $4 UP)

On this hotel their rumpled royalties
Descend from their cross-country buses, loyalties
Suspended, losses cut, loves left behind,
To strike it lucky in the state of mind
That manufactures marvels out of mud.
Ensanguined by a bar sign selling Bud,
The early-Streamline lobby, in its shell
Of late-Edwardian ornament, with a bell-
Mouthed cupidon extolling every swag
On its tall, fruitful front (a stale sight gag
First uttered by the comic landsmen who
Compounded a Great White Way out of blue
Sky, gneiss, and schist a whole stone age ago,
Before time steeled the arteries we know)—
The lobby washes redly over guests
With rope-bound bags containing their one best
Suit, shirt, tie, Jockey shorts, and pair of socks,
Half-empty pint, electric-razor box,
Ex-wife's still smiling picture, high-school ring,
Harmonica, discharge, and everything.
Amid the alien corn and ruthless tares
I hear a royal cry of horseplayers
Winding their tin horns in a chant of brass,
Their voices claiming in the wilderness.

II. SAL'S ATOMIC SUBMARINES

The Puerto Rican busboy, Jesus, coughs
Above the cutting board where Sal compiles
An outbound order for the Abinger
Associates next door; then, carrying
A pantheon of heroes in a brown
Kraft-paper bag, he sidles by the chrome-
Formica-plastic dinette furniture
And gains the world, where anti-personnel
Gases from crosstown buses, vegetable
Soup simmering at Bickford's, and My Sin
Seeping from Walgreen's silently combine
To addle all outsiders. Only lithe,
Quick indigenes like Jesus (whose tan neck
Is thinner than my wrist) can long survive
And later even prosper in the air
Of these times' squares, these hexahedral hives
Where every worker drudges for his queen.

III. STAGE-DOOR JOHNNY'S

Silvana Casamassima, Vic Blad
(The talent agent), Lance Bartholomey,
Piretta Paul, Max Dove, A. Lincoln Brown,
Samarra Brown, Lil Yeovil, Beryl Cohn
(Theatrical attorney), Johnny Groen
(The owner), Merritt Praed, Morty Monroe,
Dame Phyllis Woolwich, Sir Jack Handel, Bart.,
Del Hector (the producer), Coquetel,
Fab Newcome, Temple Bell, Vanessa Vane,
Burt Wartman, C. R. Freedley, F.R.S.,
Alf Wandsworth (author of "Queer Street"), Mel Hess,
His Honor Judge Perutz, Merced McCall,
Tam Pierce, Jan Stewart, Tom Cobley, and all
The darlings, mirrored in their flourishing
Autographed caricatures on every wall,
Sail on, sealed in, important, bright, serene,
In league in Captain Nemo's submarine.

IV. PENNY ARCADIA

Like lava, rock erupts to fill the room
From each coäx- coäx- coäxial
Concentric speaker's throat, and rolls like doom
Over the unmoved pinball-playing boys
Whose jaws lightly reciprocate like long-
Stroke pistons coupled to the Tinguely loom
Of augmented electric music, strong
As sexuality and loud as noise,
Which keens across the dingy room at full
Gain and, its coin gone, as abruptly dies.

V. MEYER WAX LOANS

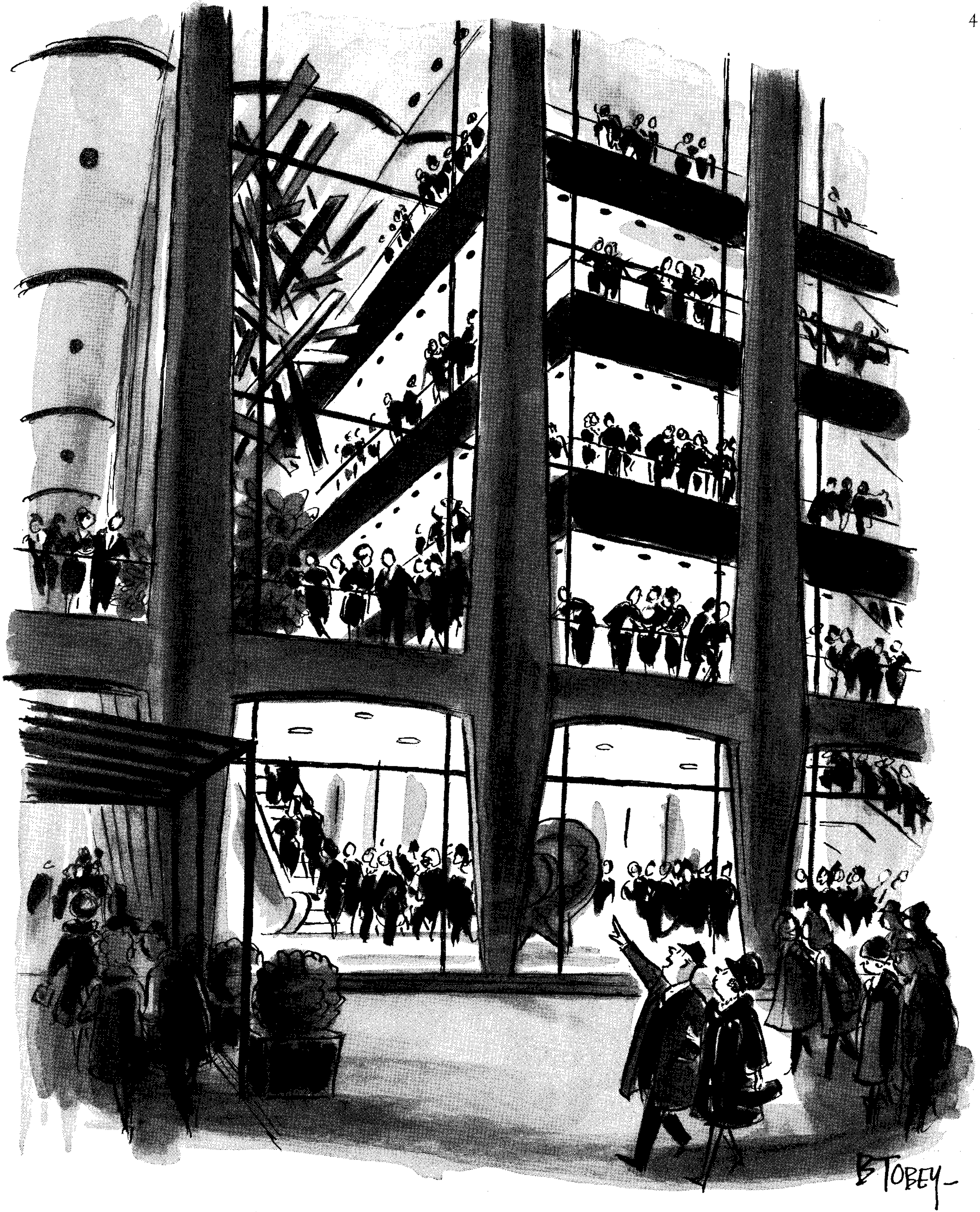
Clear and obscure, elbows of saxophones
Shine out like sink traps in an underworld
Of pledges unredeemed—a spectral band
Of brass and nickel marching in the dark
Toward the morning and redemption, where
Known lips will kiss their reeds, familiar hands
Resume their old and loving fingering.
Unlikely. In a hundred rented rooms
From here to Ybor City, pledgers plan
What next to pawn: the Rolleicord, the ring,
The eight-transistor Victor radio,
The travelling alarm. Alarm creeps in-
To all their calculations, now the bloom
Is off their promise, now the honeymoon
Is over with a cry, and time begins
To whittle expectations to a size
Convenient for their carrying to pawn.

VI. LOVEMOVIE

Before the glazed chrome case where Lovelies Swim
Au Natural, and under the sly lights,
Which wink and bump and wink and grind, except
For those that have burned out, the singing strings
Of Madame Violin essay "Caprice,"
Not missing many notes, considering
How cold it is outside the Lovemovie.
Stray pennies in her tin cup punctuate
The music like applause. Play, gypsies! Dance!
The thin strains of a Romany romance
Undaunt the ears of each peajacketed
Seaman on liberty, and of each old
Wanderer slowly losing to the cold,
And of each schoolboy who has come to see
Life in the flesh inside the Lovemovie.
Beneath her stiff green hair, an artist's grin
Knits up the ravelled cheek of Madame Violin.

VII. THE ARGO BUILDING: NEW DELMAN'S GOOD NIGHT

The last bone button in the old tin tea
Box of the Argo Building lastly sees
ᘓИIVAƎWƎЯ Ǝ⅃ᙠIƧIVИI peeling off
His street-side window as he locks the door
Of 720 one more night and struts



"Look, isn't that Jane and Lester Hobson?"

• •

His septuagenarian stuff down
The corridor, past Aabco Dental Labs,
Worldwide Investigations, Inc., Madame
Lillé, Corsetière, Star School of Tap,
Dr. O'Keefe, Franck Woodwind Institute,
Wink Publications, and Watch Hospital.
Up the wrought shaft, preceded by its wires
Ticking and twittering, the intrepid car
Rises like an old aeronaut to take
Its ballast-passenger aboard beneath
The pointed clear bulbs of its four flambeaux,
Sweetly attenuated Art Nouveau
Which was *vieux jeu* and is the rage, unknown
To old New Delman, whom it ferries down
In its black cage, funebrially slow,
To Stygian Forty-seventh Street below.

—L. E. SISSMAN

THE SKELETON

AWFUL things happen to one every day. They come without warning and—this is the trouble, for who knows?—the next one may be the Great Awful Thing. Whatever that is.

At half past seven, just as the new day came aching into the London sky, the waiter-valet went up in the old-fashioned lift of the service flats with a tray of tea to Mr. Clark's flat on the top floor. He let himself in and walked down the long, tiled hallway, through part of Mr. Clark's picture collection, into the large sitting room and, putting the tray down on the desk, drew back the curtains and looked down on the roofs. Arrows of fine snow had shot along the slate, a short slice of the Thames between the buildings was as black as iron, the trees stuck out their branches like sticks of charcoal, and a cutting wind was rumbling and occasionally squealing against the large windows. The man wiped his nose and then went off to switch on one bar of the electric fire—he was forbidden to put on two—and moved the tray to a table by the fire. He had often been scolded for putting the tray upon Clark's valuable Chippendale desk, and he looked around to see if anything else was out of place in this gentlemanly room where every flash of polish or glass was as unnerving to him as the flash of old George Clark's glasses.

With its fine mahogany, its glazed bookcases that contained a crack regiment of art books in dress uniform, its Persian rugs, its bronzes, figurines, and silken-seated chairs, a deep sofa that appeared never to have been sat on, and its twenty or thirty oil paintings on the walls, the room had the air of a private museum. Seymour, the valet, respected the glass. He often sat for a while at Mr. Clark's desk gossiping with one of the maids while he saw to it that she did not touch the bronze and the Chinese figures—"He won't allow anyone to touch them. They're worth hundreds, thousands"—and making guesses at what the lot would fetch when the old man died. He made these guesses about the property of all the rich old people who lived in the flats.

The girls, an ignorant lot—Irish, mainly, these days—gaped at the pictures.

"He's left them all to the nation," the valet would say importantly. He could not disguise his feeling that the poor old nation had a lot to put up with from the rich. He could always get in a sexy word to the maids when they looked at the cylindrical nude with a guitar lying across her canisterlike knees. But the pictures of vegetation—huge fruits, enormous flowers that looked tropical, with gross veins and pores on stalk and leaves—seemed humanly physical and made him feel sick. The flowers had large, evil sucking mouths; there were veined, intestinal marrows; there was a cauliflower like a gigantic brain that seemed to swell as you looked at it. Nature, to this painter, was a collection of fattened bodies, and looked, as Seymour said, "Nood." The only living creature represented, apart from the cylindrical lady, was a fish, but it, too, was oversized and gorged. Its scales, minutely detailed, gave Seymour "the pip." It was hung over the central bookcase. "It doesn't go with the furniture," Seymour had often said. The comforting thing to him was that, at any rate, the whole creepy collection could not move and get at him. Like the books, the pictures were cased behind glass.

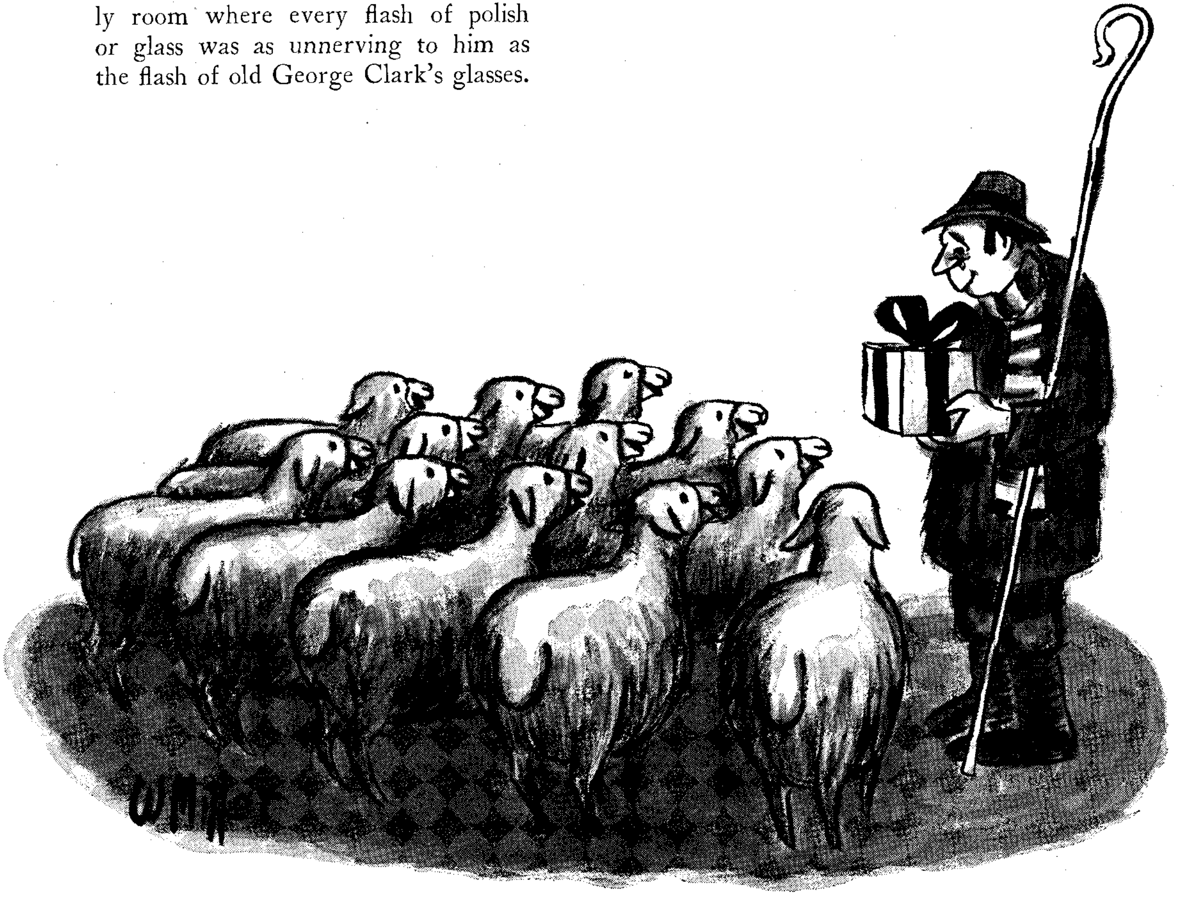
"All by the same man. Come into the bedroom. Come on. And don't touch anything there, because Mr. Clark will notice. He sees everything," he'd say. In the bedroom, he would show the girls the small oil painting of the head of a young man with almost white hair standing on end and large blue eyes.

"That's the bloke," the valet would say. "He did it himself. Self-portrait. John Flitestone—see, the name's at the bottom. Cut his throat. You watch, his eyes follow you," he would say, steering the girl. "He used to come here with Mr. Clark."

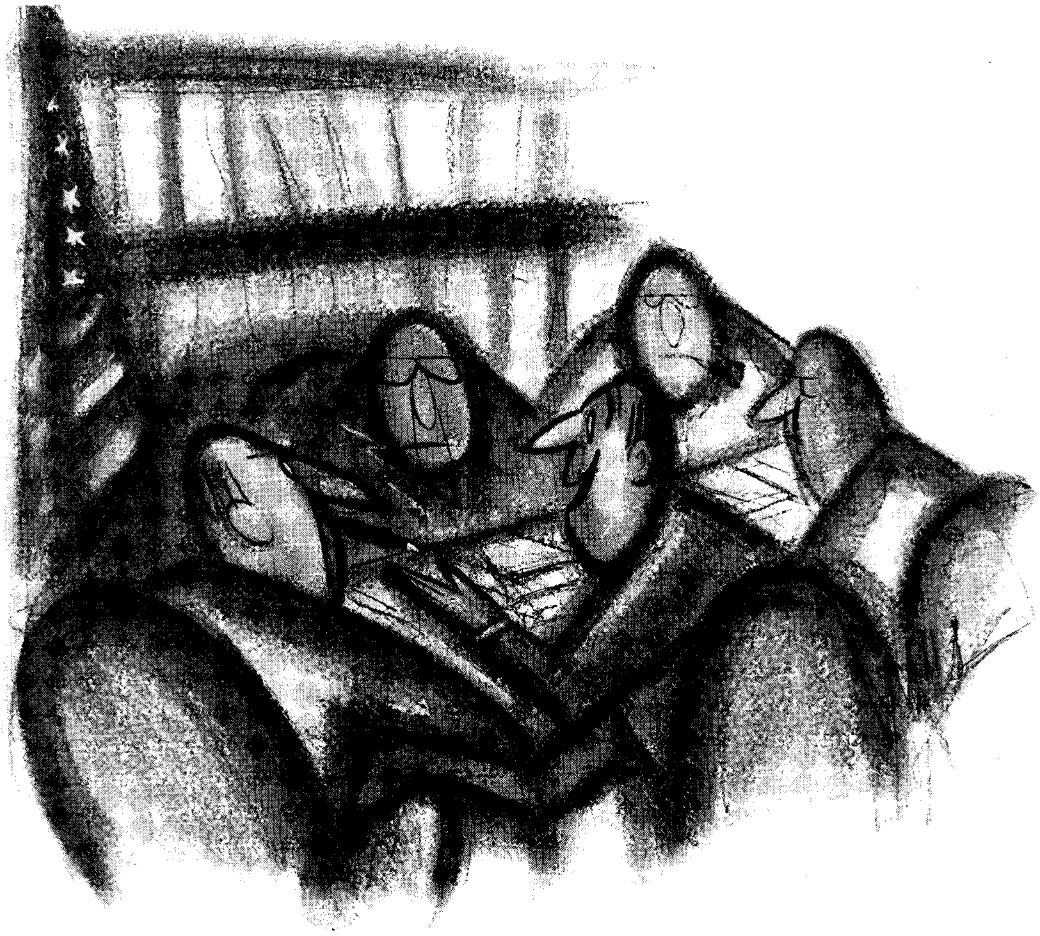
"Oh!" the girls were apt to gasp. "Stop it, Mr. Seymour," they added, taken off their guard.

"Years ago," Seymour said, looking pious after the pinch he'd given them.

The valet left the room now and went down the passage to George Clark's bedroom. The carpet stopped at the door of the room. Inside the room, the curtains were blowing, the two sparse rugs lifting in the draft on the polished floor, and snow spitting on the table beside the bed. He caught the curtains and drew them back and tried to



"For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow . . ."



"Say, how about a tax on teen-agers?"

shut the heavy window. The room contained a cheap yellow wardrobe and chest of drawers, which old George Clark had had since he was a boy. The sitting room was luxurious, but the bedroom was as bleak as a Victorian servant's. On a very narrow iron bedstead he lay, stiff as a frozen monk and still as a corpse, so paper-thin as to look bodiless, his wiry hair, gray only here and there, his wiry mustache, mostly black, and his greenish face and cold red nose showing like a pug's over the sheet. It sneered in sleep.

"Seven-thirty, sir. Terrible morning," Seymour said. There was no answer. "By God," the valet said after a pause, "the old man's dead." In death—if that was what it was—the face on the pillow looked as if it could bite.

Then the old man gave a snuffle. He opened a wicked eye.

"The old bastard," murmured the valet. Often the old boy had terrified and tricked him with his corpselike look. It was Clark's opening victory in a day—indeed, a life—devoted to victory. Then he woke up fully, frightened, reaching for his glasses, to see Seymour's blood-colored face looking down at him.

"What?" George Clark said. And then the valet heard him groan. These groans were awful. "Oh, my God!" George Clark groaned, but spoke the words in a whisper.

"It's a terrible morning. Shall I put on the fire?"

"No." The old man sat up.

The valet sighed. He went and fetched a cup of tea.

"You'll need this." He put on his bullying voice. "Better drink it hot in here. You'd better have your lunch here today. Don't you go to the club. It's snowing. The wind's terrible."

George Clark got out of bed in his flannel pajamas. He stepped barefooted to the window, studying the driving gray sky, the slant of snow, and the drift of chimney smoke. "Who closed the window?" he said.

Oh dear, thought the valet. Now he's going to begin. "The snow was coming in, Mr. Clark. You'll get pneumonia. *Please*, sir."

Clark was upright and tall. His small head jerked when he talked, on a long, wrinkled neck. His voice was naturally drawling, but shortness of breath was in conflict with the drawl, and the sounds that came out were jerky, military, and cockerel-like. At eighty-two, he looked about sixty; there was hardly any gray in his mustache. The bridge of his gold-framed glasses cut into his red nose. Seymour, who was fifty, was humped and lame and looked seventy. In a fight, old George would win, and he gave a sniff that showed he knew it. In fact, he got up every day to win; Seymour knew that and accepted it. What reduced him to misery was that the old man would *explain* his victories. He was off on that now.

"No, I won't get pneumonia," old George snapped. "You see, Seymour, it's a north wind. The north wind doesn't touch me. There's no fat on me. I'm all bones. I'm a skeleton. There's nothing for it to bite on."

"No, sir," said Seymour wretchedly. Ten to one George Clark would now mention his family. He did.

"My father was thin, so was my grandfather. We're a thin family. My youngest sister—she's seventy-eight—she's all bones like me."

"Oh, God," Seymour moaned to himself, "I forgot—he's got a sister! Two of them!" He moved to get out of the room, but the old man followed him closely, talking fast.

"One day last week, I thought we were going to catch it—oh, yes. 'Now we're going to get it!' I said. Awful thing! That clean white light in the sky, stars every night, everything clear, everything sparkling. I saw it and said, 'Oh, no! No, no. I don't like this—oh, no.' "

He had now got Seymour in the doorway.

"You see, I know what *that* means."

"Yes, sir."

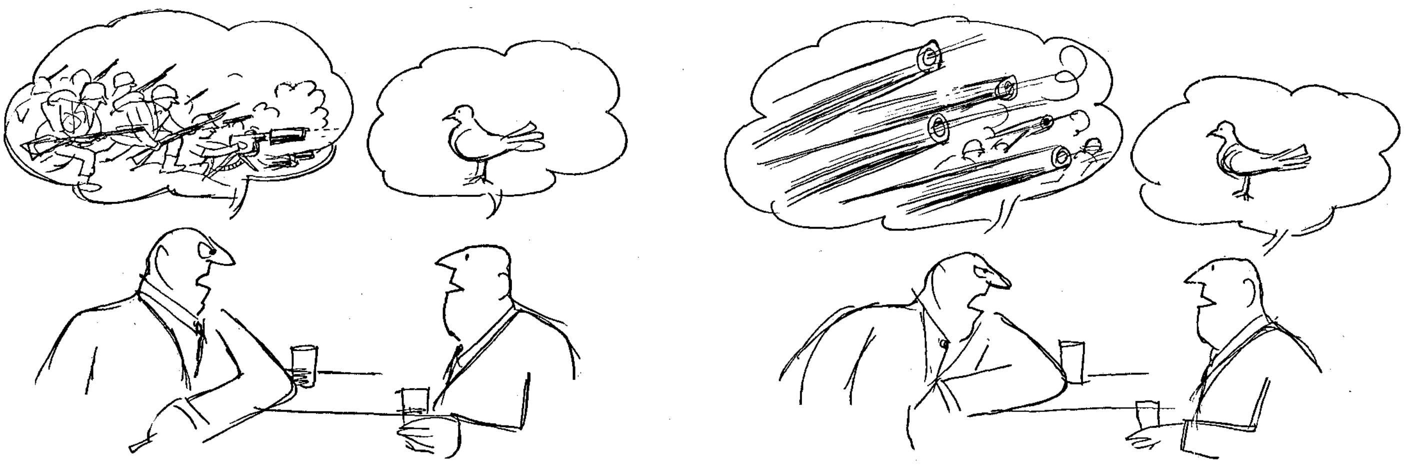
"East wind," said George victoriously.

"That's it, sir."

"Ah, then you've got to look out, Seymour. Oh, yes. Awful business. That's what finishes old people. Awful thing."

He drove Seymour forward into the sitting room and went to the window, studying the sky, and sniffed two or three times at it. "We're all right, Seymour. You see, I was right. It's in the north. I shall have lunch at the club. Bring my cup in here. Why did you take it to the bedroom?"

It was a cold flat. After his tea, George Clark took a cold bath, as he



had done ever since his school days. Then he ate a piece of toast and drank a second cup of tea and looked eagerly to see what was annoying in the papers—some new annoyance to add to a lifetime's accumulation of annoyances. It was one of the calamities of old age that one's memory went and one forgot a quite considerable number of exasperations and awful things in which, contrary to general expectation, one had been startlingly right. This forgetting was bad, as if one were the Duke of Wellington and sometimes forgot one had won the Battle of Waterloo.

In fact, George sat in comfort in a flat packed with past rows, annoyances, and awful things half forgotten. It was an enormous satisfaction that many of his pictures annoyed the few people who came to see him nowadays. The Flitestones annoyed violently. They had, indeed, annoyed the nation to such an extent that, in the person of a "nasty little man" called Gaiterswell, the nation had refused them. (Seymour was wrong there.) George was very proud of this; his denunciation of Gaiterswell was one of the major victories of his life. George had been the first to buy Flitestones, and he had even warned the vain and swollen-headed young man against Gaiterswell, years and years ago. "Modish, Jack—he's merely modish. He'll drop you when it suits him."

At twelve o'clock, George walked across the park to one of his clubs. He belonged to three. The park was empty. He blew across it like a solitary, late leaf. The light snow was turning Whitehall black, and spat on his gold glasses, but he arrived, a little breathless but ready to deal with that bugbear of old men, protective sympathy.

"George! You ought not to be out on a day like this!" several members said. One put his arm round his shoulders. They were a sneezing and coughing lot, with slack, affectionate faces and friendly, overburdened bellies, all talking of snowed-up roads, late trains, and scrambles for taxis.

"You *walked* through this! Why didn't you make your chauffeur bring you?"

"No car."

"Or a cab?"

"Fares have gone up. I'm too mean."

"Or a bus?"

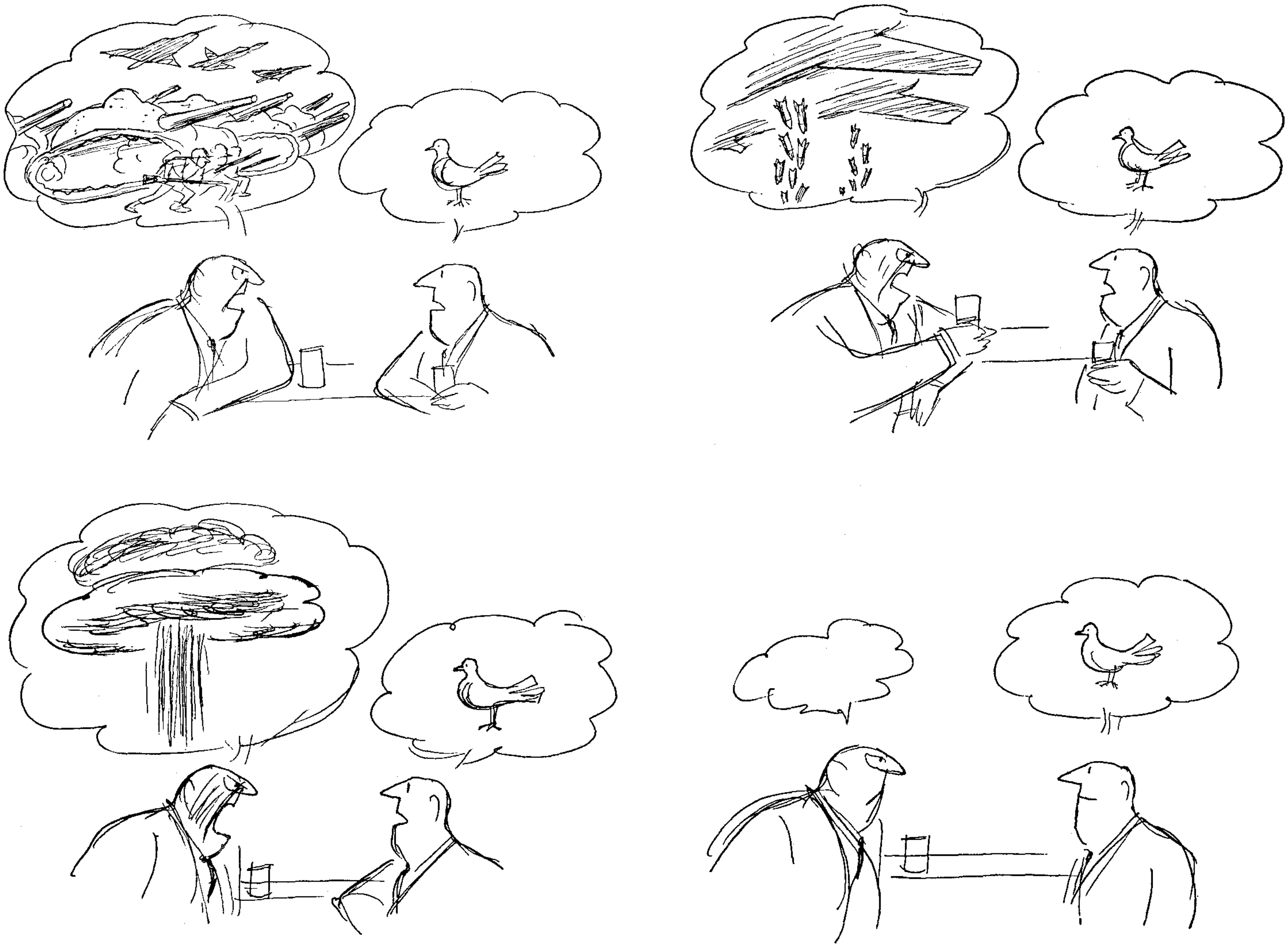
"Oh, no, no, you see," said George, glittering at them. "I don't know if I told you"—he had told them innumerable times—"when you're brought up by a rich brute of a father, like I was—oh, yes, he was very rich—you get stingy. I'm very stingy. I must have told you about my father. Oh, well, now, there's a story," he began eagerly. But the bar was crowded. Slow to move, George Clark found his listener had been pushed away and had vanished. He stood suddenly isolated in his autobiography.

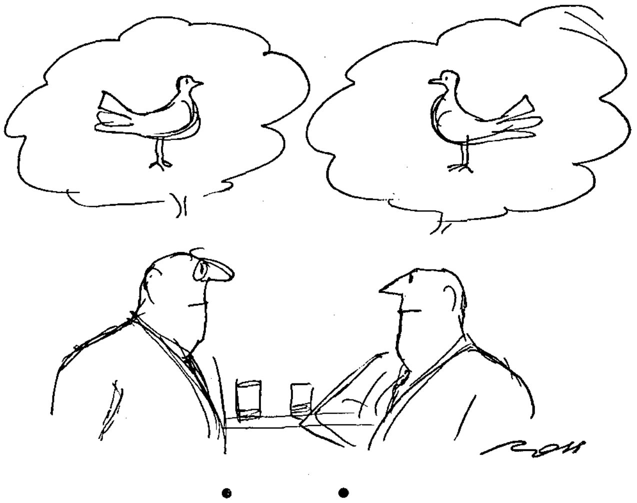
"Oh, God," he groaned loudly, but in a manner so sepulchral and private that people moved respectfully away. It was a groan that seemed to come up from the earth, up from his feet—a groan of loneliness that was raging and frightening to the men around him. He had one of those moments, which, he had to admit, were much commoner than they used to be, when he felt dizzy, when he felt he was lost among unrecognizable faces, without names. He was alone, in the wrong club, at the wrong address even, with the tottering story of his life—a story he was offering, or, rather, throwing out, as a lifeline, for help. His hand shook as he finished his glass of sherry. The moment passed, and, recovering and trembling, he aged as he left the bar and crossed the hall to the dining room, saying aloud to himself, in his fighting drawl, "Now, now, now, we must be careful."

The side tables were already taken, but there were gaps at the two long tables. George stood blinking at the battlefield. He had in the last years resigned from several clubs. Sometimes it was because of bridge, central heating, ventilation, smoking, house committees, wine committees, or food and servants, but more usually it was over someone who, unknowingly, had become for a period uncommonly like the Arch-Enemy but who turned out to be no more than an understudy for the part. After a year, George would intrigue to rejoin the club. For him, the dining room was one more aspect of the general battlefield. Where should he place his guns? Next to Doyle? No, he was a Roman. George hated Romans. He hated Protestants, too. He was an atheist who had never found anyone sufficiently atheistical. George was tired of telling Doyle how he had happened to be in Rome in '05, staying with one of the great families ("She was a cousin of the Queen's"), and had enjoyed for a year an unparalleled inside view of what was going on in the Vatican. "Oh, yes. You see, a Jesuit, one of their relations, became a great friend and exposed the whole hocus-pocus to me. You see, I have often been in a position to know more of what is going on than most people. I was close to Haig in the war."

There was Gregg, the portrait painter, but it was intolerable to listen to a man who painted royalty. There was Foster, who had been opposed to Munich, and George could not stand that. There was Macdonald, but Scots climb. Look at the Archbishop! There was Jefferies—such a bore about divorce reform; the bishops want it, of course, but daren't say so. "I told the Archbishop in this club, 'The moment you drag in God, you lose your reason. My mother ought to have got a divorce.' You should have seen his face. Oh, no, oh, no, he didn't like it. Not a bit."

George looked at the tops of heads and the tableloads of these discarded





enemies, casualties of his battles, with a grin. At last, glancing around him, he chose a seat beside a successful, smirking pink man of fifty whose name he had forgotten. "Pretty harmless," muttered George. "He thinks Goya a great painter, when we all know he is just a good painter of the second rank. Ah, he's eating oysters." This stirred a memory. The man was talking to a deaf editor, but on George's other side there were empty chairs. It was against George's military sense to leave an exposed flank, but the chance of attacking the club oysters was too good to miss.

"I see you've risked the oysters. I never eat oysters in this club," said George, sitting down. "Poisonous. Oh, yes, yes, didn't I tell you? Oh, you see, it was an awful thing, last year—"

"Now, George," said the man. "You told me that story before."

"Did I? Nothing in that," sniffed George. "I always repeat myself. You see, I make a point of telling my stories several times. I woke up in the night—"

"Please, George," said the man more sternly. "I want to enjoy my lunch."

"Oh, ah, ah, ah," said George, sniffing away. "I'll watch your plate. I'll warn you if I see a bad one."

"Oh, really George!" said the younger man.

"You're interrupting our conversation, George," the editor called across. "I was telling Trevor something very interesting about my trip to Russia."

"I doubt if it *is* interesting," said George in a loudish whisper to the other man. "Interesting! I never found a Whig interesting."

"Dear George is old. He talks too much," said the deaf editor, speaking louder than he knew.

"Not a lot of rot," said George in a loud mutter.

"What's he say?" said the deaf editor.

"You see," George continued to interrupt, "I talk a lot because I live alone. I probably talk more than anyone in this club, and I am more interesting than most people. You see, I've often been in a position to know more than most people here. I was in Rome in '05 . . ." But George looked restlessly at the vacant chair beside him. "I hope," he said, suddenly nervous, "some awful bore is not going to sit here. You never know who— Oh, no, oh, no, no—"

IT happened as simply as that, from being clean off one's guard. Not a single awful thing but the Great Awful Thing. He saw a pair of small, polished, sunburned hands with soft black hair on them pull back the chair, and then a monkeyish man of seventy with wretched eyes and an academic heaving up of the right shoulder sat down beside him, and he heard the voice: "Good morning, George," uttering the name George as if it contained a lifetime's innuendo.

"Oh, God," George said.

The man was the Arch-Enemy, and in a form he had never expected. Out of the future he should have come, a shape at a slowly opening door, pausing there, blocking it, so that one could not get out. Who he would be, what he would be, was unknown; he was hidden in next week, next year, as yet unborn.

But this man was known. He had sneaked in not from the future but from the past. It was Gaiterswell.

"Just the man I want to speak to," said Gaiterswell, picking up the menu in hands that George could only think of as thieving.

"I didn't know you were a member," George choked out in words like lead shot.

"Just elected."

George gave a loud sniff. "Monstrous," he said, but, holding on to manners, said it under his breath. He grasped his table napkin, ready to fly off and at once resign. It was unbelievable that the committee, knowing his feelings as they must do, had allowed this man in. Gaiterswell, who had stolen Flitestone from him, who had turned down Flitestone, who had said in the *Times*—in a letter, above all—that George Clark's eccentric tastes had necessarily taught him nothing about the chemical composition of oil paint. Gaiterswell of the scandalous official appointment! George had forgotten these Waterloos, but now the roar of them woke up in his brain. The fusillades he had let off in committees were heard again. The letters to the *Times* were shot off once more. Gaiterswell had said there were too many "gentlemen" in the art world. It was a pity, he was known to have said, that the Empire had gone and there were no more natives for the gentlemen to pester. George had replied, around the clubs, that the "nasty little man" suffered glaringly from merit and that the path of the meritorious was strewn with the bodies they had kicked down the ladder as they climbed.

After he had said things like this, George considered that Gaiterswell was dead. The body could no doubt be found still lying, after twenty-five years, in that awful office of his with the fake Manet—of course it was a fake—on the wall.

"Just the man I want to speak to," Gaiterswell said now to the menu. (You noticed he never looked you in the face.)

"Wants to speak to me. For no good reason," George murmured loudly to the man sitting on the other side of him.

"I bet you won't guess who came to see me the other day," Gaiterswell said. "Gloria Archer—Stokes that was. She's married to a Frenchman called Dupuy now. You remember her? What are you eating? The pie? Is it any good? She's got a lot of poor Jack Flitestone's letters. She's short of money. You wrote the memoir, didn't you, George? Charming little book, charming. I told her to drop in on you. I said you'd be delighted to see her."

George was about to put a piece of pie into his mouth. He put his fork down. He was shaking. He was choking. "Drop in!" he said, astounded. "Drop in? Look here!" he called out, pushing his chair from the table. "Oh, this is monstrous." And he called to one of the waiters, who rushed past and ignored him. "Look here, I say, why do we have to have meat like this in this club? It's uneatable. I shall find the secretary . . ." And, getting up, with his table napkin waving from his hand, he hurried to the end of the table, the light tossing in his glasses, and then, after wild indecision, left the room.

"Where has George Clark gone?" said an old gentleman who had been sitting opposite. "He never finishes a meal."

"It's his teeth," said the deaf editor, who had very loose teeth.

GEORGE had made for the morning room of the club, where he circled like a dog. "What manners!" he said to the portraits of dead members on the wall. Happier than he, they were together; he was alone. He was older than most of them had been, and, with a flick of ironic pride which never quite left him in any distress, he could not but notice that he was rather better connected and had more inside knowledge than most of them had had. He addressed them again: "Drop in! What manners! I shall resign."

The Arch-Enemy had appeared in a fashion unpredictable, from the past, and—now he saw—not as a male but as a female. Gloria Archer. As he had always said, "What a name!" It recalled the "Kinema" (as he firmly pronounced it, striking a blow for classical scholarship). Her portrait, if one could

O RARE!

A rower pulls the lake along his oar.
I walk across a green bridge in the rain
And feel a turning in the winter air.

A barber plays the violin. O rare!
A spider forms its radiating line.
A rower pulls the lake. Along his oar,

Light dips in fragments as the waters veer.
The bud turns in the branch, leaf in the vine;
I feel their turning in the winter air

And stop at a tavern for a morning beer.
The place is empty. While I sit alone,
A rower pulls. The lake along his oar,

Pitted with drops, reflects the turning year;
Seated at a window, a middle-aged man,
I feel that turning in the winter air.

Draining my glass, I turn toward the door.
Beyond the silence and the stock of wine,
A rower pulls the lake along his oar.
I feel a turning in the winter air.

—DALE NELSON

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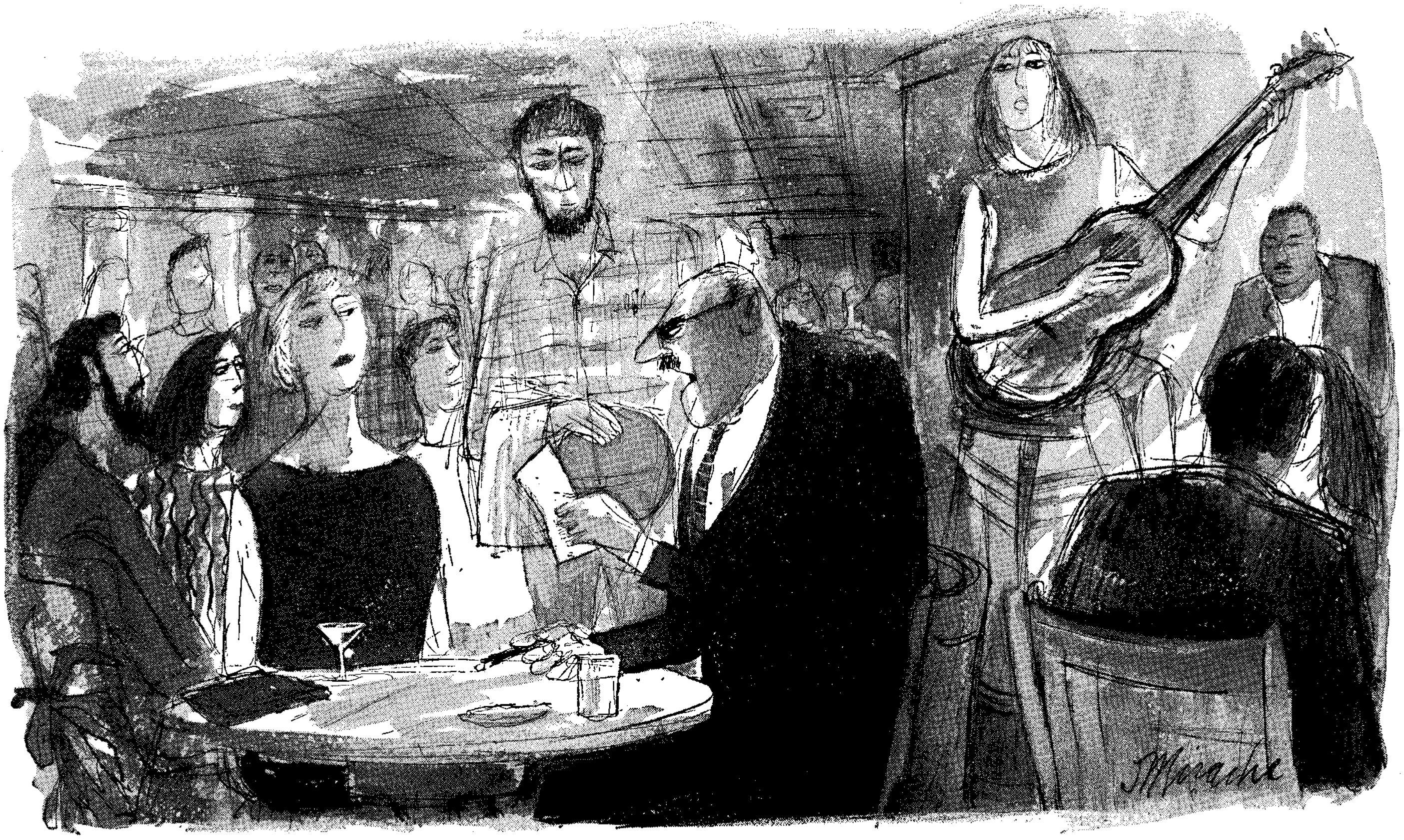


"A dollar-eighty for Scotch! Damn it, I'm the one who should be singing a song of protest!"

• •

call it that, was in his sitting room, cylindrical and naked. It had been there for over twenty-five years, with the other Flitestones, and he had long ago stopped remembering her or even Flitestone himself as a human being he had known. They were not life, they were art—not even art, now, but furniture of his self-esteem. He had long ago closed his mind to them as persons. They had become fossilizations in mere anecdote. Now that damn little shot-up official Gaiterswell, who had been polished off long ago, had first brought Gloria back to life, and the name of Gloria had brought Flitestone back. The seals of anecdote were broken. One of the deepest wounds of George's existence was open and raw again. A woman's work. It was Gloria who had shown how dangerous Flitestone was to him, it was Gloria who had shown him the chaos of his heart.

He left the morning room, got his hat and coat, buttoned himself up to the neck, and walked out into the street, where the snow was coming in thicker shots. At once he felt something like a film of ice form between his shirt and his bony chest, and he stepped back, afraid. "No, no!" he said very loudly, and passersby raised their ducked heads, thinking he was talking to them. But he was speaking to the wind; it had gone to the east.

Seymour met him in the lift at the flat. Seymour smelled of beer. "You shouldn't have gone out, sir," said Seymour. He looked murderous with self-righteousness.

George sat down on his sofa, frightened and exhausted. He was assaulted by real memories and was too weak to fend them off. He had felt frightened to death, he now admitted, in that so enjoyable 1914 war. Flitestone's pictures took on life. Flitestone, too. The cliché about him—"Not a bad minor painter, like a good many others ruined by the school of Paris"—vanished, and the true, dangerous Flitestone appeared. He saw again the poor boy from a Scottish mill town, with gaunt cheeks, light-blue eyes, and almost white hair that stood up like a dandelion clock. A pedant, too, with morbid and fanatical patience. It took him longer to paint a picture than anyone George Clark had ever known. The young man was rather deaf, which made him seem to be an unworldly, deeply innocent listener, but there was—as George Clark saw—nothing innocent about him. There was a mean, calculating streak there ("After all, he realized I was a rich man," George boasted), and he was soon taken up by wealthy people. He was clever and made them laugh. He was in trouble all the time with women, chasing them like a maniac and painting them with little heads and large bottoms, like pairs of enormous pink poppies. ("Now, there's a bloody fine bottom, George.")

Very annoying he was, too, especially when he got into society. That was one thing George Clark knew all about, and to be told about Lord This or That or a lot of duchesses by a crude young genius from the slums was infuriating.

"He's got five bloody great castles—"

"Only one. Forstairs and Aldbaron belong to his half brother, who married Glasnevin's sister. Jack, I wish you wouldn't pick your teeth at meals. I can't bear it. It's such frightful manners."

"Lord Falconer does. He's got a gold toothpick."

But these squabbles were merely annoying. Flitestone was the only human being George had ever loved. Jealously loved. He was his prize and his possession. And the boy liked him. Here was the danger. George had dreaded to be liked. You lose something when people like you. You are in danger of being stripped naked and losing a skin. With Flitestone he felt . . . Ah, there was the danger; he did not know what he felt, except that it was passion. He could listen to him for hours. For eleven years, George had the sensation that he had married late in life someone who, fortunately, did not exist, and that Flitestone was their fantastic, blindly invented son. Like a son, he clawed at George's bowels.

His love affairs? Well, one had to avert the eye. They were, nevertheless, an insurance against George's instant jealous fear—that Flitestone would marry. The thought of that made George shrink. "Marriage will ruin you"—he nagged at it. And that was where Gloria came in.

When Gaiterswell spoke of Gloria, a shot of jealous terror and satisfaction had gone through George. She bored him, of course. Yet in the last years of their friendship Flitestone's insane love for this girl who would have nothing to do with him was the real guarantee. George even admired the young girl for the cruelty of her behavior, for being so complete an example of everything that made women impossible. He was so absorbed in this insurance that he forgot the obvious: that Gloria might marry. She did. In a month, on the rebound, Flitestone had married some milky, plump, and ambitious student girl, whose first act was to push her husband under the influence of Gaiterswell. For Gaiterswell was the nation. A breach with George was inevitable.

He went to his desk and started writing to Gaiterswell: "I shall be obliged if you will inform Miss Stokes, Mrs. Asher, or whatever her name is, that I have no desire to meet her or enter into correspondence . . ." His hand shook. He could not continue. "Awful business" was all he could say. The Arch-Enemy had deprived him even of the power to talk to himself.

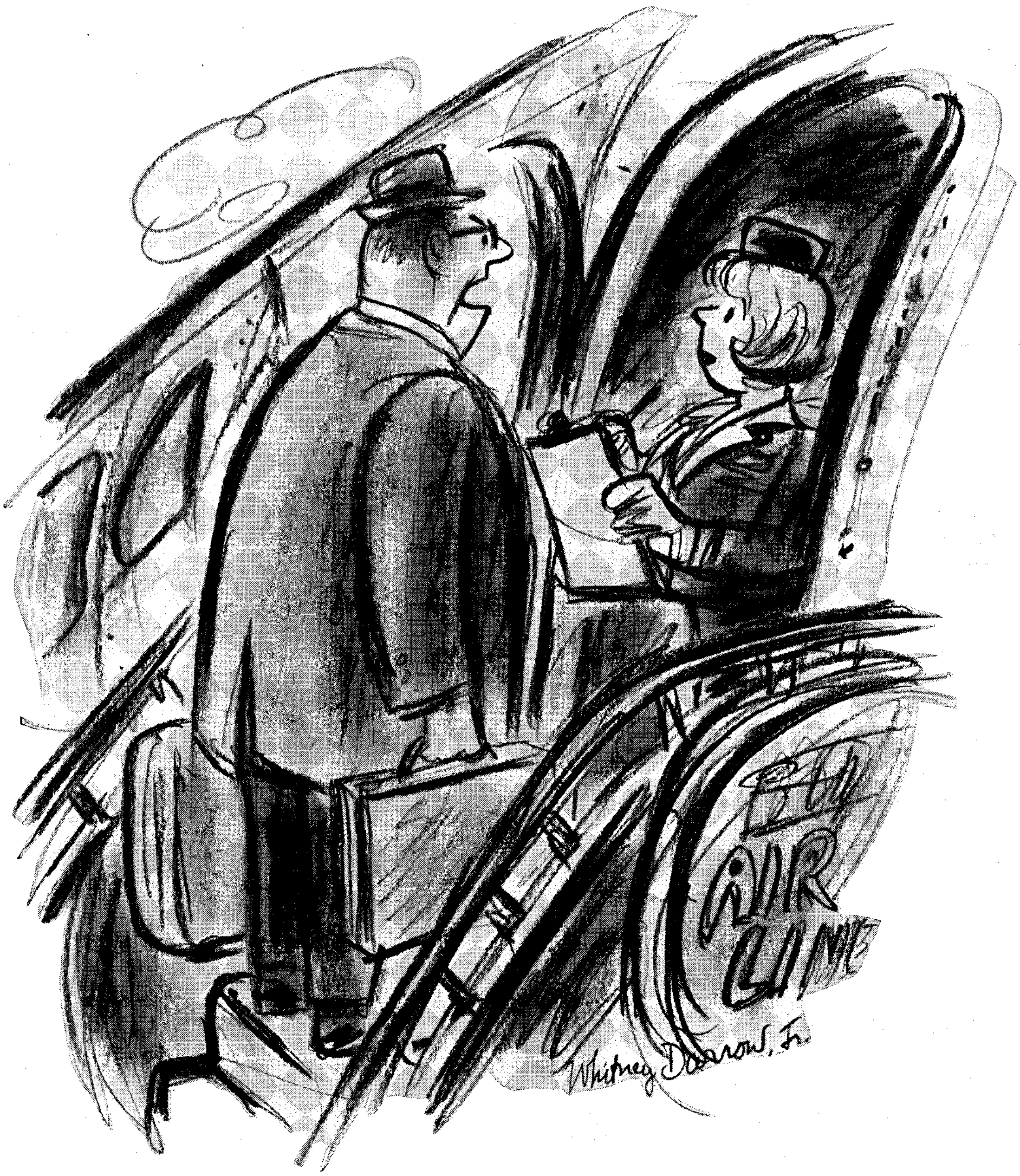
The east wind. Impossible to go out to any of his clubs that night. After dinner, he poured himself a very large whiskey and left the decanter, unstoppered, on his desk—a sinister breach of habit, for he always locked up his drink.

"I always reckon to be rather drunk every evening," George used to say. It was a gesture to the dignity of gentlemanly befuddlement. But now he felt his legs go; he was rapidly very drunk. He tottered to his bedroom, dropped his clothes on the floor, and got into bed with his shirt, collar, and tie on, and was asleep at once. Often at night he had enjoyable dreams of social life at Staff H.Q. in the 1914 war. Haig, Ronnie Blackwater, and others would turn up, and a bit of gunfire added an interest. But this night he had a frightful dream. He dreamed that at the club, before all the members, he had kissed the teeth of George V.

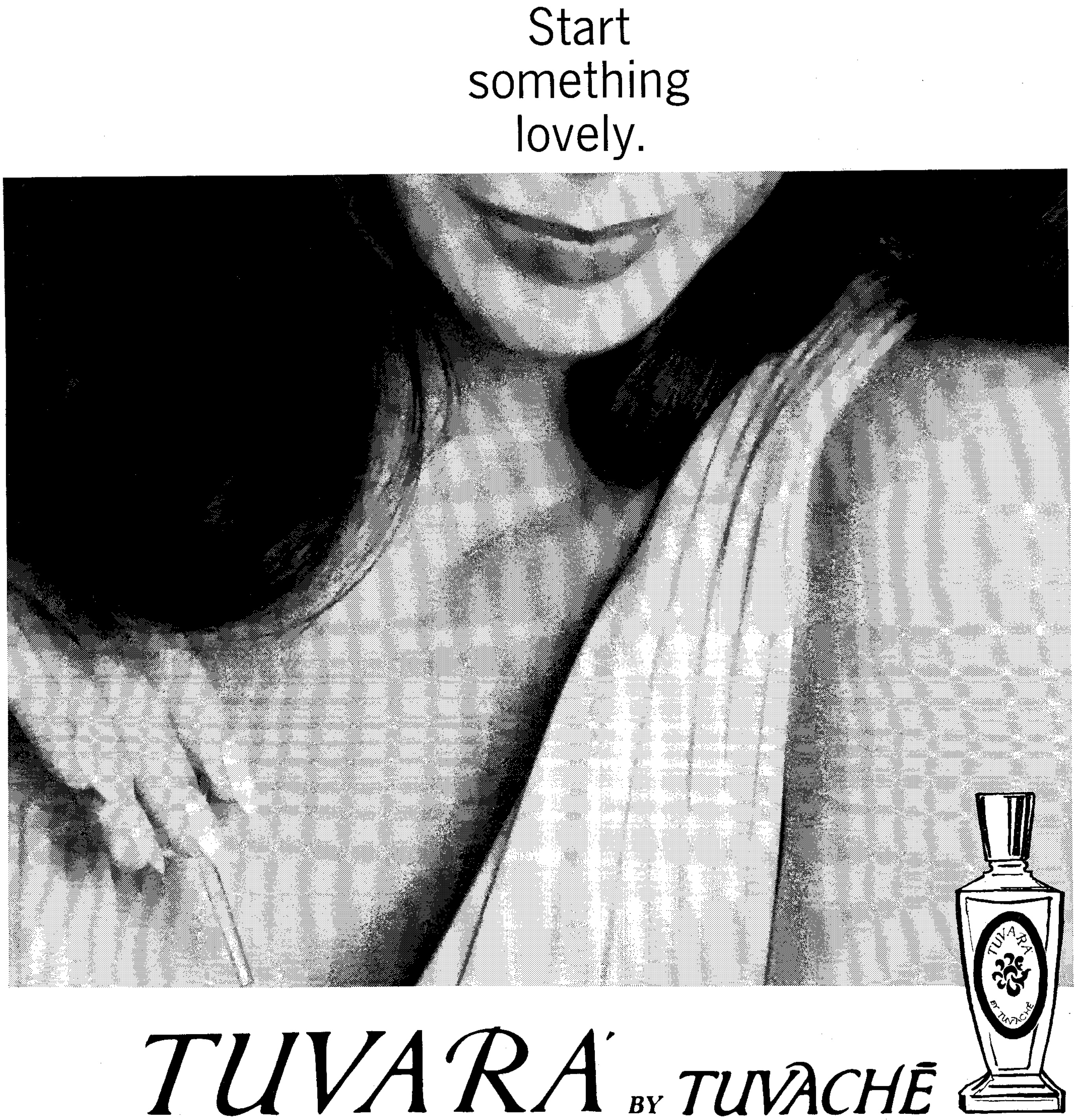
This woke him up and he saw that it was daylight. His heart was racing. He could not find his glasses. He got out of bed. The room was getting light; he wondered if he was dead, and pulled back the curtain, and what he saw convinced him that he was. The snow had stopped, the sky was hard and clear, and the sun was coming up in a gap between two high buildings. It was still low, and this made it an enormous raw yellow football that someone had kicked there, without heat or radiance yet. It looked like a joke or some aimless idea. One more day (George realized as he became more conscious) had begun its unsolicited course over the blind slates of the city. "Old men are lonely," he often said, but now he saw a greater loneliness than his own.

"I want those letters." The desire came out before he could stop it. "I must see Gloria. I must get Gaiterswell's dirty little hands off them." He was longing for the past. Then he saw he was wearing his day shirt, his collar, and his tie.

"Oh, God," he said. And


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"My seat number is Seven B. I shall require neither food nor drink. Please do not offer me a pillow, adjust my earphones, inquire as to my comfort, or in any other way attempt to communicate with me."


Start
something
lovely.
TUVARÁ BY TUVACHĒ
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he got into his pajamas and back into bed before Seymour should catch him.

At half past seven, Seymour let himself into the flat. His demeanor was that of one whose expectations are at last being fulfilled. He had warned several of the old people in the flats about the weather; he had seen Mr. Clark come back yesterday exhausted when, against all advice, he had gone to the club. Reaching the sitting room, Seymour saw a decanter of whiskey standing on the table. This was a sight that he had thirsted for for years and he gazed at it entranced, unbelieving and with suspicion. He listened. There was no sound. Seymour made a grab at the decanter and took a long swig, letting a drop rest on his chin while he replaced what he had drunk with water from the hot-water pot on the tea tray. He stood still, trying to lick the drip off his chin, but, failing, he wiped it off with his sleeve and, after looking at the letters on Mr. Clark's desk, walked confidently to Mr. Clark's bedroom.

"Good morning, Seymour. Half past seven," said George. He was sitting up in bed. Seymour heard this reversal of their usual greeting with alarm. He stood well away and slopped the tea in its saucer. He was even more alarmed to see Mr. Clark had switched on his own fire and that his clothes were dropped in a muddle on the floor. George caught his glance and got out of bed to show that he was properly dressed, and stood with one foot on his rumpled suit.

Panic and the whiskey brought guilt into Seymour's face; he suddenly remembered he had made a disastrous mistake. He had forgotten to give Mr. Clark a message. "A lady telephoned last night, sir, when you were at dinner."

"A lady? Why didn't you tell me?"

Flustered, Seymour suddenly thought of the restaurant below, reserved for the tenants, where George sometimes dined. "The headwaiter took the call," he said. "He said you were out." To ward off an angry question, Seymour looked at the clothes on the floor. "Dear, dear, dear, what a way to leave a suit." He pulled a trouser leg from under George's foot and held the trousers up. "Look at it."

"What lady?" said George.

"She didn't leave a name. She said she'd drop in."

"Drop in!" The horrible phrase.

"That's what she said—she'd drop in."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know, sir. I never took the

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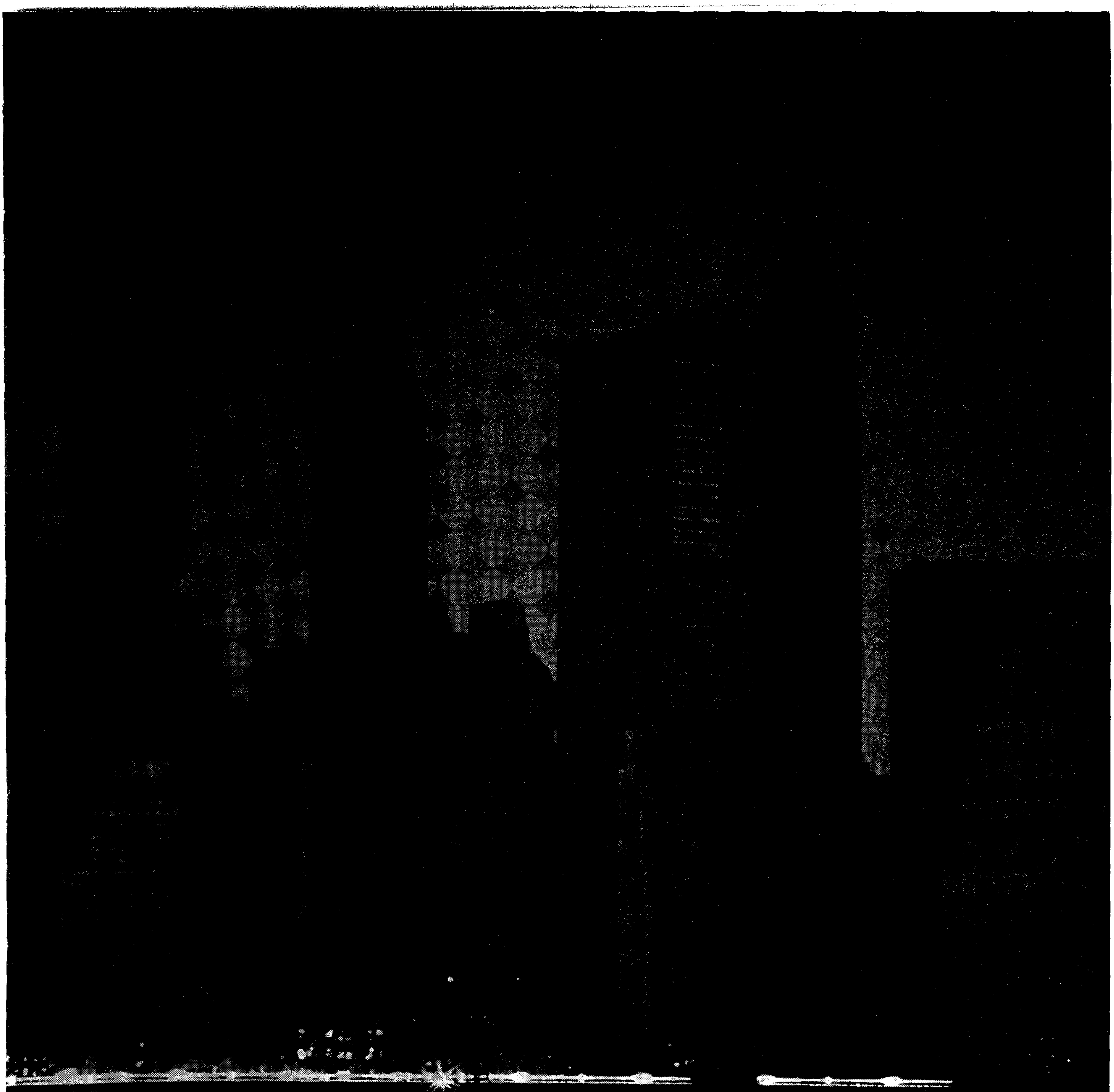

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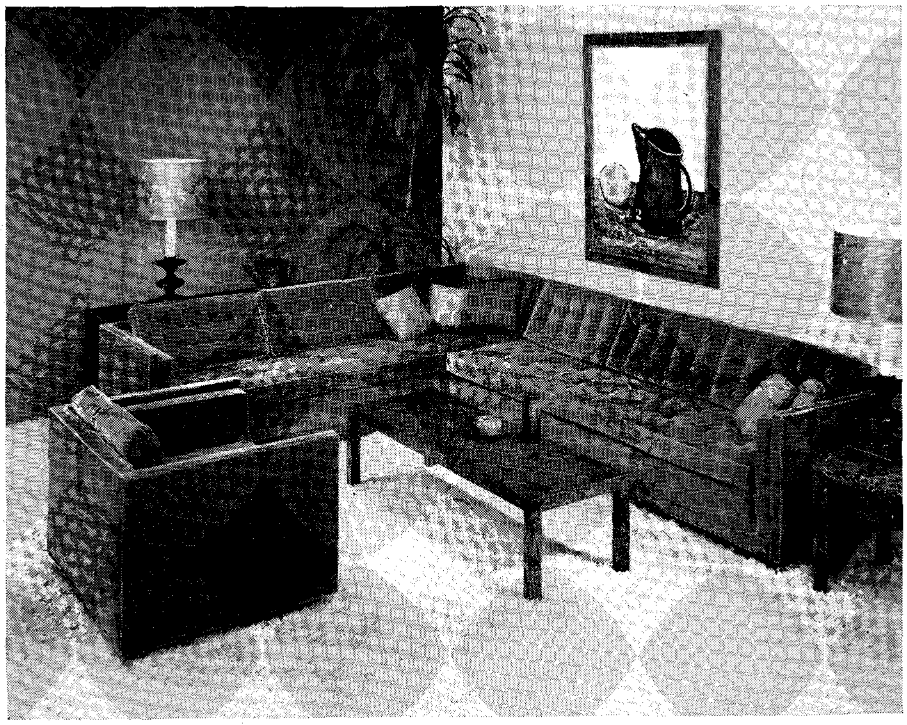

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message. I told you—it was the new headwaiter."

"Don't stand there waving my trousers about like a fool, Seymour. It's your business to know."

"They're all foreigners downstairs."

George had his glasses on now, and Seymour stepped away. In his panic, he took a gamble. "Might have been Miss Stokes," he said. He had read the name on George's unfinished letter. The gamble was a mistake.

"Stokes!" cried George. "Where is the headwaiter?" And hurrying to the sitting room, he started banging the telephone. There was no answer. "What time do the servants come on?" he called to Seymour.

Seymour came in and listened to George banging away. He was very scared now. He dreaded that the headwaiter would answer. "They come when it suits them now. They suit themselves," he said, putting on a miserable manner. And then he got in his blow—the sentence he often used to the old people in the flats when they got difficult. It always silenced them. "Might just as well sell the place," he said.

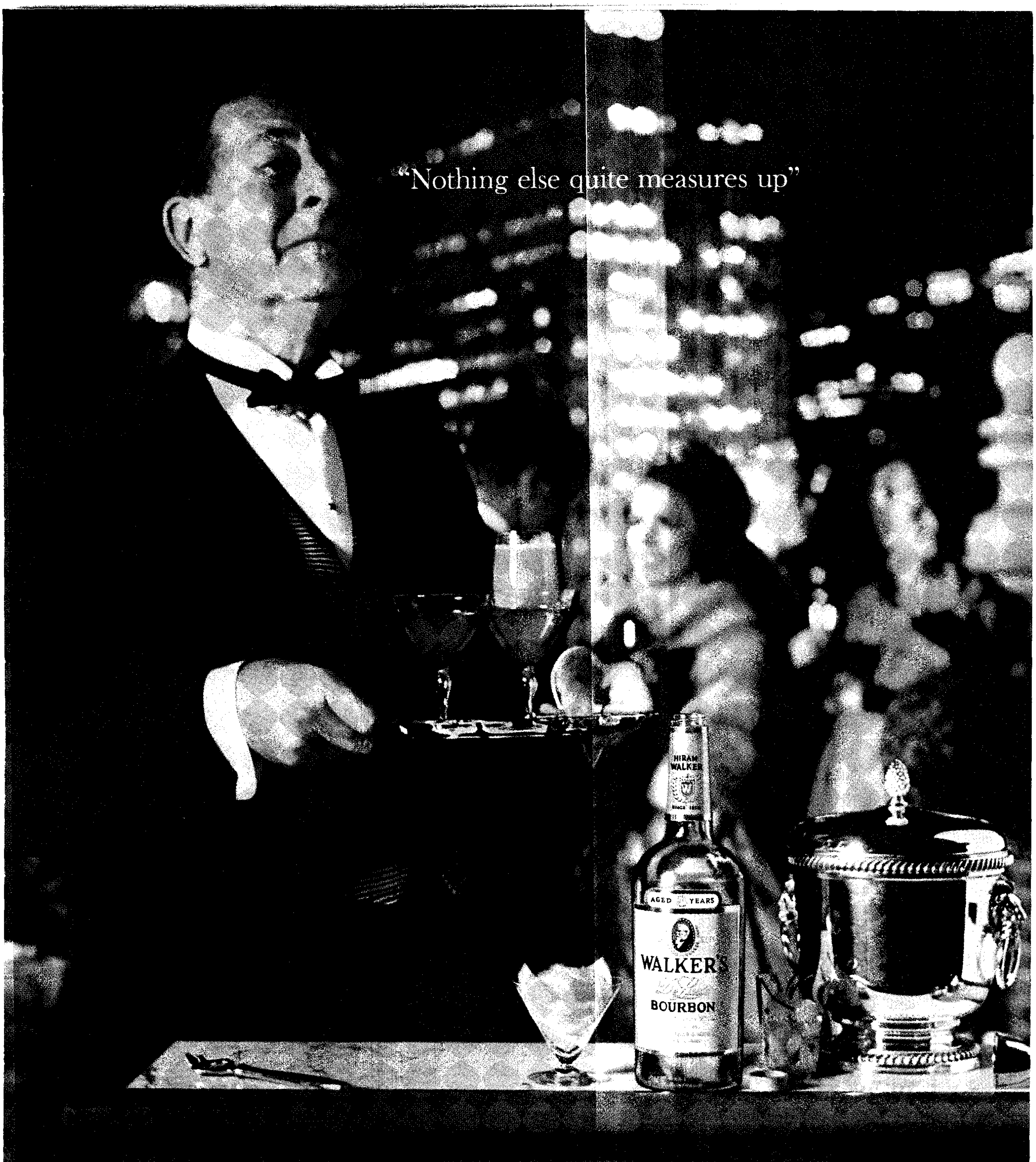
"Sell!" George was silenced, too. He stared at Seymour, who straightened himself and said, accusingly, "Where's the jacket of this? Dear, dear, I suppose that's on the floor, too." He walked out, leaving George shivering where he stood.

"Sell," said George.

On a long ledge of the stained building opposite, thirty or forty dirty pigeons were huddled, motionless, with puffed-out feathers, too cold to fly.

"Out on the street! Homeless." Like Stebbing-Walker, crippled and nearly blind, who had married Kempton's half sister (she was a Doplestone) and now lay in his nursing home, or Ronnie Blackwater, who sat paralyzed in the Army infirmary. "Sell"—it was the awful word anxiously whispered in the lift by the old ladies as they went up and down to their meals in the restaurant. Was the place being sold? Were the rents going up? Were they going to pull the whole place down? For months there would be silence. Everyone breathed again. Then once more, mostly from Seymour, the rumors began. Fear made the old people sly, and they believed Seymour rather than the management. He moved among them like a torment.

George Clark went down early to luncheon, to get in before the restaurant vanished, then rushed upstairs afterward to barricade himself, so to speak, in his flat. There were only a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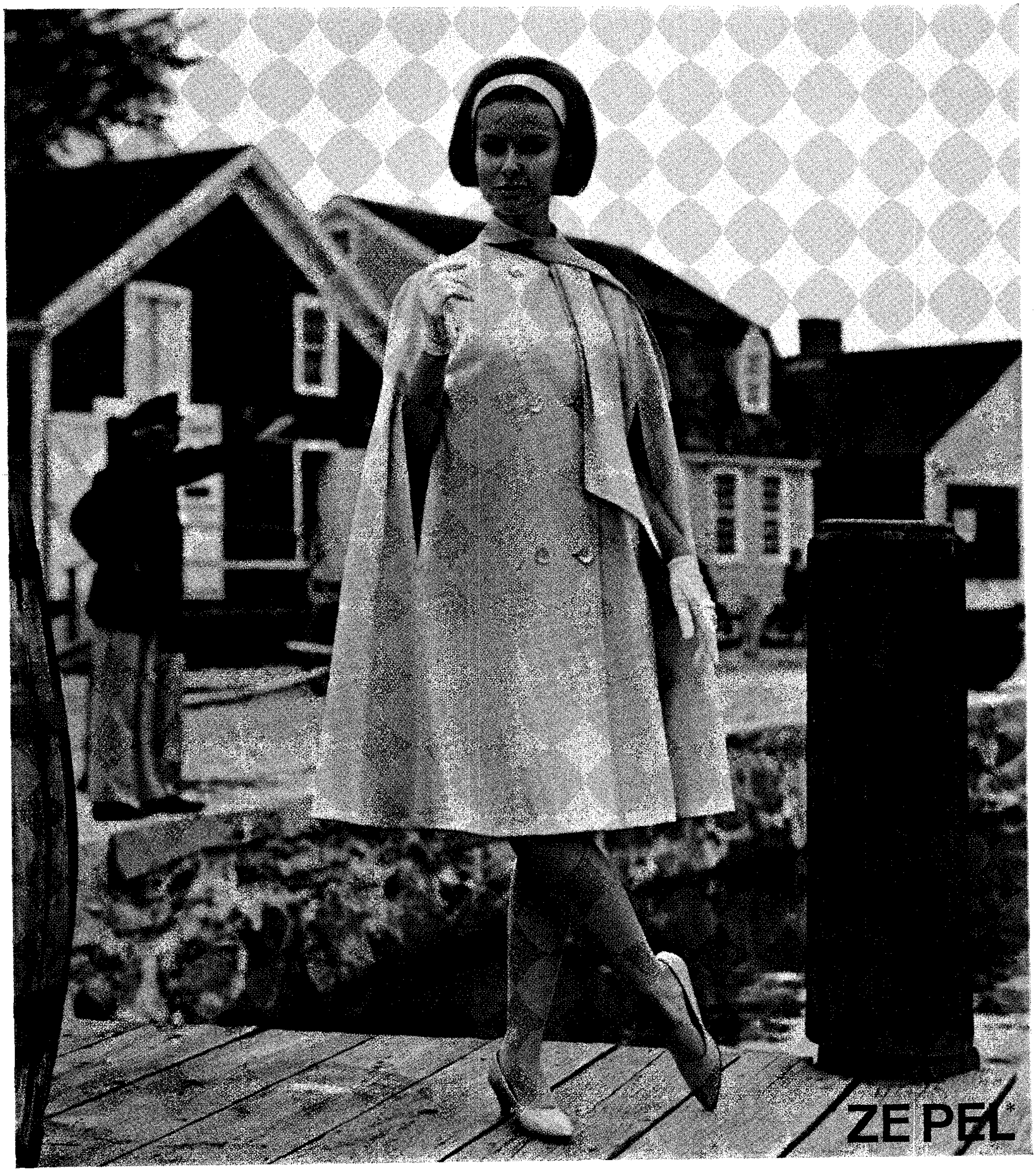

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

few pigeons on the ledge now. What? Had tenancy even gone out of nature, too? At seven o'clock, he went down to dinner. Instead of the two or three tables of old doll-like couples in the middle of the room, there was a large table at which ten large young men, loud and commercial, were laughing together. One or two had briefcases with them. Obviously, this was the group that was going to pull down the flats. George raced through the meal, feeling that possibly, even before the apples and custard, he might be sitting out alone on a vacant site. But then his fighting spirit revived over his wine. "Ha!" he sneered at them as he left the table and went to the lift. "I'll be dead before you can turn me out."

The lift wheezed and wobbled upward, making the sound of all the elderly throats in the building. He was startled to see the door of his flat open, and for a moment he thought the men had broken in already. But Seymour was standing in the cold hall. His heavy face looked criminal. In insinuating, lugubrious tones, he said, "That lady's waiting to see you, sir."

"Seymour, I've told you never . . ." George hurried to his sitting room. Gloria was standing by his desk, reading the letter he had begun so often: "Dear Gaiterswell, I would have thought that common decency—"

"Oh, oh, no, no, I say," said George, greeting her, but was stopped.

A fur coat and a close-fitting black hat like a faded turban with brass-colored hair sticking out of it rushed at him, and a hot, powdery face kissed him with a force that made him crack in his joints like a stick.

"Oh, George, darling, I dropped in!" Gloria shouted at him through large stained teeth, and laughed.

All he could see was those teeth and lipstick and blue eyes, and she was laughing and laughing as she wiped the lipstick off his face.

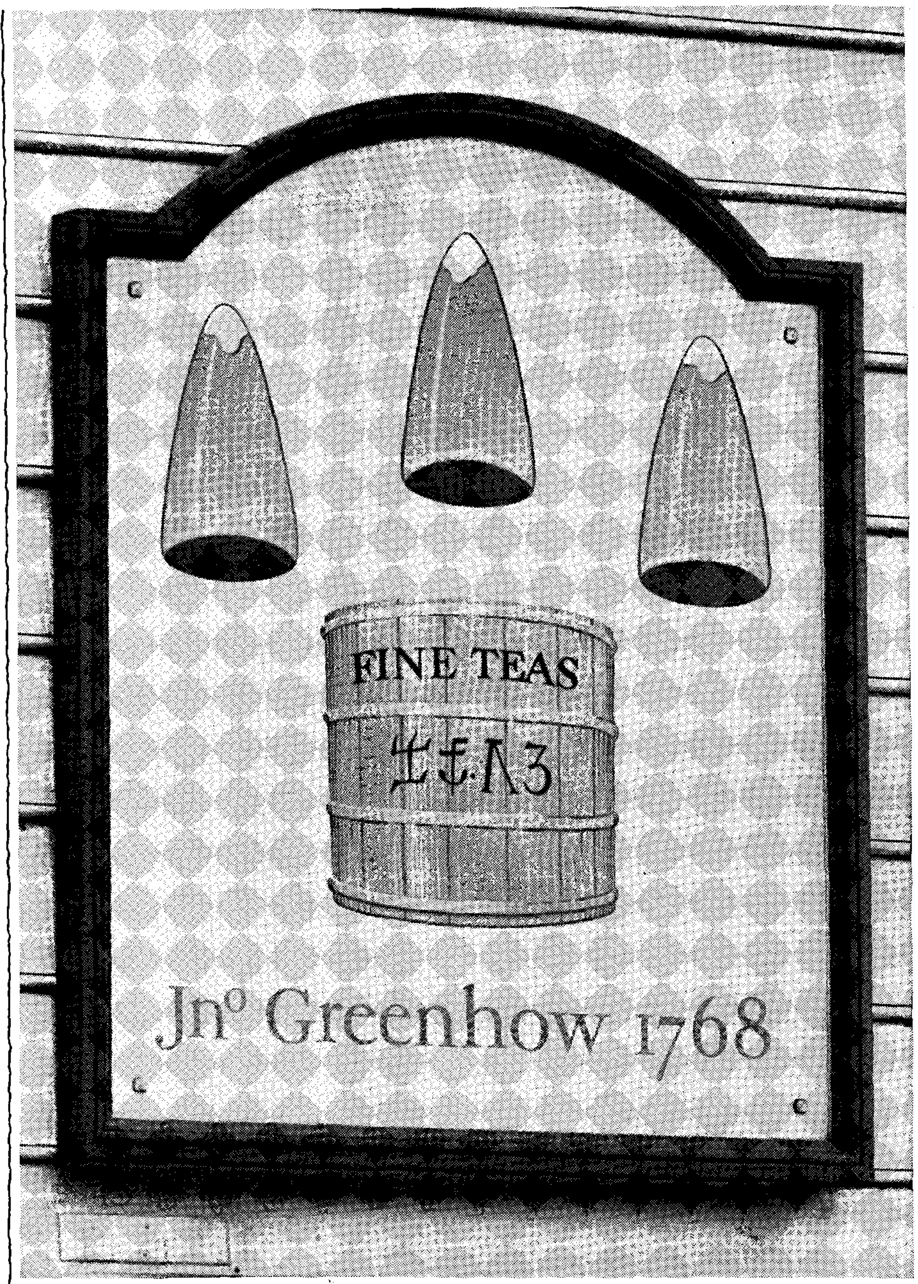
"Oh, well," he said, "they're selling the place. . . ."

She stood back in a pair of cracking shoes. "George," she said in a Cockney voice. "It's marvellous. You haven't changed at all. You're not a day older." She let her fur coat fall open and slip back on her shoulders, and he saw the cigarette ash and one or two marks on the bosom of her black dress. She was a big woman.

"Oh." George recovered, and gave a victorious sniff. "I'm eighty-two."

"You're a boy!" she cried.

"Oh, no, don't think I'm deceived by that sort of talk. Er, well, you see, I mean . . ." George nearly smiled. By



Over a barrel.

That's where John Greenhow's sign showed the sugar loaves that signified a grocer. Today, his sign hangs again before his shop, one of many little things that add up to history that's real and meaningful. In this haven of the eighteenth century, each small detail speaks eloquently of a fascinating past. When you come, enjoy a gracious stay at Williamsburg Inn, The Lodge, or The Motor House. And look for little things like the tea and sugar loaf sign along the lovely streets of yesterday.

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his reckoning, she was in her fifties, and he could see what she wanted, what all women wanted—compliments. He was not, at his age, going to fall for that old game.

She sat down on the sofa so as to show off her fine legs. "Did you recognize me?" she asked.

"Oh, well, you know—"

"Oh, come on, George."

"I daresay I—er—might have done. You see, I forget names and faces. It's an awful business . . . old people. They're selling this place. . . ."

"Oh, you crusty old thing. What do you mean, selling?" she said. "You always were crusty. I knew you'd be at dinner, so I got that man to bring me up. What is his name? Is he all right? I didn't feel very comfortable with him in the lift." She moved her body and pouted. "When your lady friends call, you ought to tell them to keep an eye— Well, George, how are you? How many years is it? It must be twenty-five. You weren't living here then."

"It was the beginning of the war," said George, but he could not remember. He had discarded memory as useless a long time back. He had seen her a lot, yet one of his few clear recollections was of sitting with Flitestone in the old Café Royal, waiting for her to come in and arguing with him that she was not a woman who would stick to any man. He remembered her really as an absence.

"You've put on weight," he said. But she hadn't changed much.

"Yes," she said. "I like it, don't you?"

The Cockney voice came warm and harsh out of the wide mouth. Her skin was rougher and was now looser on her bones, but still had a wide-pored texture and a certain colorlessness that Flitestone used to say was like linen. One spot of color in her cheeks, and Flitestone would probably never have fallen for her. "She's like a canvas. I'd like to paint *on* her," Flitestone used to say to George. He did remember. The bare maleness of face on a girlish body was still there, on the body of the full woman.

George stood, shaking at the sight of her.

"You're still an old bachelor, George?" she said. "You didn't marry?"

"No," said George with a grin of victory. "You see, in my day, one never met any girls. Everyone was chaperoned. You couldn't speak, and we had no one to the house—oh, no, my father wouldn't allow anyone—and then the war, and all that. I told

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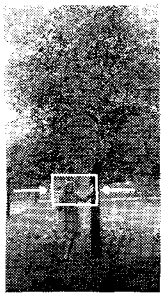

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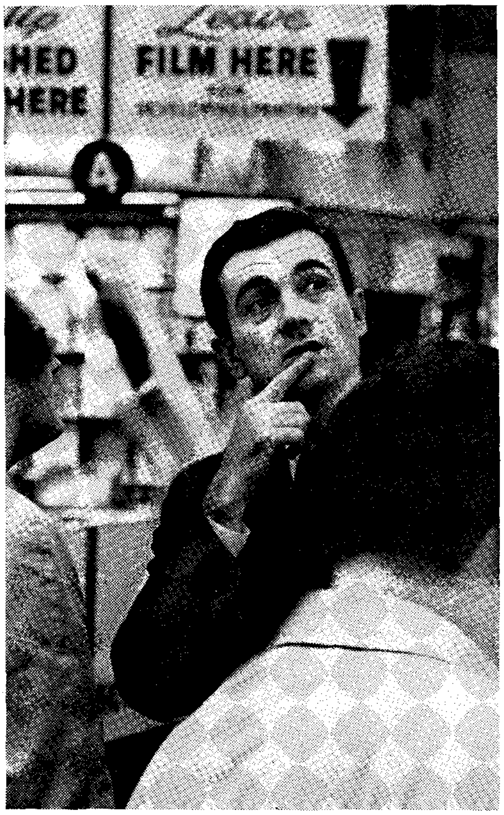

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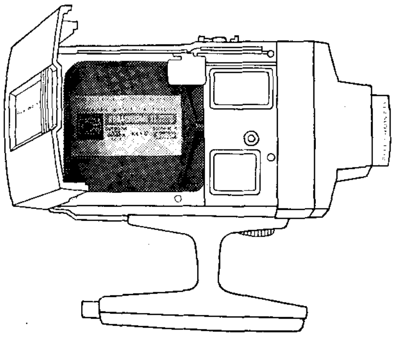

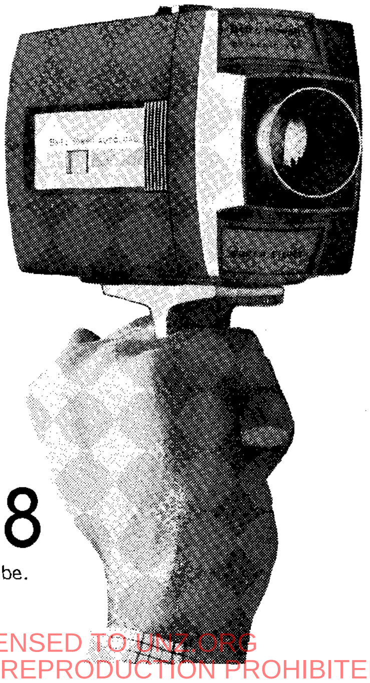

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you about my father—oh, now, there's a story—"

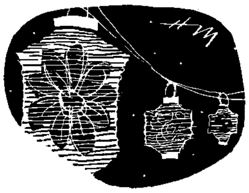
"Oh, I've been married. Three times," she cut in, getting up and parading herself.

"Oh, three! Well, that's interesting. Or I suppose it is. It doesn't surprise me. Please sit down. Let me get you a drink. Now, let me see—keys. I have to keep it locked. Well, with the servants, it isn't fair to leave drink about. Ah, in this pocket. I keep them here."

He fussed at the cupboard and brought out whiskey and a decanter of sherry.

"Oh, gin, please," she said. "Can I help?"

"No, no, it's here. I keep it at the back. I'll put this bottle down here. Yes, that's the way . . ." he chattered to himself.



Gloria walked across the room to look at the pictures but stopped instead to look at her reflection in the glass of the bookcases and to rearrange the frilled neck of her dress. Then she looked up at the large picture of the fish.

"George! You've got my fish."

"Ah, yes, the fish. He painted four fish pictures. One is in the Tate, one is—now, where is it?"

"*My* fish, I mean," she said. "Don't you remember? It's the one I made you carry to Jack's place, and the paper came off—"

"No, no," said George.

"Yes, you must remember. You're not still cross, are you? You looked so funny." She took a deep breath in front of the picture, inhaling it. "I don't know why we didn't eat it."

"Ah, yes. Awful business. Café Royal," said George, a memory coming back.

She turned to the cylindrical woman, with enormous columnlike legs, who was playing a guitar, and looked with flirtatious annoyance at it, paying off an old score. "That's me," she said.

"Oh, no," said George sarcastically. He was beginning to enjoy himself. "It was done in Paris."

"It's me," said Gloria. "But they're Violet's legs." She turned abruptly away, insulted, and, taking her drink from George, went back to the sofa. Once more she gave a large sigh and gazed with admiring calculation at the room. She leaned her head to one side and smiled at George. "You are a dear, George. How cozy you are. It's wonderful to see old friends. It brings it all back."

She got up and put more gin in her drink and then leaned over his chair as she passed him and kissed the top of his head. "Dear George," she said and sat down. "And you live here, all alone! Well, George, I've brought the letters, all Jack's letters to me. I didn't know I had them. It's a funny thing; François found them—my husband. He's French. My name is Dupuy now. We live in France and he has an antique business. He said, 'They ought to fetch a bit'—you know what the French are about money—so I remembered Monkey—"

"Monkey?"

"Monkey Gaiterswell—I always used to call him Monkey. We used to be . . . friends," said Gloria very archly, "and he said, 'Sell them to America.' Do you think he's right? I mean, Monkey said you'd written a book about Jack and you'd know. He said I'd get five hundred pounds for them. I mean, they're all about painting, famous people, the whole circle."

Ah, it was a plot!

"Five hundred," said George. "You won't get five pounds. No one has ever heard of Flitestone in America. None of his pictures went there."

"But the letters are very *personal*, George. Naturally, you're *in* them."

"I doubt it."

"Oh, you are. I remember. I know you are. You were his best friend. And you wrote so beautifully about him. Monkey says so."

Obviously, there was a plot between Monkey and Gloria.

"I've no doubt they are full of slanders. I should tear them up," said George shortly.

"George!" she appealed. "I need the money. François has gone off with some woman, and I'm broke. Look." She opened her black bag and took out a parcel of crumpled brown paper and put it on George's desk. "Open it. I'll leave them with you to look at. You'll see."

"Oh, no. I can't do that," said George. "I don't care to be responsible. It leads to all sorts of awful business."

"Read them. Open it. Here." She put down her empty glass and untied the string. A pile of letters of all sizes slid onto George's desk. They were written in Flitestone's large hand, each word formed carefully, like the words of a medieval manuscript.

George was sitting there, and he withdrew his hand so as not to touch the letters. They brought Jack Flite-

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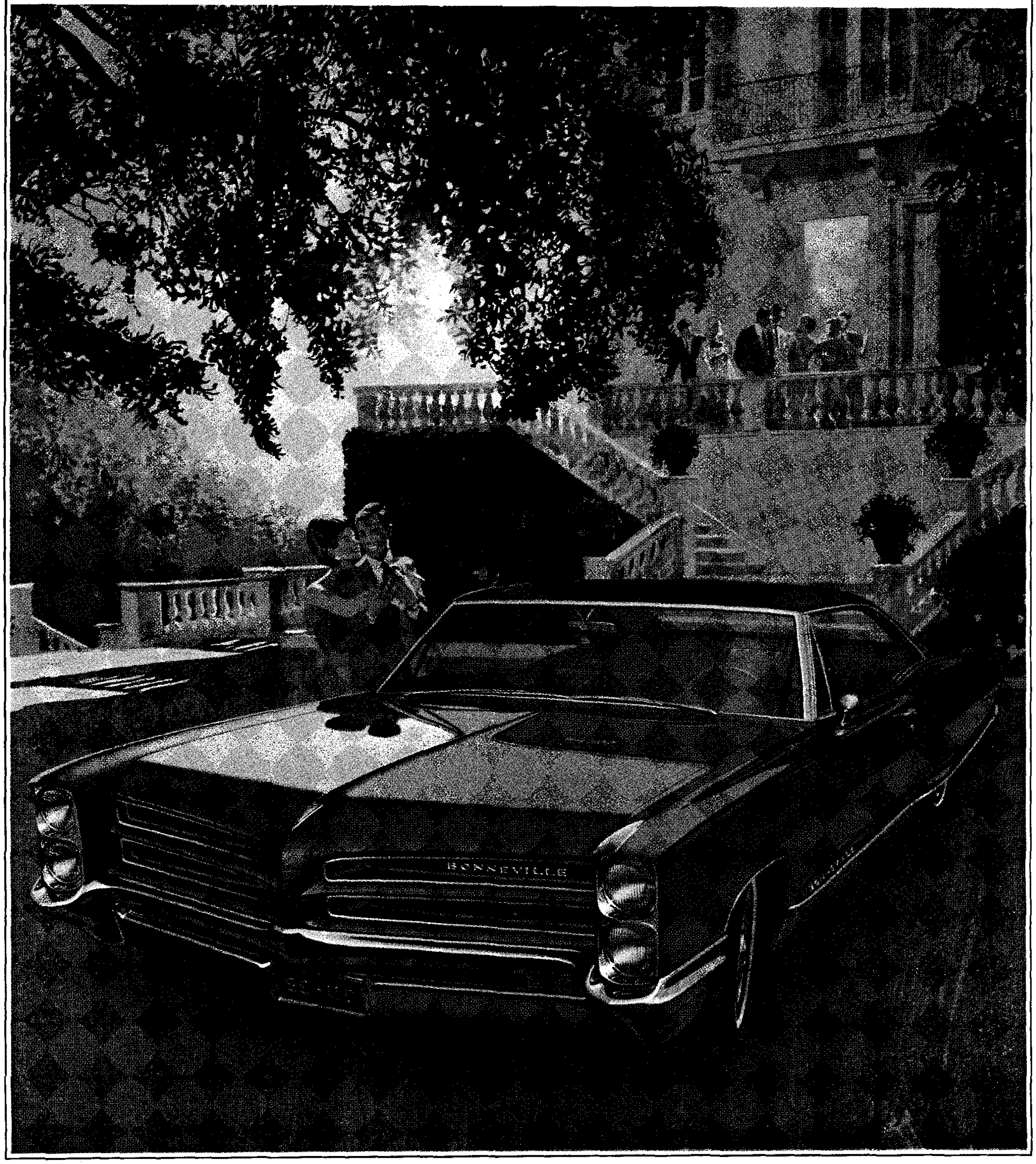
WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC/'66



stone into the room. He wanted them. He knew now what was meant when she said he was in them. It was not what *she* meant. The letters contained the to him affronting fact that he had not after all succeeded in owning his own life and closing it to others, that he existed in other people's minds, and that all people dissolved in this way, becoming fragments of one another and nothing in themselves. He had known that once, when Jack Flitestone had brought him to life. He knew, too, that he had once lived, or nearly lived. Flitestone, in his dangerous way, had lived for him.

One letter had fallen to the floor, and Gloria read aloud, " '. . . Harry's car broke down outside Medley and we didn't get to Gorse until the middle of dinner. La Tarantula was furious and I offered to eat in the kitchen and the Prime Minister who was already squiffy . . .' There you are, George—the Prime Minister!" cried Gloria.

George took the letter in the tips of his fingers, and Gloria helped herself to another drink.

"Jack was an awful snob," said George, but admiringly, putting the letter back. "No manners—writing about people when he was a guest."

"Oh, come off it, George," said Gloria, picking out one or two more letters. "You know, I haven't read them for years. Actually, Jack frightened me. So morbid. Here's one. Oh, this is good. It's about the time you and Jack went to Chartres. The tie drawer, George!"

The new blow from the past struck him. He remembered it. The extraordinary thing about small French hotels—they never gave you a drawer for your ties. He took the letter and read, "George surpassed himself this morning . . ."

He had walked down the corridor to Flitestone's room and knocked. "Here. I say, Jack. I want to speak to you."

"What is it?" Flitestone called. Ordinary manners, one would have thought, would at least have led Flitestone to open the door. Jack was so *thoughtless.*

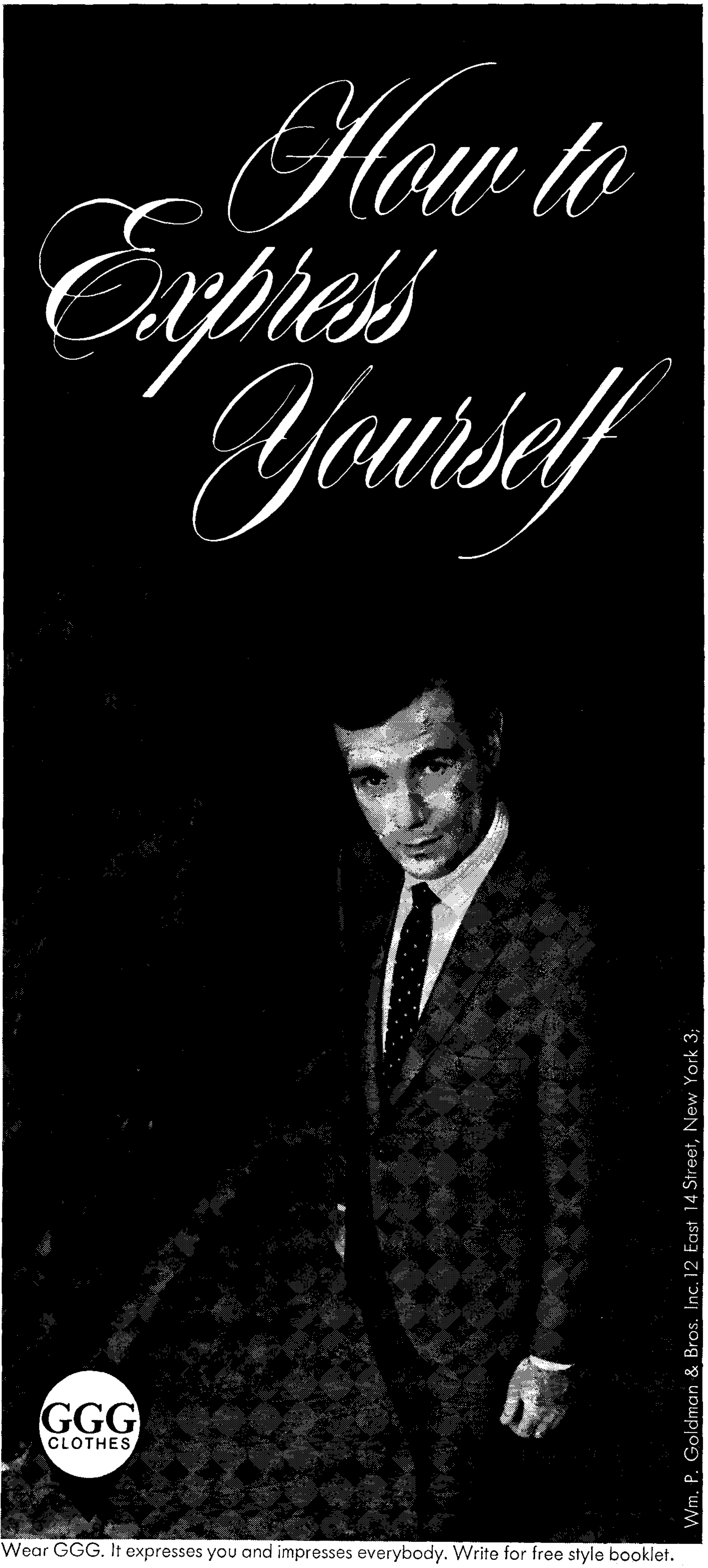
"Jack, Jack, I've no tie drawer in my room."

Flitestone came to the door naked and pushed a drawer from his wardrobe into George's hand. "Take mine."

"Jack, here, I say, dear fellow. Chambermaid."

"Umph," said George to Gloria. "Inaccurate."

He reached out for the next letter she offered to him. He looked at it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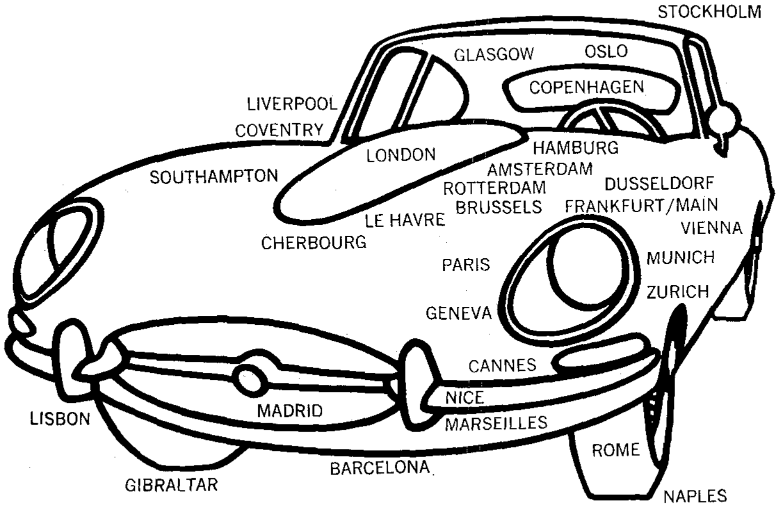

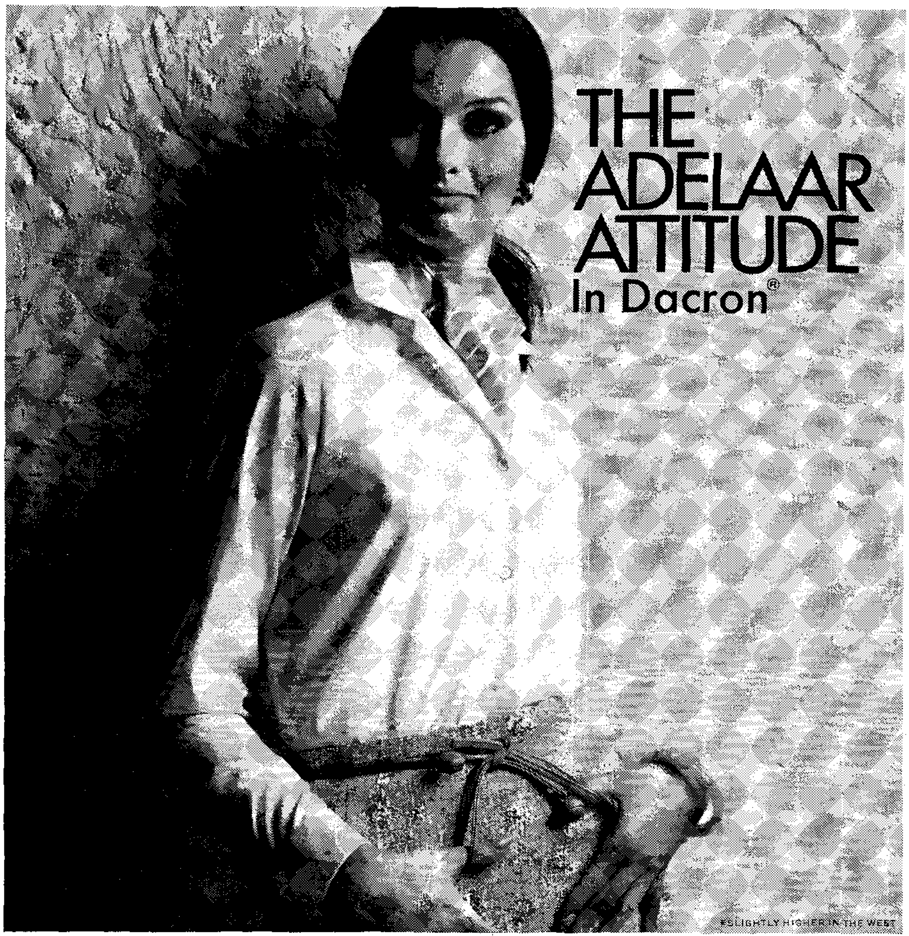

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distantly, read a few lines, and stopped. "Here, I *say*, I can't *read* this. It *is* to you." He sneered a little.

"They're all to me."

"Yes, but this is—er—private, personal."

George looked quizzically and sternly at her; it was "not done" to look into another's moral privacy. It was also shameless and womanlike to show letters like these to him. But the phrases he had run into head on had frightened him. They brought back to him the danger he had once lived in: his heart had been invaded, he had been exposed once to a situation in which the question of a victory or a defeat vanished.

"You see," he said, turning his head away nervously from her as he handed back the letter to her.

Gloria took it. She put on her glasses and read. Immediately she smiled. The smile became wider and she gave pleased giggles. She was blushing. "Jack ought to have been a writer," she said. "I hated his paintings. It's quite true what he says, George. I was very attractive. I had marvellous legs." She turned to look at her reflection in the glass of the bookcase and took her fur coat off and posed. Gradually she lifted her skirt above her knees and, pleased by what she saw, lifted her skirt higher, putting one leg forward, then the other. "Look, George," she said. "Look. They're still good. There aren't many women of my age with legs like these. They're damn fine, George. You've never seen a pair like that." She turned sideways and pranced with pleasure.

"Gloria, please," said George sharply.

But she marched over to the picture of the woman with cylindrical legs and said, "I could have killed him for that. What's the matter with painters? Didn't he have enough to eat when he was a boy? He was always carrying on about his hard times."

She lowered her dress and sat down to go on reading the letter. "Oh, George! I hope you didn't get to this bit. Not very nice—not in a letter. He wasn't very—" She stopped and was sad. "No," she checked herself. "I'll tell you something, George. We only went to bed together once."

"Gloria," said George in agitation. "Give me the letter. I'll put it with the others." She was making Flitestone far too alive.

"It was your fault, George. It was the dinner you gave us that night—the night I bought the fish. You say you don't remember? At the Café Royal. I made you go off to the Café Royal

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kitchen and get the largest fish they had. I don't know why. I wanted to get rid of you and I thought it would annoy you. I was getting plastered. Don't you remember? I said, 'Tell them we want it for our cat. Our cat is enormous. It eats a salmon a day.' And Jack kept on saying—we were both drunk— 'I want to paint a large salmon. You're bloody stingy, George. You won't buy me a salmon.' "

"Awful business," snapped George. "Jack never understood money."

"You remember! Isn't that wonderful?" cried Gloria, pulling off her hat and looking into her empty glass. "You followed us out of the restaurant, all up Shaftesbury Avenue, and he was going to show me his new pictures. You had no tact, George. He was carrying the fish and he suddenly gave it to you and made you carry it, and the paper blew off. . . . George," she said, "do you mind if I have just a teeny-weeny one? There's a letter about it." And she pushed him aside and got at the parcel on his desk.

"I think you've had enough, Gloria."

"For old times' sake," said Gloria, filling her glass. Then she rummaged in the parcel, which George had tried to close, and scattered the letters. George looked at the clock. "I can't find it," she said. "It's here somewhere."

"Gloria, I don't want drink spilled on my desk. I've forbidden Seymour . . ."

Gloria stopped and, now red in the face, smiled amorously. "That man?" she said. "Is he here?"

"Gloria," said George. "I'll have to, er, I'll have to— It's eleven o'clock, I—"

Gloria replied with dignity, "Jack had no sense of behavior. I could see it was spoiling your suit. I begged him, *begged* him," she said grandly, "to carry it himself. I was furious with him. He could see you had an umbrella as well. You always carried one, and wore a bowler hat. He said, 'Stick it on the umbrella.' I was terribly upset when he slammed the door in your face when we got to the studio. We had a terrible row, and I made him swear to go round to your flat and apologize. It was awful, George. What did you do?"

"I took a cab, of course," said George.

"Well, I mean, you couldn't leave a salmon in the street," said Gloria. "It was a suit like the one you are wearing now—dark gray. That isn't the one, is it? It can't be."

"Gloria, I am sorry, but . . ."

Gloria frowned. "I am sure it's there," she said, and went to the let-

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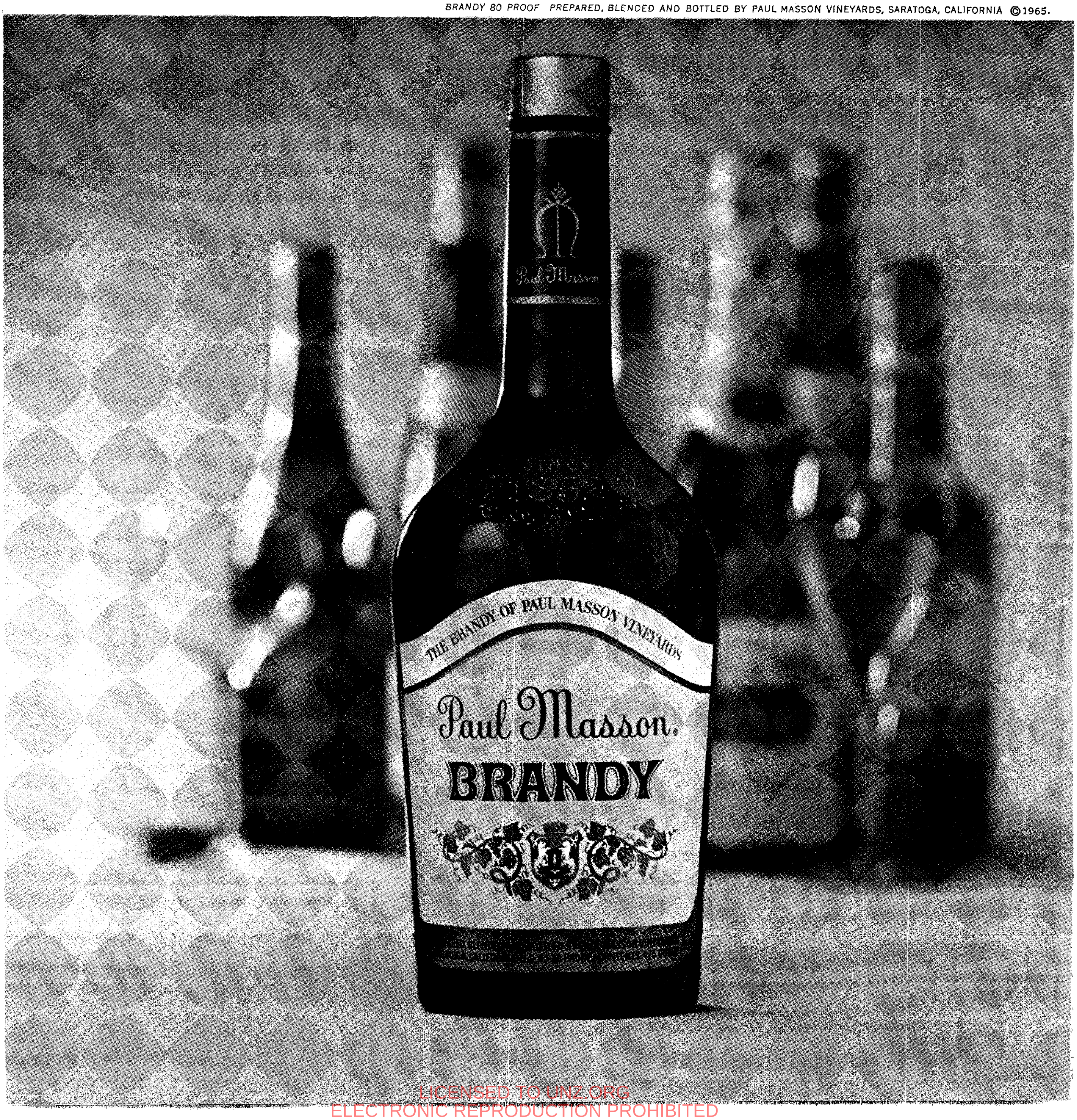
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BRANDY

ters on the desk again. "No, not that. Not that." She began throwing the letters on the floor. "Ah, here." She waved the letter and then looked through it in silence until she read aloud, " '. . . I apologized to George and he said he had left the fish with the hall porter, so I went down there. We had a bit of a row about my low-class manners. I said I thought half the salmon in England had been to Eton. He told me to ask Seymour, the hall porter, for it—' "

"Inaccurate," interrupted George. "Seymour was never hall porter."

" '. . . I said, "I have called for the specimen I loaned to Sir George Clark, the marine biologist, who is doing research on spawn—" ' You see, George," she said. She went back to the sofa. "Come and sit here, George. Don't be so stuffy. We can talk, can't we, after all these years? We are friends. That is what we all need, George—friends. I'm serious, George." She had tears in her eyes. "It was wicked of Jack to call you stingy. You gave him money. You bought his pictures."

"But I *am* stingy," said George. "You see, rich people never give their children a penny. We never had anyone to the house at Maddings."

"It was his jealousy," said Gloria darkly. "He was jealous of you."

"Oh, well, class envy—" George began.

"No, of you and me," she said. "Oh, yes, George, he really was. That's why he tried to shake you off that night. That's why we had such terrible scenes. You were rich."

"Don't be ludicrous, Gloria."

"Letters from him by every post, pursuing, bombarding me, I couldn't stand it."

"Nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense. You were very blind, George. And so you live in this place, alone. Jealous men are so *boring*, George. I've had four. I said, 'Oh, to hell,' and I went off to France. *Vive de Gaulle!* You know?" she said, raising her glass. "To *les feuilles mortes d'automne.* That's what my husband says."

He bent to take her glass, to prevent her drinking more, and she stroked his spiky hair. He pushed the glass away, out of reach.

"That is why Jack married that stupid student girl," she said in a suddenly sharp, calculating voice. "That broke up you and Jack, didn't it?"

"I don't wish to talk about it," said George. "It ruined him. Marriage is the ruin of painters."

"George, come clean. After all, we

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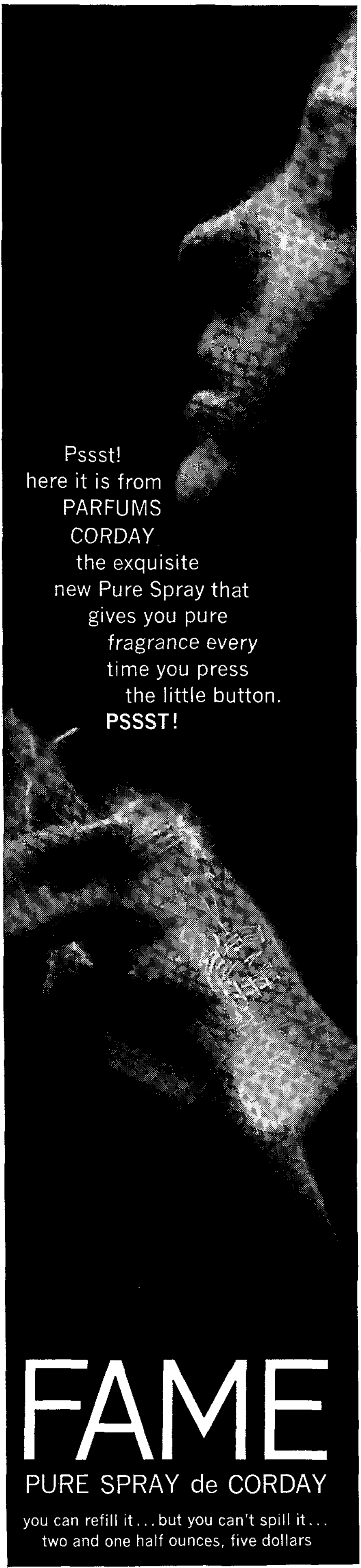

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all know it. You were in love with him, weren't you?"

There was a silence.

"Weren't you?" she persisted.

He recovered, and achieved his worldly drawl. "Oh, I know there's a lot of that sort of thing about. Was in my time, too. I paid no attention to it. Women don't understand talent. I understood Jack's talent. Women ruined it."

"Jack said you'd never been to bed with a woman in your life," she said.

"It *wasn't* possible, it wasn't possible," said George angrily. "Not in my day. Not for a gentleman." And he turned on her. "I won't be questioned. I should burn those letters. You treated him badly. You killed his imagination. It's obvious in his work." He looked at the clock.

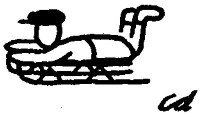
"George," she said. "You don't mean that. You don't know what you are saying. You were always so sweet to me."

"I do mean what I said. Read your letters," said George. And briskly he collected them off the floor and packed them up and began to close the parcel. He was going to turn her out now.

She was staring stupidly. "You don't want them?" she said. "Monkey said you'd jump at them."

"You've got one in your hands," he said. "No," he said. "I won't give a penny for them. I won't be blackmailed."

Gloria got up to give the letter to him. She could not walk, and put her hand on the table beside the sofa. It fell over, carrying her glass with it. "What's that man Seymour doing in here? Tell him to get out. Out with Seymour!" she suddenly shouted. "Out! Out! What d'you mean? Stop playing the innocent. You've never lived. That's you, George, that fish." And she tried to point at the picture.



"Gloria, I won't have this!" shouted George. "You're drunk."

"*You* won't have it? You've never had it. My coat—who's taken that?" But when she turned she fell heavily onto the sofa, twisted her body, and fell asleep instantly, with her skirt above her knees and one majestic leg trailing on the floor.

"Gloria. How dare you! In my house!"

"Darling," she said and smiled.

"WOMEN," George always said, glittering dryly. "They contribute nothing." She was contributing a stentorian snore.

He had couples up after dinner sometimes—elderly friends—and you could see how it was. The women either wouldn't let their husbands speak—poor Caldicott, for instance—or they sat as stupid as puddings. The men aged as they sat. Rather them than me. Eighty-two and not a day's illness.

Gloria was contributing more than a snore. She was contributing an enormous haunch, an indecent white thigh. "Really!" He would have to cover it. Couldn't she pull her skirt down? Couldn't she be drunk like a—like a lady? She contributed brutality, an awful animality to the room.

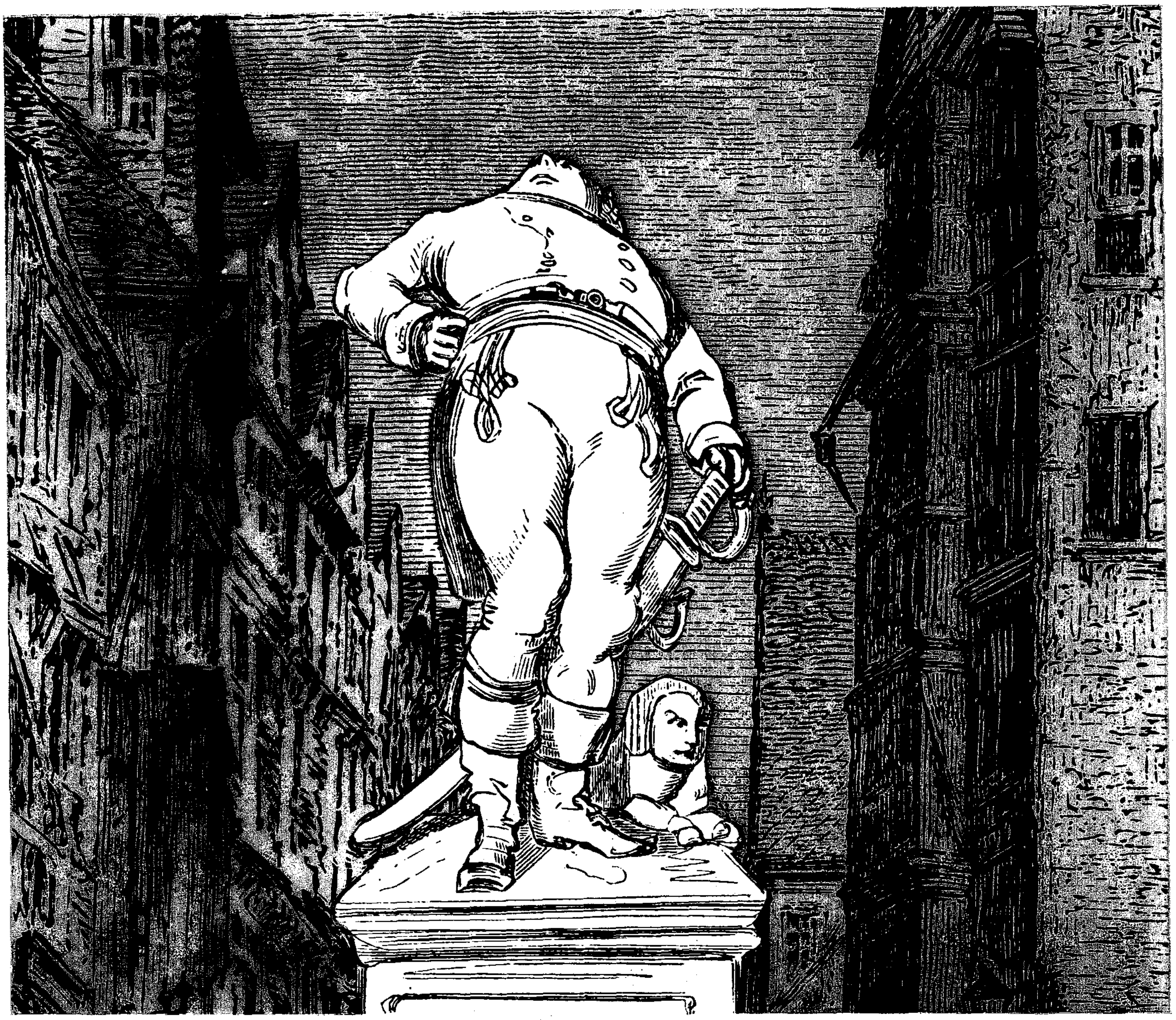
He went over and tried to pull her skirt down. "Gloria!" he shouted.

He couldn't move the skirt. He gave her a shake. It stirred a careering snore and a voluptuous groan, and it seemed that she was going to roll off the sofa onto the floor. He couldn't have women lying on the floor in his flat. He could never get her up. He moved a chair against the sofa.

He sat down and waited. Gaiterswell was responsible for this. In the sort of promiscuous bohemian set he had lived in, the dirty little man would be used to it.

George could not ring for Seymour. Think of the scandal. She had trapped him. He had hated her for what she had done to Jack, driving him out of his mind with jealousy of other men, encouraging him, evading him, never letting go. She, more than his dreadful wife, was responsible for Jack's suicide. She had paralyzed him. You could see it in his paintings after he and Gloria had broken up; they had become automatic, academic, dead, without air, without life. There were ten drawings of that fish. He had become obsessed with it.

A death of the heart. This body lying in the room was like the brutal body of his father. The old brute with his rages and his passions, his disgraceful affairs with governesses and maids, in the very next room to where he slept as a boy—awful business. George would never forget that. The manners! The shouts! His terrible behavior to his wife. It had paralyzed the whole family. They all hated him so violently, with a violence that so magnetized them all that none of them had heart for others. He had killed their hearts; not one of them had been able to love. For a moment, he left these exact memories and went off into unspoken anecdotes about how he fought back against his father, sniffing triumphantly, as he did at the club. But the sight of Gloria



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smashed the anecdotal in him. He recognized that he had *not* fought back and had not been victorious. He had risked nothing. He had been whipped into the life of a timid, self-absorbed scholar.

He poured himself a large whiskey. It was gone midnight. Perhaps by the time he checked up on the windows in the flat and saw all the doors were closed she would wake up. He carried his glass to his bedroom and put it by the bedside, and there exhaustion drove him back on his habits. He took off his watch and put it on the table. He forgot why he had come into the room. It was not what he intended to do, but he was tired. Murmuring to himself, "Coat hanger, shirt, trousers, shoes, socks," he undressed and, shivering, got into bed. He finished his whiskey, turned out the light, and, Gloria forgotten, was at once asleep. And at once dreaming, he was back in the sitting room parcelling the letters, watching her. He dreamed that he called Seymour, who got a taxi, and they hauled her into it. But as fast as they got her into the cab she was back upstairs on the sofa, and his father and Jack were there, too, but ignoring him, standing a yard or two away, though he shouted at them to help. And then the awful thing happened. He picked her up himself. He found himself at a railway station. He could go no further; he dropped her. With an appalling noise, the enormous body fell, just as a train came—steaming, blasting, wheels grinding, a massive black engine advancing upon him. He gave a shout. It had hit him and crushed him. He was dying. He had had a heart attack. He screamed, and woke up shouting, sitting up in bed.

In the bedroom, Gloria was standing in her stocking feet and her petticoat, holding her skirt in her hand, her hair in disorder. "What's the matter, George?" she said thickly.

George could not speak.

"What is it? I woke up. I heard you shout."

Her breathing was heavy. It was the sound of the engine he had heard. George gaped at her.

"Are you ill?" she said. "I passed out."

"I, I, I . . ." He could say nothing more. He got out of bed. He was shuddering. "What's the time?"

"Get into bed. You're freezing. You're ill." She came over and took him by the arm, and he allowed himself to be put back to bed.

"What an icebox!" she said. She shut the window, switched on the

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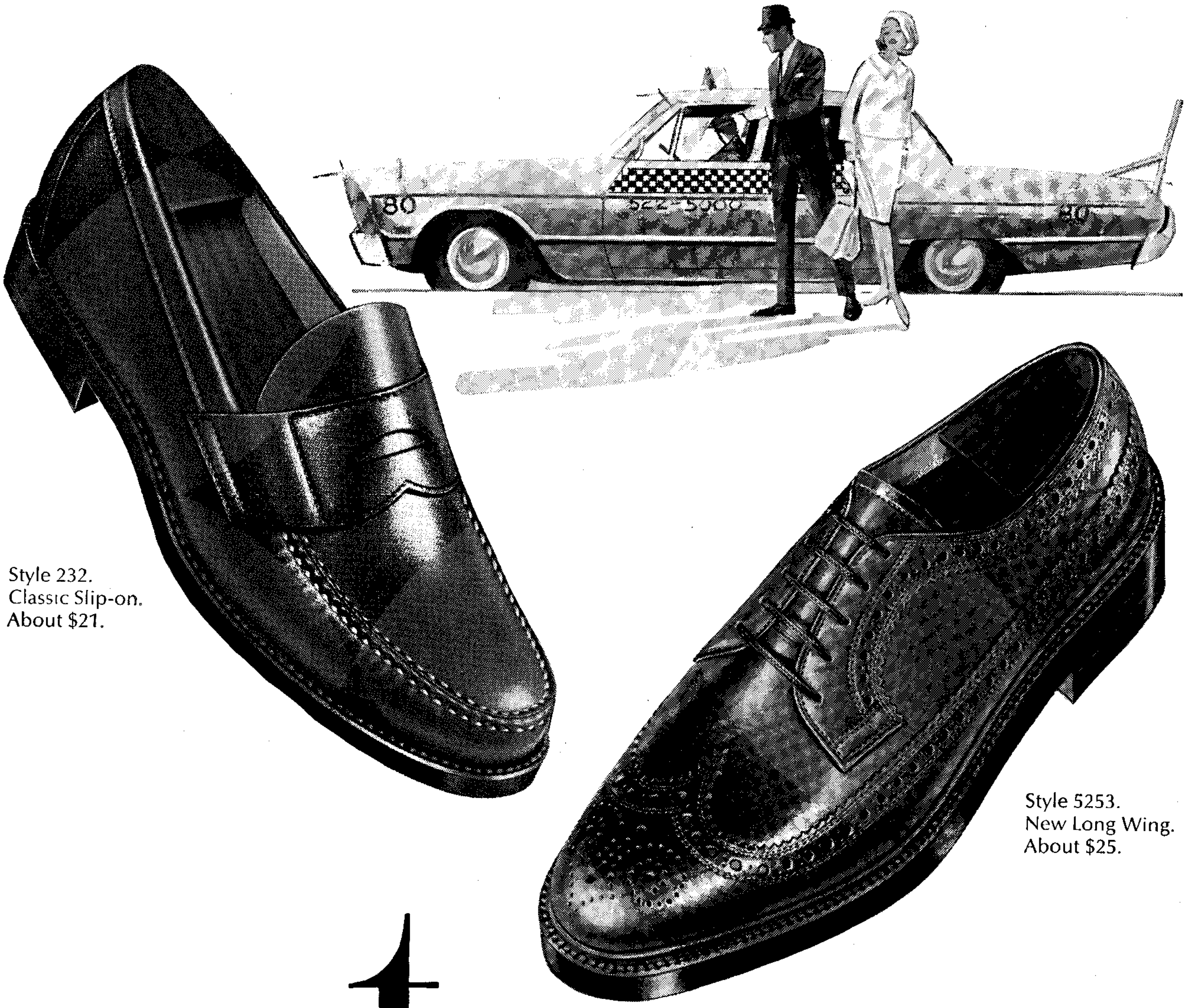

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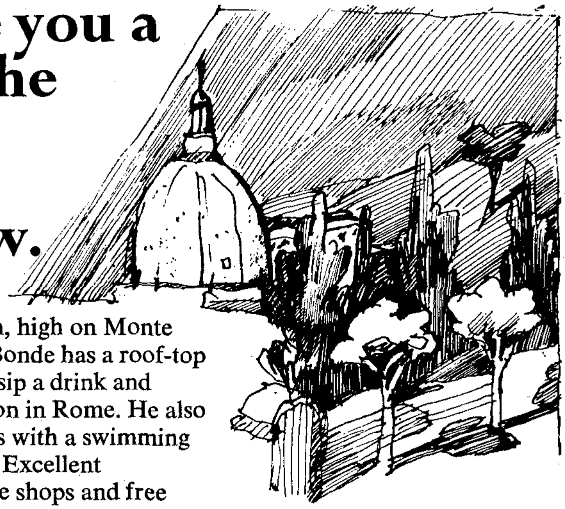

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fire. "I'd better get a doctor," she said.

"No," said George. "I'm all right."

She felt his head.

"Yes, I'm all right. What time is it?"

"Half past three, nearly. George, for God's sake, don't do that again. Have you got any aspirins? What happens when you're alone and there is no one here?"

"Ah, you see, I have an arrangement with the . . ."

"What? The doctor?"

"The telephone," said George.

"The telephone? What the hell's the good of that? You might die, George. Where are those aspirins? Be a dear and tell me. I'm sorry, George. You screamed. God, I hadn't time to put a skirt on," she said archly.

"Oh, well, so I see," said George sarcastically.

"Ah, thank God," said Gloria, sighing. "Now you sound more like yourself. You gave me a turn. I would have fallen on the floor if you hadn't put the chair there. I'll make you a cup of tea. Can you make tea in this awful museum?"

"No," said George victoriously. "You can't. I never keep tea here. Tea, I never make it. Seymour brings it."

"Well, my God, how you live, George, in this expensive barn," she said, sitting on the bed.

"Awful business. Awful dream," said George, coming round. "I had an awful dream the other night, too, oh, yes."

"You look green, George. I'll get you a drink."

She brought it to him and watched him drink it. "I've been round your flat. There are no beds. If you don't mind, I'll go back to the sofa. Now, stop talking." For George was off on some tale of a night in the war.

"This is the only bed," he said. "I used to keep a spare bed, but I stopped that. People exploit you. Want to stay the night. It upsets the servants here."

"There's not room for two in it, George," she said.

George stopped drinking. "Gloria," he stammered, in terror of her large eyes.

She came closer and sat on the bed. She took his free hand. "You're cold," she said.

"No," he said. "I'm not. All bone, you see. Skeleton . . . my sister."

She stood up and then bent over him and kissed him. "I'll find a blanket," she said. "I'll go back to the sofa. I'm terribly sorry, George. George, I really am."

"Well," said George.

"George, forgive me," she said, and suddenly kneeled at the bed and put her arms round him. "Let me warm you."

"Oh, no, no! No. Awful business," said George.

She went away. George heard her opening cupboards, looking for blankets. He listened to every movement. He thought, Seymour will find her in the morning. Where could he hide her? Could he make her go to the bathroom and stay there till Seymour left? No, Seymour always ran his bath. He was trapped. He heard her go to the sitting room. It was six before he fell asleep again.

At half past seven, she came to his room with Seymour. "My brother was taken very ill in the night," she was saying to Seymour. "I cannot find out who his doctor is. He oughtn't to be alone like this. At his age."

"No, Ma'am," said Seymour, looking guilty.

"Bring me his tea. Where does he keep his thermometer? Get me one."

"I told him not to go out, Ma'am," said Seymour.

"Thank heaven I came in."

When Seymour left, she said to George, "Don't talk. It's tiring. A little scandal would have done you good, George, but not at your age."

"Umph," said George. "That man knows my sister. She's as thin as a pole. She's meaner than me." He cackled. "She never tips anyone."

"I told him I was the fat one," she said. "You stay there. I'm calling a doctor."

Waiting for him to come was a nuisance. It was an awful business having a woman in the house. They spend half their lives in the bathroom. You can't get into it. When George did get to it, he was so weak he had to call for her. She was sitting in a chair reading Flitestone's letters and smiling. She had, he had to admit, made herself presentable.

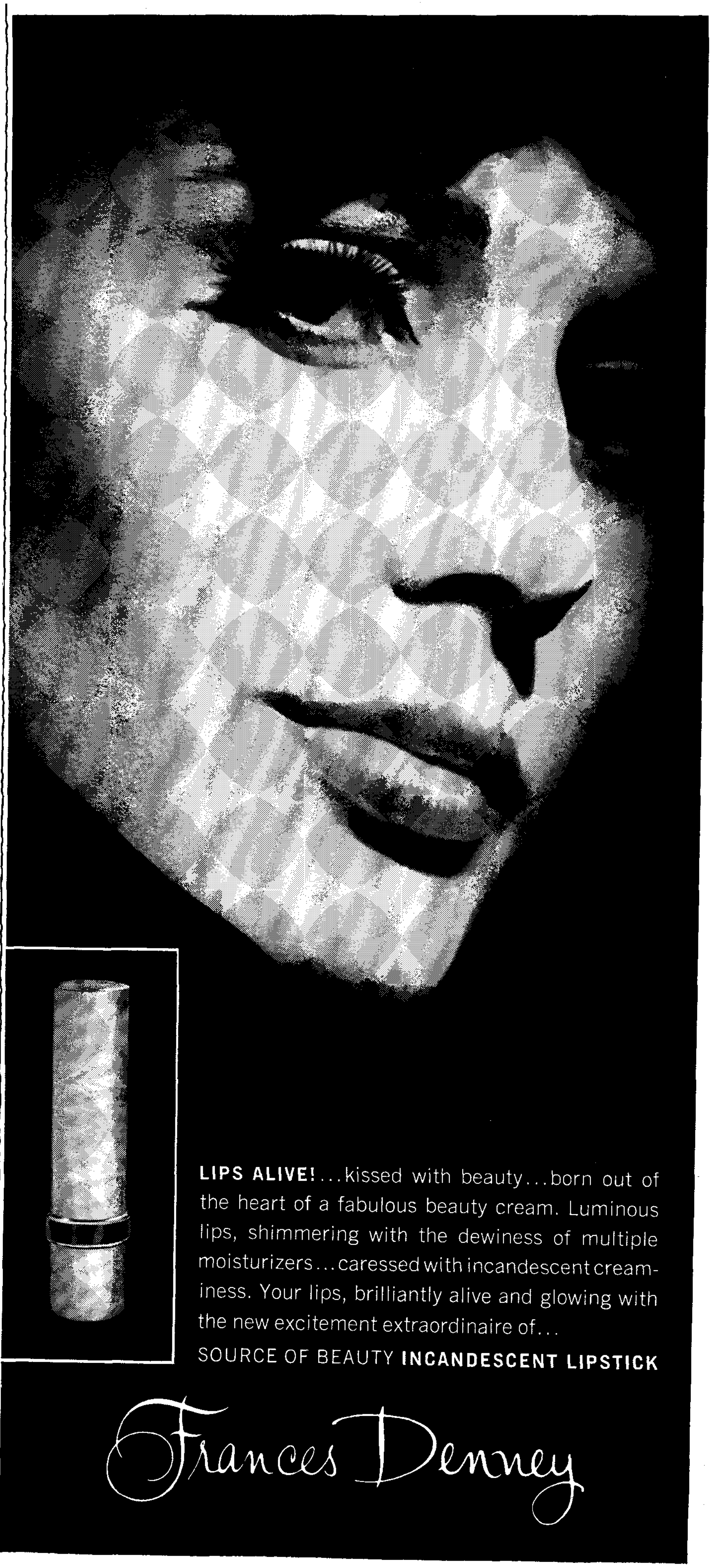
"You're right, George," she said. "I'm going to keep them. He was so full of news. They're too"—she said demurely—"personal."

And then the doctor came.

AT the club, George was sitting at luncheon.

"You're looking well, George," said the man who painted royalty, who had just passed him the decanter.

"I never drink until the evening. I always reckon to drink a bottle of wine at dinner, a couple of glasses of port. I usually have a whiskey here and one more back at the flat when I get



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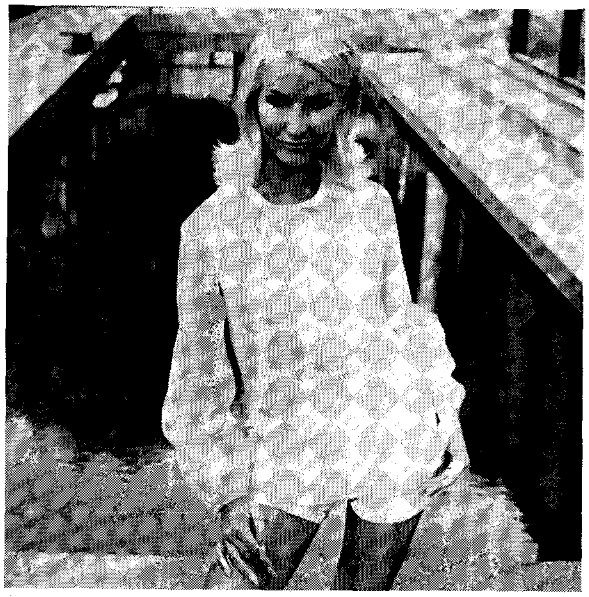

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home. I walk home—taxis are expensive, and oh, oh, oh, I don't like the Underground. Oh, no, I don't like that."

"You're looking fine."

"I have been very ill. I had pneumonia. I was taken very ill a month ago, in the night. Luckily, my sister has been looking after me. That is the trouble with old people who live alone: no one knows. They can't reach the bell. I told you about that awful night when I ate the oysters—"

"George, not now, please. I didn't know you had a sister."

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Two," said George sharply. "One is very thin, all bones like me, the other very fat."

"But you're better? You look fine. I hear, by the way, that Sanders is getting married."

"Oh, I knew about that. I advised him to, at his age. I warned him about the loneliness of bachelors in old age. I'm used to it. Keep occupied. See people. That's the secret. Oh, yes, I worked it out. My father lived till he was ninety. You see, when I was young, one never met any women. Just girls at deb parties. But speak to them? Oh dear, no. Not done. That's a big change. The bishops don't like sex, though Canterbury is beginning to come round. The Pope will have to make a move. He's been the stumbling block. A scandal. Oh, yes, I happened to be in Rome in '05, staying with a papal count, and, well, I was able to tell him the whole inside story at the Vatican. You see, I knew a very able Jesuit who was very frank about it privately—"

"What happened about Gloria?" said a voice. It was the Arch-Enemy, sitting opposite.

"Hah," said George. "I recommended her not to sell. She offered to give me the letters, but I didn't care to take them. They were very intimate, personal."

"I thought her husband had left her and she was short of money."

"That's not the worst thing to be short of," sniffed George.

"The trouble with Gloria was that she was always so sentimental," said the Arch-Enemy. "The moment she sees a man, her mind simply goes. Still does, and she must be sixty if she's a day," he said, looking at George.

By God, George thought, the Arch-Enemy is a fool. —V. S. PRITCHETT

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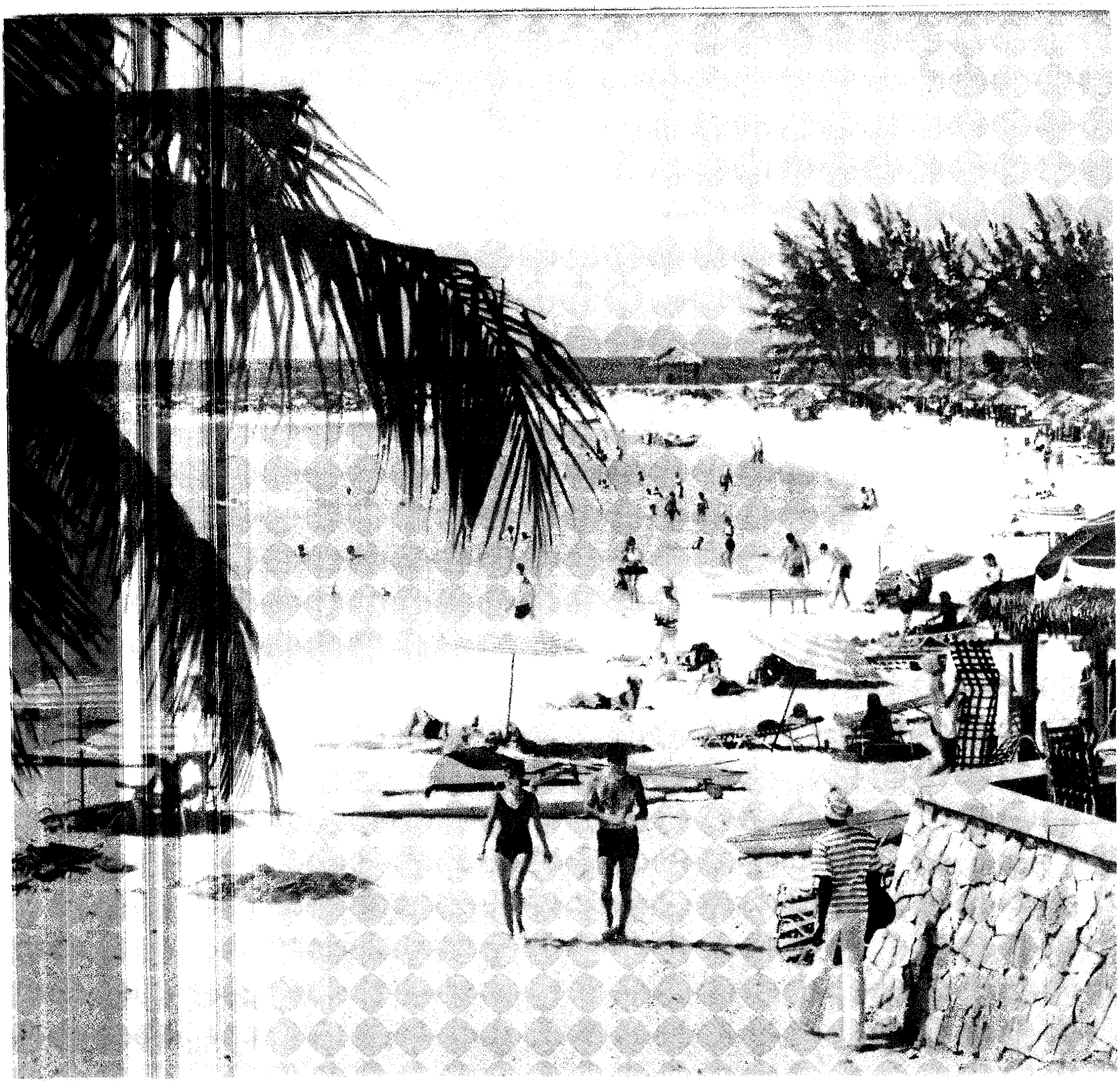

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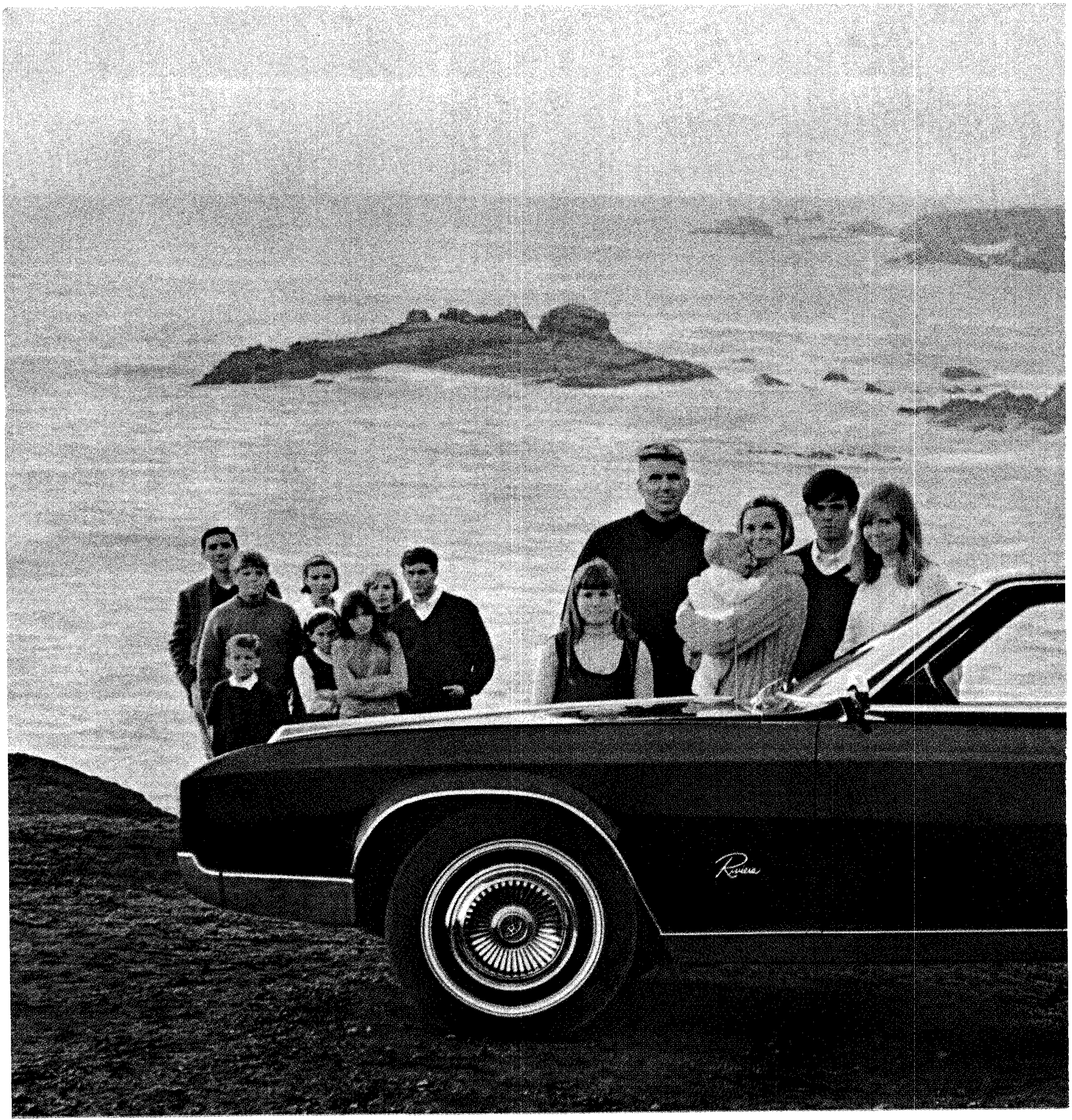

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How to start the tuned car doing for you. One nice thing about this Riviera is that it's built in this country (contrary to the idea that all great cars come from across the seas). Which means that to get one all you have to do is visit your Buick dealer.

The Riviera comes equipped with power steering, power brakes, a tilt steering wheel, and a liberal helping of other delights, besides that engine and transmission set.

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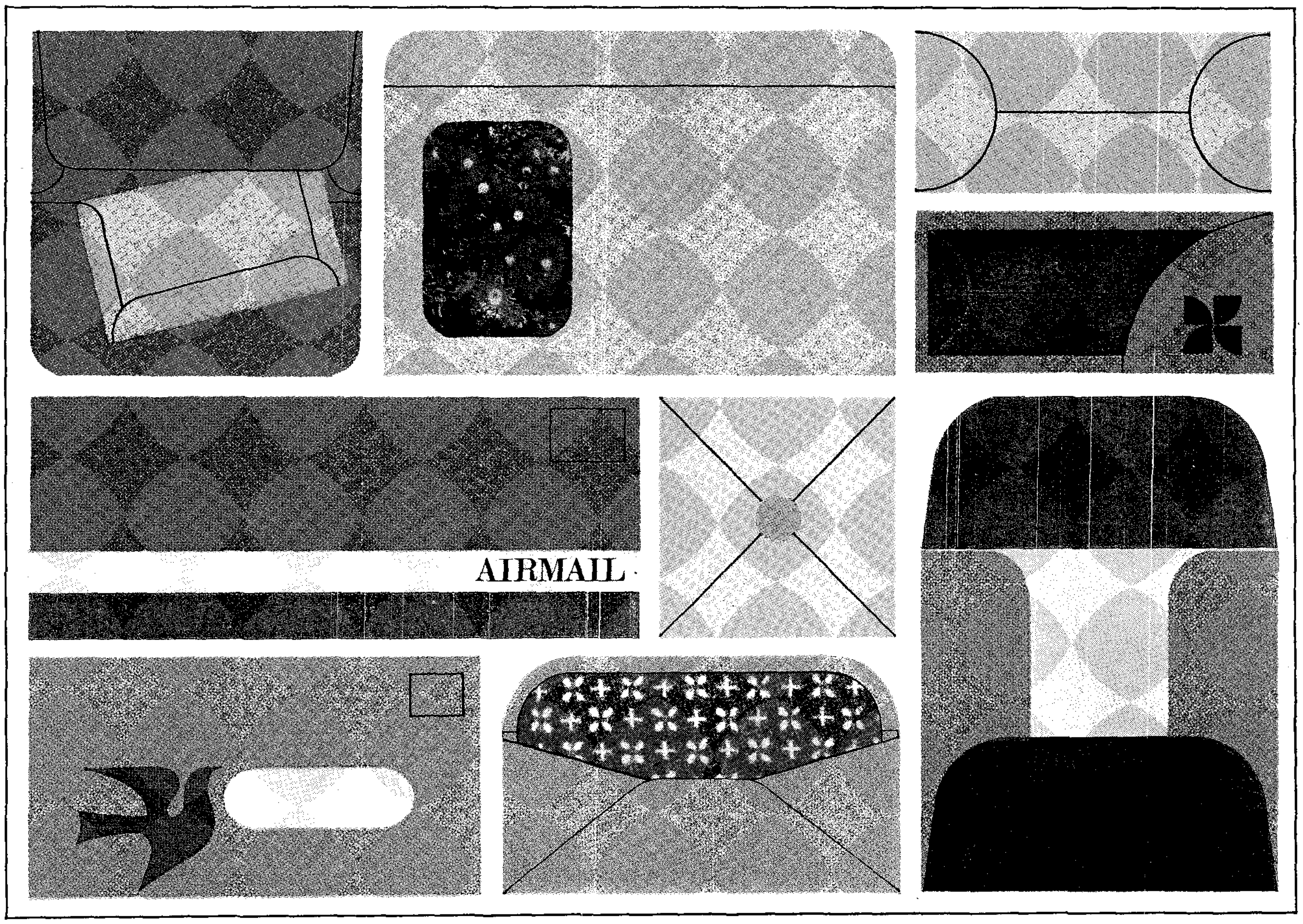

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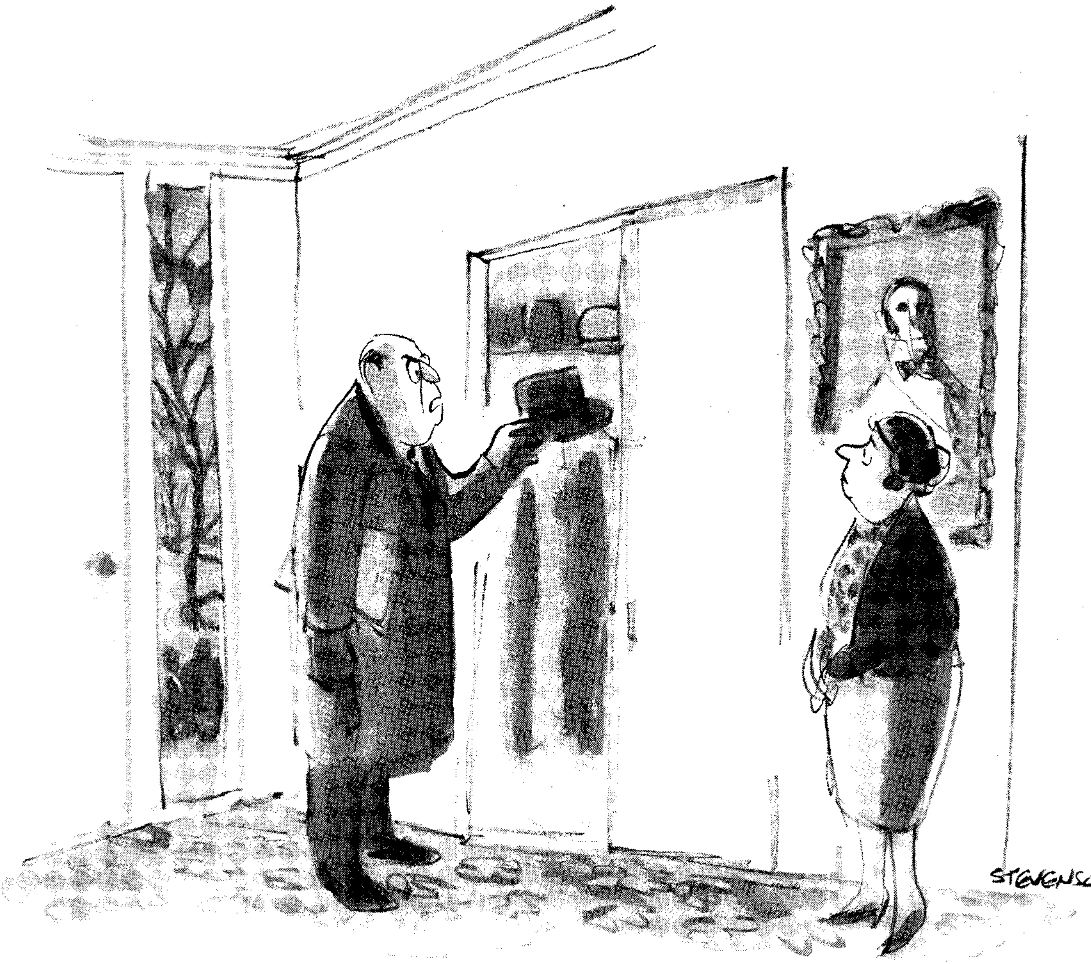
THE THEATRE

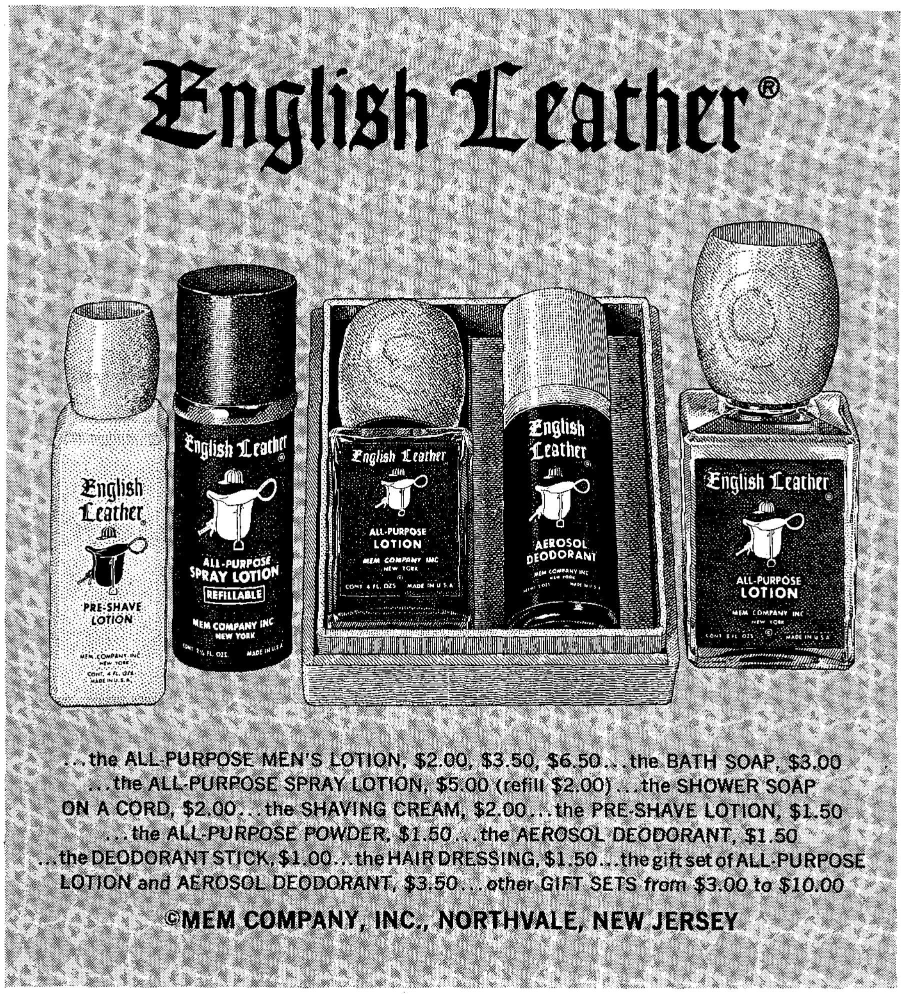
QUICK EXITS

IN the first of the two one-act dramas that made up "Slapstick Tragedy," which departed from the Longacre last week at the conclusion of its seventh performance, Tennessee Williams took us to his old stamping ground in the French Quarter of New Orleans, but this time, as he guided us about, he didn't seem sure of his direction, and the characters he introduced to us were blurred copies of those who figured so arrestingly in "A Streetcar Named Desire." As his heroine in the curtain-raiser—an episode entitled "The Mutilated"—Mr. Williams brought on a melancholy trollop who, though she boasted that her father had left her three oil wells in Texas, one of them a gusher, lived in a fleabag hotel called the Silver Dollar, where her existence had boiled down to guzzling wine by the jugful, brooding about the fact that her best friend, a versatile girl who was both whore and shoplifter, had become estranged from her, and bemoaning the removal of one of her breasts—a loss that had kept her celibate for three years. In the course of explaining how this sad woman tried to kindle love in a drunken sailor (as oafish a lad as Stanley Kowalski), healed the breach with her light-fingered chum, and wound up groping piously for the hem of an imaginary Madonna's robe in her dreary cubicle at the Silver Dollar, Mr. Williams interrupted the action every now and then so that a chorus could keep us musically informed about the meaning of it all. I guess the author's message in "The Mutilated" was that everybody is up against it, one way or another, but just what the boozy religious ending of the piece signified I don't know. The cast in this part of "Slapstick Tragedy" was headed by Margaret Leighton and Kate Reid, and both of them did what they could to throw a bit of light on the proceedings. If they failed, the fault lay with Mr. Williams, not with them.

"The Mutilated" had a kind of echo-chamber relationship to earlier works by Mr. Williams, but "The Gnadiges Fraulein," which was the second section of "Slapstick Tragedy," was an item I couldn't associate with anything I had previously encountered in the Williams canon. The playwright here was in a spectacularly undisciplined mood, and as his invention ran amuck, his drama became increasingly preposterous. While the woes of the heroine of "The Mutilated" were credible, if not exactly compelling, those of the heroine of "The Gnadiges Fraulein" were too outlandishly horrible to be tolerated even in a tragedy, slapstick or not. The lady upon whom Mr. Williams centered his attention this time was a German, formerly a vaudeville performer, who had become a resident of a ramshackle hotel on a lonely Florida key. When we meet her, she has one eye, calcified eardrums, and a mad urge to sing, at the slightest provocation, the songs she rendered when she was on the vaudeville circuit. When we leave her, she is in even worse shape, for she has lost her remaining eye. During our acquaintance with her, she frequently dashes offstage, presumably to fight for trash fish, tossed overboard from incoming trawlers, that are also sought by the key's cocaloony birds. It develops that she has acquired the knack of catching fish in her teeth while sharing a bill with a seal act in her vaudeville days. I don't think it is necessary to demonstrate Mr. Williams' wild and woolly fancies in "The Gnadiges Fraulein" by probing the heroine's personality further; let me be done with her by explaining that her ultimate blindness is the result of an attack on her by the cocaloonies, one of which, looking like a very large and very indignant pelican, strolled into view intermittently, suggesting a fugitive from Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. Besides the unusual ex-vaudevillian and the cocaloony bird, "The Gnadiges Fraulein" offered a couple of hard-bitten old hags in clown makeup, representing the proprietress of the hotel and the local gossip



"If you knew what a Dow-Jones average was, *you'd be sore, too!"*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columnist, and an Indian given to letting out war whoops. As the gossip columnist, Zoe Caldwell gave a thoroughly satisfactory comic performance, but Margaret Leighton, as the heroine, and Kate Reid, as the hotel proprietress, didn't seem altogether happy to me. But then, why should they have been? For the record, Alan Schneider was the director and Ming Cho Lee designed the sets.

IF Mr. Williams was a little hard to follow in "Slapstick Tragedy," he was a pearl of lucidity compared to David Rayfiel, whose "Nathan Weinstein, Mystic, Connecticut" had a very brief sojourn at the Brooks Atkinson last week. Mr. Rayfiel tried to interest us in a retired Jewish postal worker troubled by the fact that his son had changed his name from Weinstein to Wang and become a Transit Authority policeman, and also by the fact that his daughter was not very well in the head. During a celebration on the day of his retirement, the daughter belted him over the skull, and he put her in an insane asylum, but then he had second thoughts about the matter and took her away to see an old friend of his in his home town in Connecticut. The friend was a real, true-blue Yankee lady, aged a hundred and one but still lively enough to run a bootlegging business. This brought her to the attention of the Mystic Police Department, which was headed by a Korean in a horsehair hat. It appeared that he was there on an exchange fellowship from his homeland. The whimsey in "Nathan Weinstein, Mystic, Connecticut" became too much for me at this point, and my only regret as I left the thing was that Sam Levene, Zohra Lampert, and Estelle Winwood had got tangled up in it.

AT the risk of making this column look like the blotter in an accident ward, let me deal briefly with "First One Asleep, Whistle," which

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A Loew's Hotel · Preston Robert Tisch, President

came to the Belasco last week and did not linger long. It was about a young actress who had an illegitimate daughter and was about to initiate another illegitimate line with another bedmate. It was written by Oliver Hailey, and it was a depressing business, even though it offered several interesting views of Salome Jens in the sort of costume the other Salome wore toward the end of her dance with the veils.

—John McCarten

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WIND ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Gross. I thank the gentleman for his usual excellent contribution.

I do not know of any reason why the art of baseball and the art of football, among others, should not be included in the bill. There are artists in those areas as well as artists who play poker.

Before I came to Congress I occasionally ran into a few of them. That was when I had a little time to play poker rather than now spending it all trying to keep up with legislation such as this.

Where do we find the greatest audiences? Not in the music halls. The 80,000 crowds are to be found at the football games and other sports events.

Why leave out such artists as Willie Mays, Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford, and many others? I am sure you do not want to leave them out while subsidizing costume and fashion designers.

This is discriminatory, and I cannot believe the Committee on Education and Labor, or any member thereof, would want to discriminate against the arts and artists to be found on the athletic fields.

Mr. Findley. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Gross. I yield to the gentleman from Illinois.

Mr. Findley. I wonder if the gentleman is correct in assuming that the present language of the bill precludes that type of activities. If the gentleman will look at page 3, there is authorized the "performing arts." That phrase is used. It is very broad. The arts include drama and folk art. It looks to me as if the term "folk art," if none of the others would apply, would be broad enough to cover the type of activity in the gentleman's amendment.

Mr. Gross. I would say to my friend that I do not see "performing arts" in that paragraph, nor do I see a definition of "performing arts."

Mr. Findley. Earlier on the same page the term "humanities" includes but is not limited to various things.

Mr. Gross. That is "humanities." Now we are dealing with "art" as distinguished from "humanities."

Mr. Findley. Under the "humanities" comes the words "performing arts." I presume baseball, football, poker, crapshooting, and such is in that category.

Mr. Gross. That is under "humanities." Let us not confuse "humanities" with "art," or "art" with "humanities," or should we?

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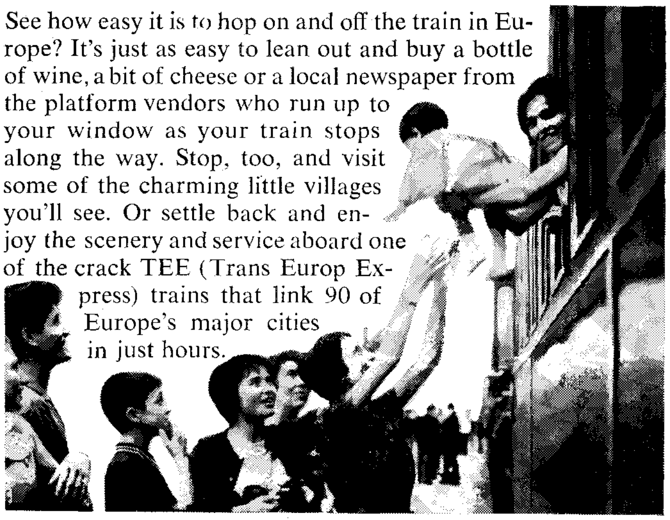

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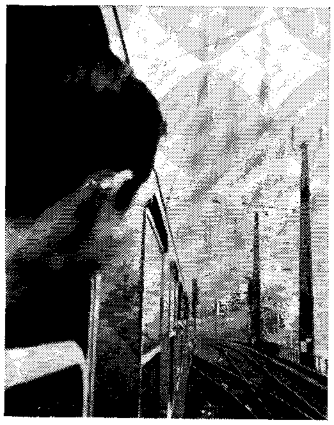

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Lucky Lad

MAURICE FREED

TWICE in his life, I'd say, has Mrs. Ada L. Rice's Lucky Debonair looked a champion in almost every sense of the word. The first time was in the Kentucky Derby last May. The second was in the Santa Anita Handicap last Saturday, in which he beat a dozen of the best racers in training. According to the chart of the Big 'Cap, he came bearing down on Cupid and Native Diver in the stretch, and for a furlong they went together, and nothing behind them had the slightest chance. Then Shoemaker asked Lucky Debonair for a final effort, and he drew out to win by a length, with Cupid taking the place by a length from Native Diver, who had set most of the pace. Tom Cat was fourth, just ahead of Hill Rise, the winner last year (they never repeat), and among the also-rans were Bold Bidder, who didn't even run as well as he did in the San Antonio, and George Royal, who goes much better on the grass. The time of 2:00 ⅕ for the mile and a quarter was first-rate, and it was Shoemaker's fifth victory in the race, putting him one up on young Johnny Longden. Lucky Debonair, a squarely built, well-proportioned bay four-year-old by Vertex out of Fresh as Fresh, was brilliant at three early last season, then went lame in the Preakness. Bucked shins, I believe it was. Frankie Catrone, his trainer, deserves full marks for patience and skill in bringing the colt to his present form. Last winter, Lucky Debonair won four of his six races at Santa Anita, winding up with a galloping victory in the Santa Anita Derby, and this year he has won three out of four. He must like the track.

SOMETHING of the sort might be said of Calumet Farm's Kentucky Jug, who last weekend followed up his dead heat with Lord Date in the Bougainvillea Handicap with a smooth-as-silk victory in the Hialeah Turf Cup, one of the bigger prizes of the Miami meeting. Always in command of the situation, he won by a couple of lengths from Pillanlelbun (now, that's a name for my Radio Announcers' Handicap!), with Ribot's Fling third. Lord

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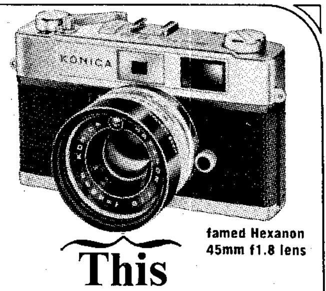

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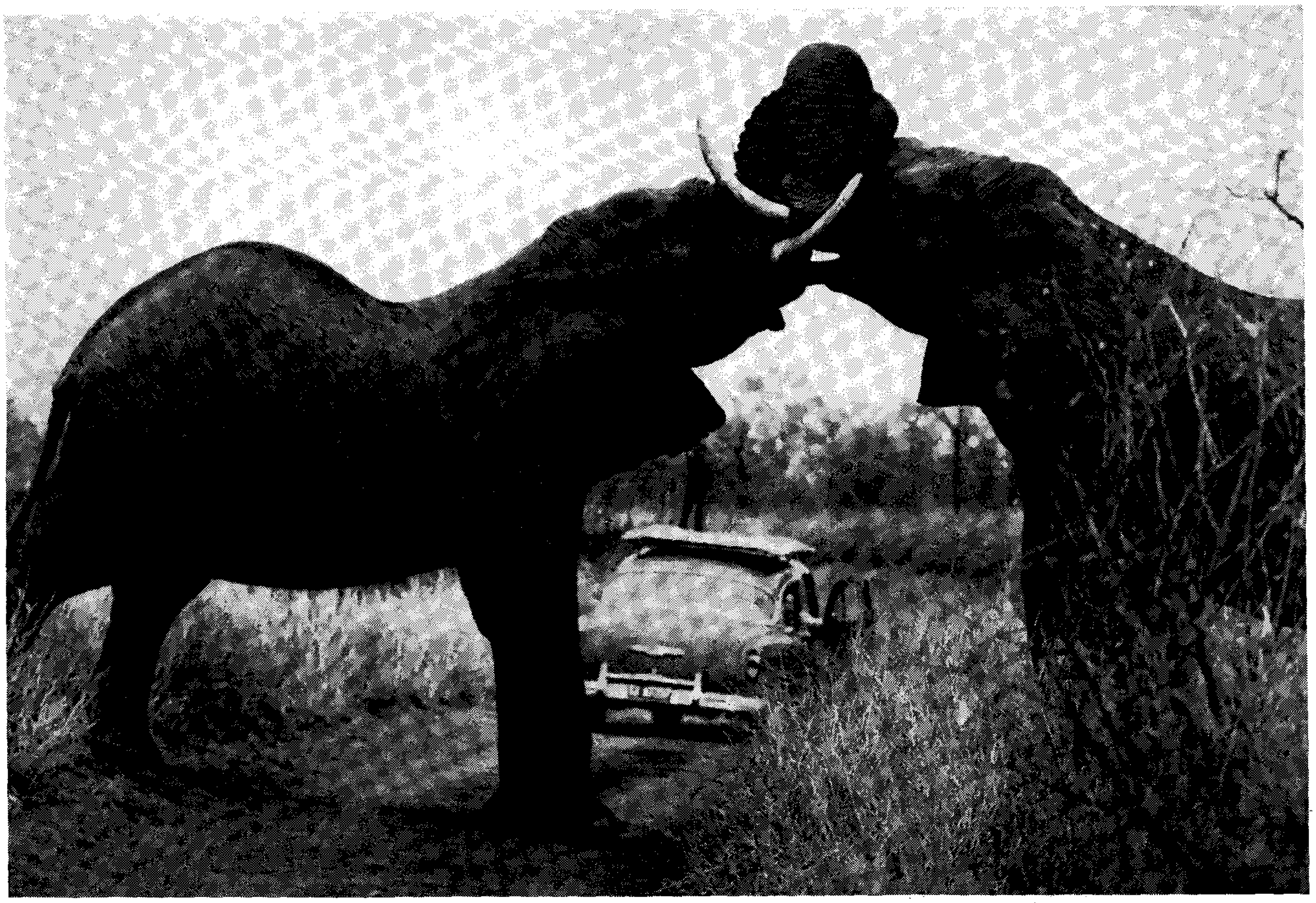

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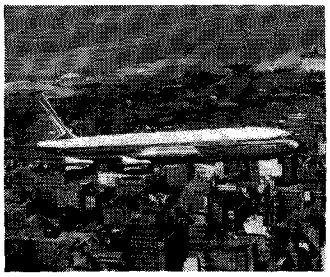

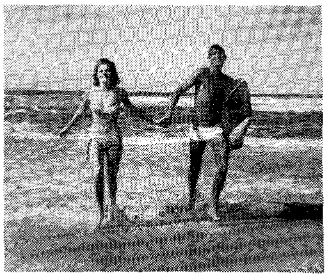

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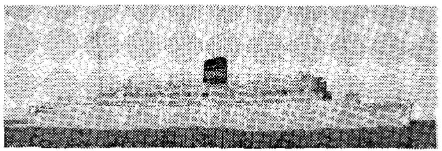
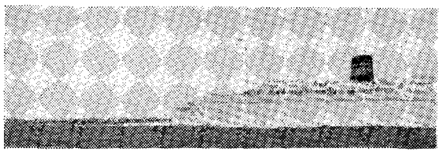
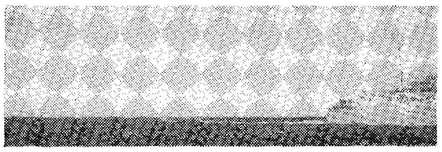


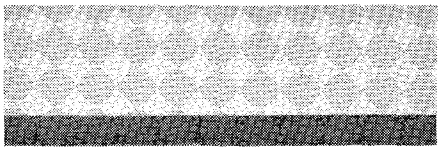
"You mean you actually never



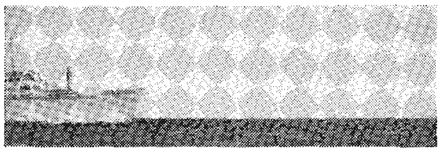
sailed off on a great cruise



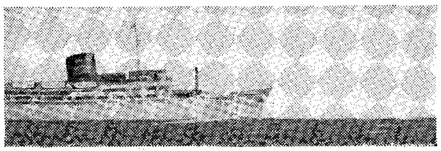
on the Queen of Bermuda?



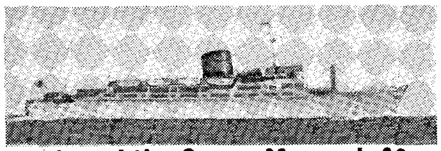
You must lead an empty life."



"Not at all. I sailed off



on a really great cruise



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Date and Convex, who were well fancied, were never in the picture.

ALTHOUGH Buckpasser won the Everglades Stakes at Hialeah earlier in the week, he didn't do it as easily as was expected. In fact, Shoemaker had to ride him hard to beat Stupendous, his pacemaker. Both sailed along, lengths ahead of the six other three-year-olds, to the stretch. Here Buckpasser appeared to hesitate for a stride or two, and Shoemaker popped him one with his whip. Whereupon Buckpasser swerved sharply, slammed into Stupendous, and knocked him off stride. As a souvenir of the collision, Buckpasser has a cut on his left foreleg, but Eddie Neloy, his trainer, says it is nothing to worry about, so he goes in the Flamingo Stakes this week. I daresay he will win. Still, I couldn't help a feeling of disappointment after the Everglades.

Graustark did not run in the Everglades. He bruised his left hind foot in a workout, and although the injury is not serious, he is out of the Flamingo and also the Florida Derby, at Gulfstream Park next month. This isn't his first mishap. He developed leg trouble at Arlington Park last August, and didn't race again till January at Hialeah.

RETURNING for a moment to Santa Anita, unbeaten Saber Mountain extended his winning streak to five in the San Felipe Handicap on Washington's Birthday, beating Exhibitionist and Hill Clown in a photo finish. Shoemaker, who rode Saber Mountain, and who says he's the best three-year-old in California, blames himself for the closeness of the finish. The colt's next start will be in the Santa Anita Derby this weekend, and he should win it.

WET or dry, all tracks are alike to Impressive. Moving up to Maryland last Saturday, he won the Pimlico Handicap, galloping, by three lengths, although he had never run in sloppy going before. Quinta was second and Sandoval third. Impressive's next appearance will be in the Swift Stakes on the opening day at Aqueduct—March 14th. In case you've forgotten.

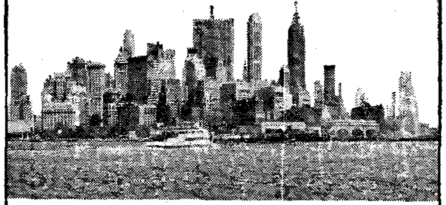
—AUDAX MINOR

•

The university starts now for long-range planning on its expansion program. Why not start now for long-range planning on Robert E. Andreae Jr., 3318 W. Main, Kalamazoo.—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

We started way back last week.

Will New York spoil the "Jewelers of the Caribbean"?



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THE ART GALLERIES

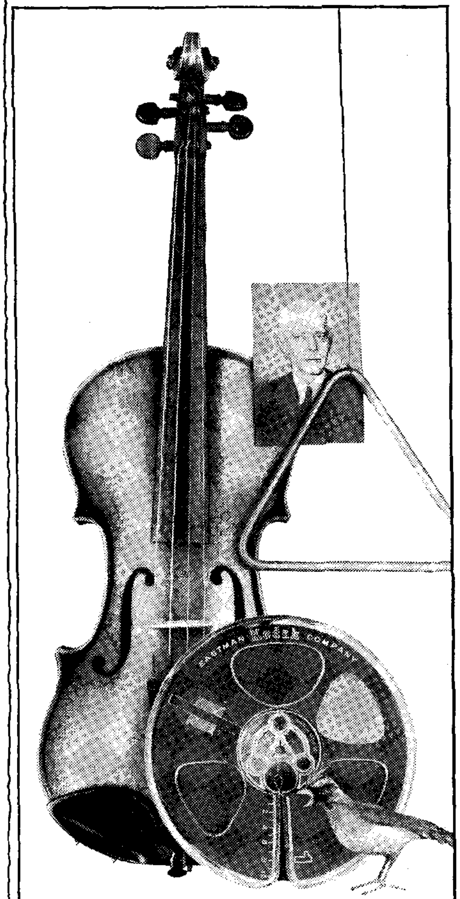
The Quiet One

IT sometimes seems to me that there may be a certain advantage to the artist in playing up to the part—in being, in short, patently "artistic." I don't mean to say that one cannot go too far in that direction. The roles, of course, have been changing. "La Vie de Bohème" is a period piece now, and Grub Street, I suppose, has been given over to high-rise or high-style apartment houses with penthouse studios. Then, too, most artists, like dealers, collectors, and plain businessmen, look more or less interchangeable when you run into them. I just wonder, though: Does the artist lose something by being so anonymous? Would he gain, as Gauguin, van Gogh, and—to come closer to home—Arshile Gorky did by flaunting? Can bohemianism be made a stock in trade? The matter can be argued both ways, even though the one essential ingredient is genuine talent, without which no one can win or stay a winner for long. Myself, I confess to a feeling that a touch of flamboyance can help speed up things, as it did for Picasso; his colleague Braque, the quieter one, had to wait longer for recognition, as did Cézanne. I bring all this up because our subject for this week's essay is the American painter Niles Spencer, who, like his close contemporary Stuart Davis, was a quiet one, and, like Davis, has suffered a delay in full recognition in consequence. Yet Edward Hopper, one of the quietest of all, fared considerably better, so how can you tell?

At any rate, Spencer was quiet enough almost to merit the title of hermit, especially in his later years—if one accepts the postulate that the hermitage was the wonderful old Hotel Lafayette, which he made his principal headquarters during the last fifteen years of his fairly brief life (he was born in 1893 and died of a heart attack in 1952). He spent most of his off hours in the comfortably old-fashioned white-tile-floored café of the hotel, with a cheerful group of writers, painters, and other artists—among them Dawn Powell, a circumstance that practically guaranteed a hilarious evening. When the café closed, at the decorous hour of one, the *bande* usually adjourned to a bar up the street, at the corner of East Twelfth, that kept later hours.

Judith Shahn

But if Spencer's life was generally gregarious and he himself was one of the most charming and responsive companions imaginable, there was a reserve, a core of quietness that one sensed both in the man and in his work, and this the collection at the Whitney Museum—which, long overdue as a memorial, is extremely well organized—does bring out admirably. Sixty items are included, mostly oils, as well as some paintings in other media and a scattering of drawings, and they run from a couple of canvases—"The Capitol, Providence" and "Flower Pot and Peaches"—of around 1915, when the artist was in his early twenties, to a dozen paintings done in the last two or three years of his life. I couldn't find that picture of the Capitol, but the still-life is competent, if a trifle unexciting. Chiefly, it indicates that Spencer's basic artistic impulses—aimed principally in the direction of sterner and sterner simplifications—were already beginning, if slowly, to take shape. A few years farther on, in "Inlet, Ogunquit," "The Park," and the really masterly "City Walls," of 1921, he reveals what was to be an even greater preoccupation—with the boiling-down to their essence of the structural forms of houses and their groupings within the framework of a town or a city. This continues in such slightly later pieces as "New York Alley" and the much more nearly abstract "Gray Buildings (Provincetown)," both produced in the early or middle twenties. It is interesting to note, though, that at about the same time he was painting such works as "Still-Life, 1927"—which, except for a few obvious references to Cézanne, is completely naturalistic—and the even more matter-of-fact small street scene called "Down the Hill," and that his definitive attitude toward the techniques and purposes of his art, if one can judge by the paintings on view, was still clearly in process of formulation. This ambivalence of approach is figured forth more graphically than customary in "The Dormer Window," of 1927—a generally naturalistic study of a chair, a table, a bouquet of flowers, and some other



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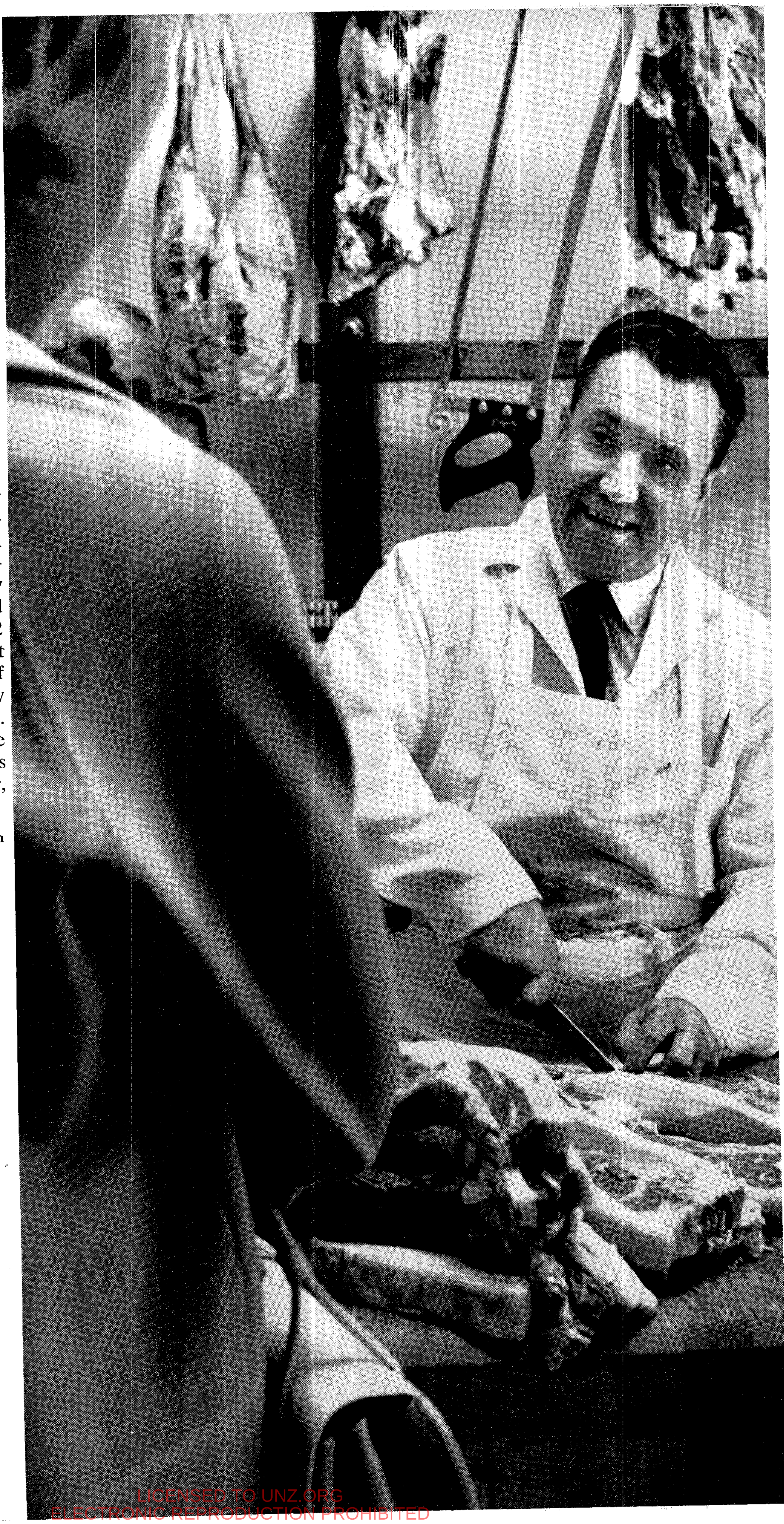
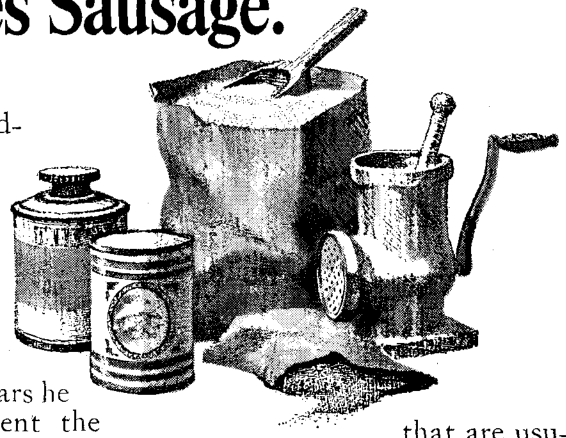


bric-a-brac set against a geometrically stylized background of the window and its embrasure. It was not till Spencer was well into the nineteen-thirties that he settled finally and firmly into the method he was to make peculiarly his own. In this sense, "City Walls" is one of those occasional artistic "sports"—a work completely out of place in the context of an artist's career; done in 1921, it reveals both a geometric purity of style and a confidence in the handling that were not to appear again for at least a decade.

A visit abroad, that same year, spent mainly in France, may have had some bearing on the circumstance, as it may also explain indirectly the change that followed. For it was on that trip that Spencer came in full, glowing contact with the works of the Cubists en masse—works that until then he had seen here only glancingly and mostly in reproduction—and was almost bowled over by them. But Spencer, an old Rhode Islander, had a native stubbornness in addition to his crystal integrity, and though he learned a good deal that was useful from the Cubists, he did not, as so many other young Americans of his generation did (and did with sincerity, too, for the most part), go through a period of trying to paint like them. Seen from that point of view, "City Walls" is a trifle less enigmatic; might it not be that he had a go at Cubistic mannerisms and then set the whole thing aside until he felt he could fit them with confidence into his own? And it must be remembered that he was an abnormally slow worker. In his whole painting career, of thirty-odd years, he had only three one-man exhibitions (he did, though, exhibit single pictures with fair consistency in group collections), and there were years when his entire production amounted to no more than two or three canvases.

What Spencer principally gained from the abstractionists, I'd say, was, first, the courage to carry his elimination of superfluous detail far beyond what he had done before, and, even more important, the ability to reduce his picture plane to the two-dimensional pattern they had perfected, while he still retained, as they did not, a clear reference to natural subjects. In a way, I feel, this last must have been his most difficult achievement, and it is the principal thing to give his work its dignity and serenity and set him apart from those of his contemporaries whose range of subject matter is superficially the same. Spencer, as far as I know, was alone in his ability to present the "ab-

Grandfather Milo wasn't about to let trouble get him down. That's how we started making Jones Sausage.



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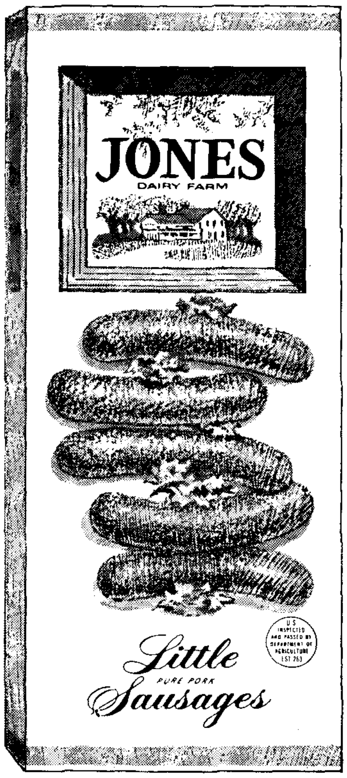

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stract" essentials of a scene while preserving its formal contour, and in so doing he was able to invest such even less dramatic scenes and objects as a row of storage tanks ("Across the Tracks" and "Steel Country"), rail and highway intersections ("Erie Underpass," "The Two Bridges"), "Cement Mixer," and "Gas House District"—along with innumerable studies of the interlocking angularities of a city vista, like "The Watch Factory," "Edge of the City," "Ventilators," and the superlative "In Fairmont"—with a feeling of timelessness and true monumentality.

From here, the show, which closes this Sunday, will travel to the Allentown Art Museum, to the Currier Gallery, in Manchester, New Hampshire, and to the Rhode Island School of Design, in Providence.

—Robert M. Coates

•

A MINOR CHANGE

There is in offices
Charm after habit has
Settled there. Typists
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With flowers, executives
Their walls with calendars;
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Are on edge; like the dead,
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Flowers or calendars
Easily—or space.

The shadows in offices,
Among the residues of walls
And floors, cough and shift
Like distant relatives
About an open grave. Ruin
Has always hidden there—
Though later habit, elsewhere,
Covers up the truth.

—Mark McCloskey

•

An assistant professor of music at Madison College and father of two small children, Mr. Leland slipped his fingers around a can of beer and spoke freely about the pianist of today and his relation to the public.

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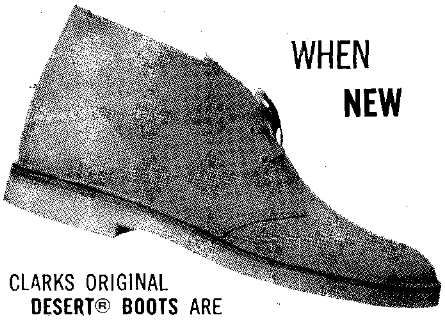

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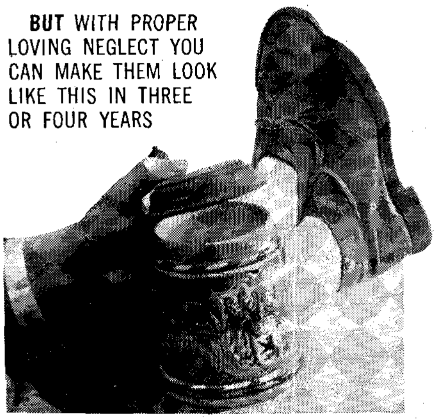

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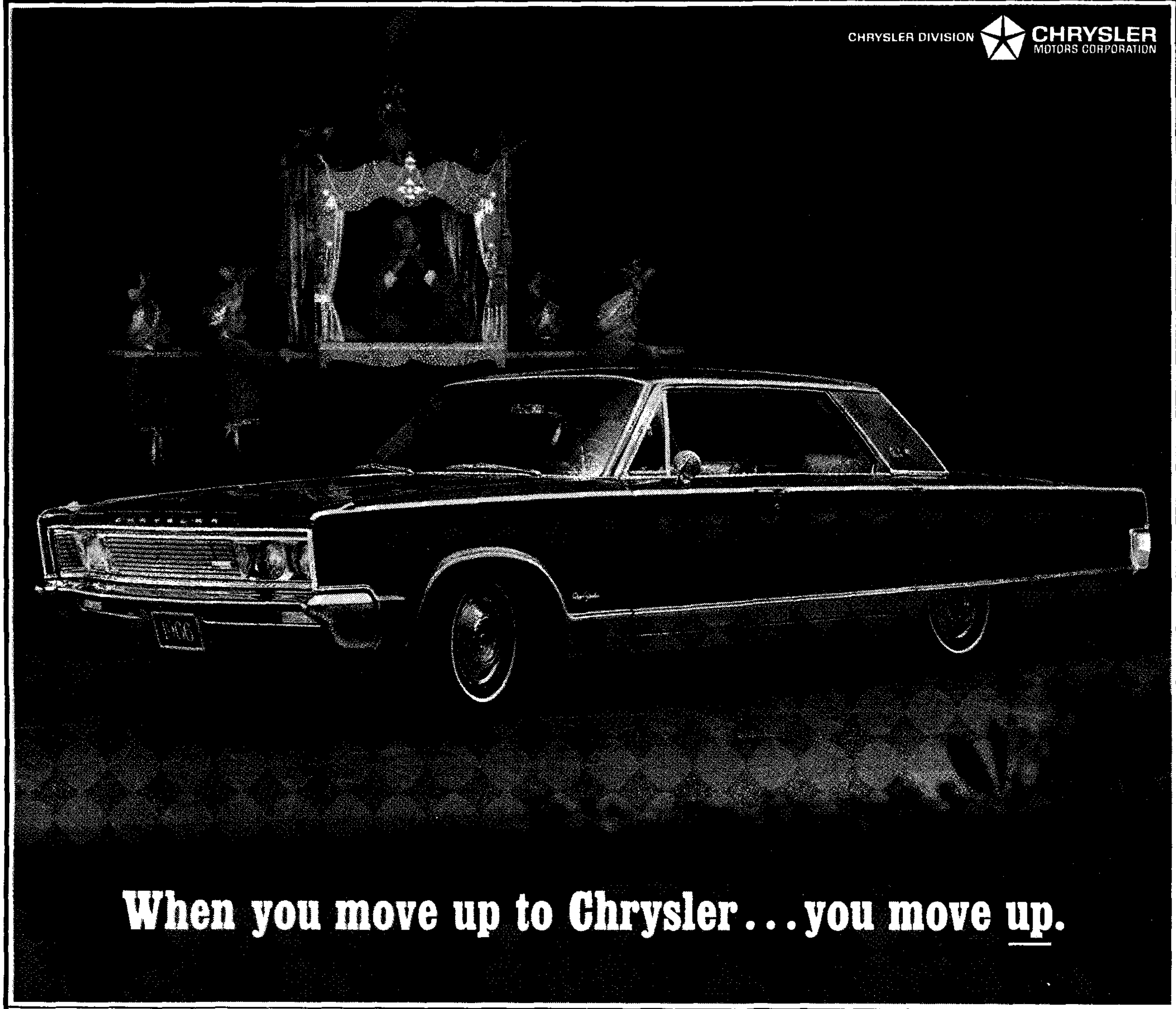

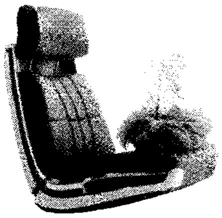

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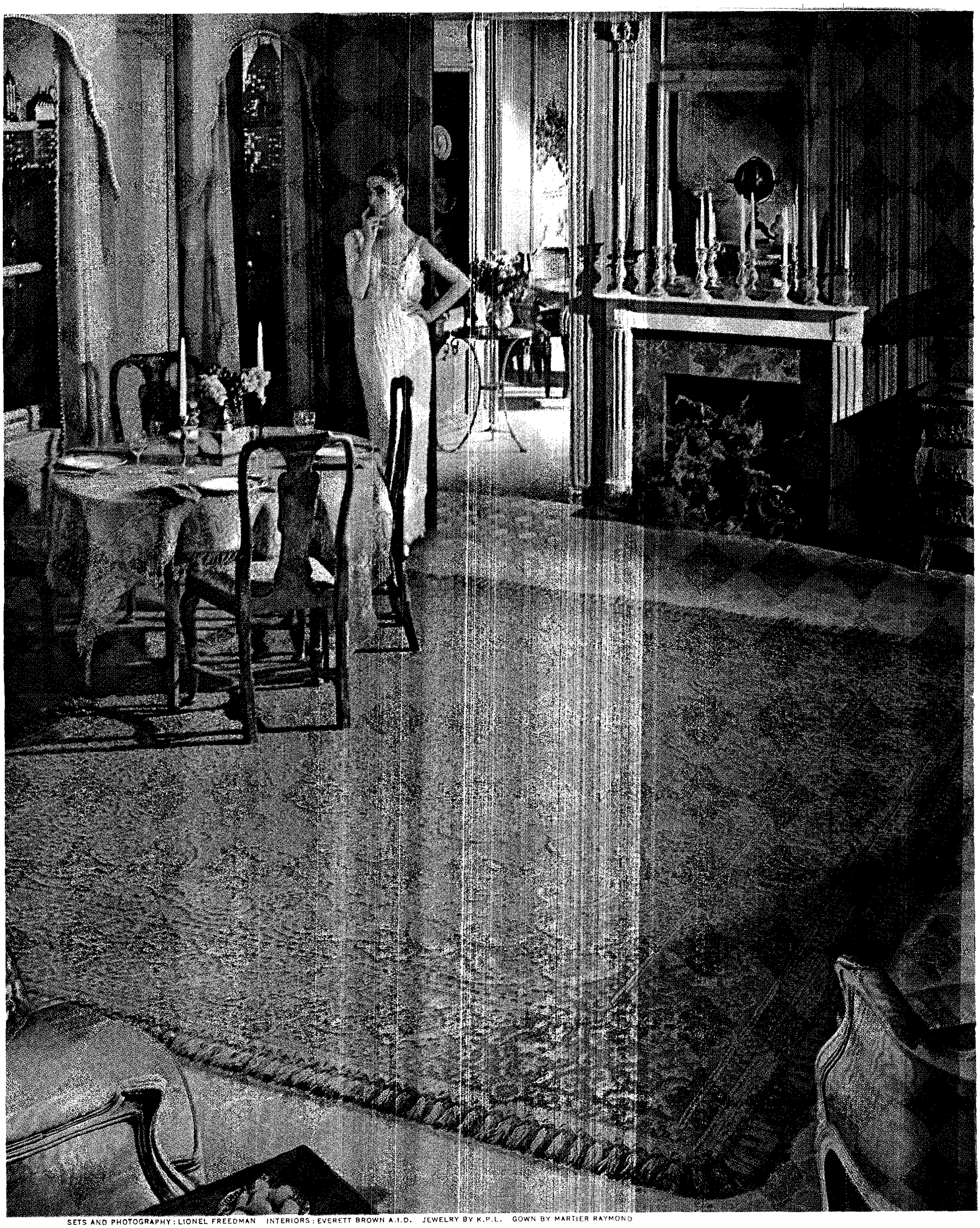

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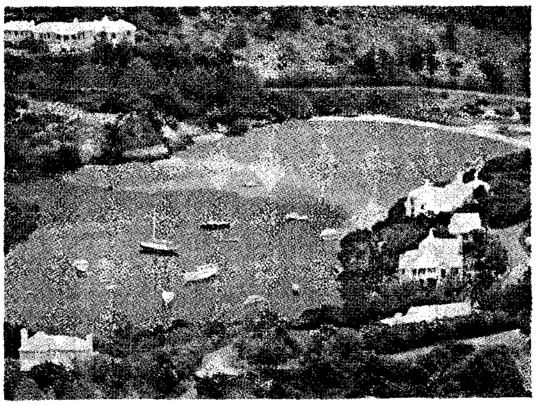

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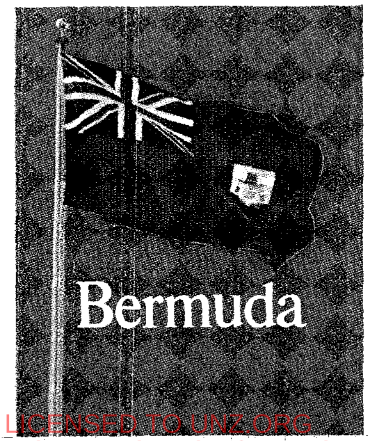

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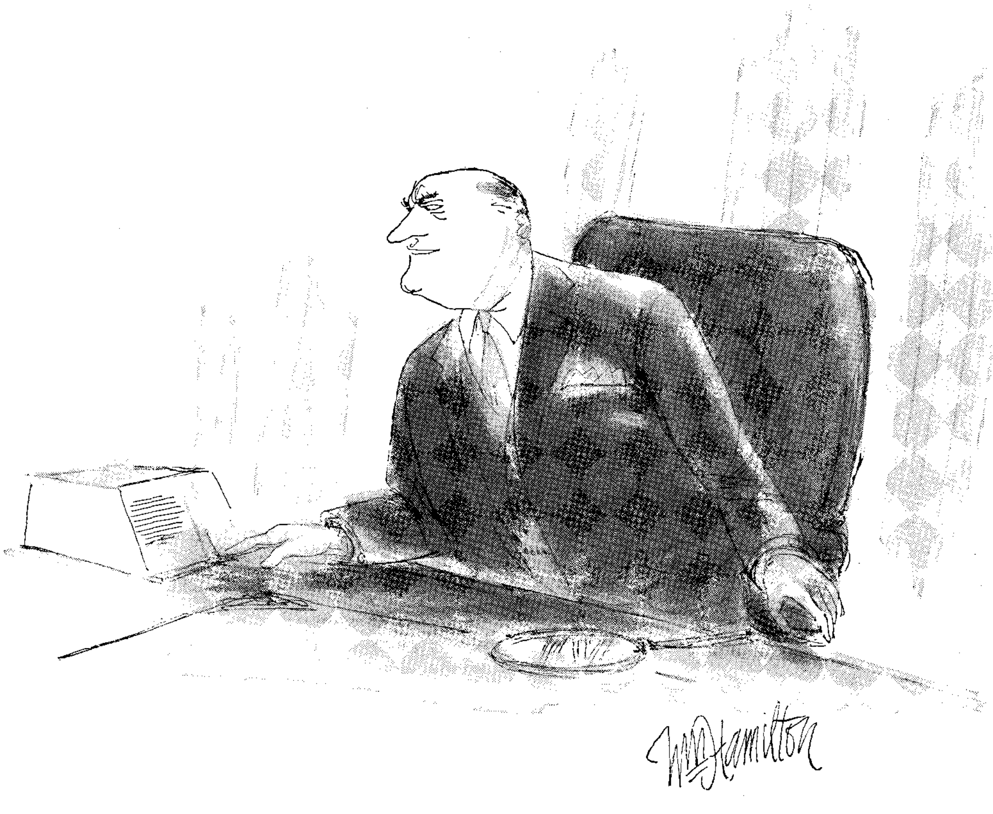
A REPORTER AT LARGE

FIFTY-TWO PEOPLE ON A CONTINENT

LATE in 1962, in Kordofan Province in the Republic of the Sudan, two men of the Kababish tribe shot and killed eight members of a tribe called the Meidob. They also stole five of the Meidob's camels and two hundred of their ewes. The killers were eventually arrested, and they were tried, in the shade of a huge tree, by Mohamed el Mubarak Ahmed el Medani, province judge of Kordofan. The judge sentenced them to death, and they were hanged. This was not satisfaction enough for the Meidob, and Meidob tribesmen began to raid, plunder, and kill Kababish. The Kababish struck back just as hard, and it appeared that an eternal feud had begun. Peacemakers from neutral tribes eventually stepped in and suggested that the Kababish pay a thousand pounds to compensate the Meidob for their original loss. The Kababish agreed, but then paid nothing. Bloodshed continued. So, toward the end of 1964, a great tent was erected in the desert near Malha, a village five hundred miles west of Khartoum, and four thousand square feet of carpeting were placed over the sand inside. In the interest of justice in the western Sudan, nearly a hundred nazirs and sheiks, representing all the important tribes in the provinces of Darfur and Kordofan—an area larger than Texas—sat down together. As nomadic, camel-raising people, the Meidob and the Kababish annually spend time in both Darfur and Kordofan, and the bloodletting between them had long since become an inter-provincial problem. On their rugs in the great tent, the sheiks and nazirs sat in a somewhat parliamentary manner, in eight long rows, four on one side and four on the other, facing across a central aisle. At one end of the tent was a mass of retainers and lower sheiks. At the other end was a long table, behind which sat the principal officials at the meeting. The presiding officer was the military governor of Darfur, Brigadier General Zein el Abdin Hassan el Tayib. Ranged on either side of him were Suleiman Wagealla, civil governor of Kordofan; El Tijani Saad, civil governor of Darfur; Hashim Hassan Abdulla and Youssif el Mufti, district commissioners in the two provinces; Abdulla Mohamed Ibrahim, Kordofan's commandant of police; Ahmed el Sharif el Hashmi, Darfur's commandant of police; Judge Mubarak el Medani; Dafalla el Radi Siddig, district judge of the High Court of the Sudan; and Carroll W. Brewster, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, editor of the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*, who had come to Malha at the request of Judge Mubarak el Medani, so that the meeting in the desert not only would be recorded but would include someone from the headquarters of the national judiciary, in Khartoum.

The nazirs and sheiks were dressed in tobes and jibbas—the loose, swirling dress of the Arab. Brewster was wearing a bush jacket, tan drill trousers, and a pair of moccasins from L. L. Bean, Inc., of Freeport, Maine. He is a handsome fellow of upper-medium height, solidly built, with thick eyebrows and sharp blue eyes. In another setting he might have been a striking figure, but in that assembly he was made fairly inconspicuous by the magnificent people about him. No leaders anywhere, in Brewster's opinion, could have more physical presence than the nazirs and sheiks of the Sudan. Nearest to the High Table sat the king of the Meidob, and directly across from him was the nazir of the Kababish. Each was surrounded by several sheiks of his tribe. Across the aisle, they acknowledged one another with predaceous stares.

Brewster, at the time, was twenty-eight. A graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, Yale University, and the Yale Law School, he had been working in the office of a United States District Court judge in New Haven when, in 1962, he had accepted an offer of employment from the government of the Sudan. While the British governed the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, as it was called, from 1899 to the end of 1955, there had been virtually no law reports written. In the six years following Independence Day—January 1, 1956—only a few small volumes of law reports had been produced by the law faculty of the University of Khartoum. Sudanese judges, meanwhile, had no other published precedents in Sudanese law. Whereas an American judge has something like twenty-five thousand volumes to turn to for help in coming to a decision, a Sudanese judge, in the absence of law reports, had little more to rely upon than his university education, a personal file of the cases that he himself had previously decided, and his sense of fair play. Sudanese judges had to depend almost entirely on the second and third of these resources, because legal education in the Sudan is based upon rote study of English lawbooks,



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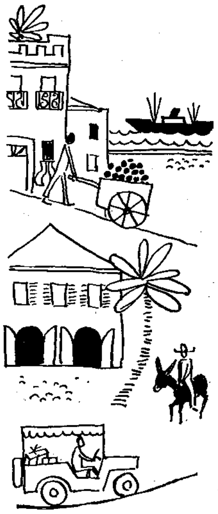
and cases involving inhabitants of Kent or Cambridgeshire tend to have little relevance to cases arising in, say, Blue Nile Province or Kordofan. With no way of putting their hands on one another's previous decisions, judges in different parts of the Sudan were deciding things differently. Lawyers were in the habit of collecting their own cases in private files. But there was no court reporter, no organization, no central ganglion for the recording of developing events in the law. Meanwhile, with the country only a few years old, any judicial decision of importance was potentially a basic element in the common law of the Sudan. The government recognized the need for an ordered record, and reasoned that a well-trained American lawyer, familiar as he would be with law reports, could establish a system of collecting and editing, which could be taken over, after two years or so, by Sudanese successors. By the end of 1964, Brewster had spent more than two years collecting law cases from every part of the country. He had already published the two volumes of the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports* for 1961 and 1962, which was all that he had originally come to the Sudan to do. He had, however, by then become not only enthusiastic but evangelistic about his work, and before he gave it up he would also publish volumes for 1963, 1964, and 1965. In all, he produced some fifteen hundred pages, covering every important judicial opinion that was handed down in any Sudanese court during those years.

Brewster first heard of the position in the Sudan through the administrators of a program that has been developed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is designed to place highly qualified young men in just such specific civil-service jobs in Africa. Over the past six years, this unusual international effort, called the Fellows in Africa Program, has sent fifty-two carefully selected people to that continent. About a quarter of them have been lawyers, and the rest have had graduate degrees in management or business administration.

Brewster had arrived in Khartoum on September 1, 1962, to become the only foreign member of the Sudanese judiciary. It happened to be the steamiest time of the Sudanese year, with the daytime temperature averaging around a hundred and ten degrees, but Brewster wanted to show that he was worthy of his hire, and within six weeks he had read two thousand cases from files in Khartoum, seeking decisions that were



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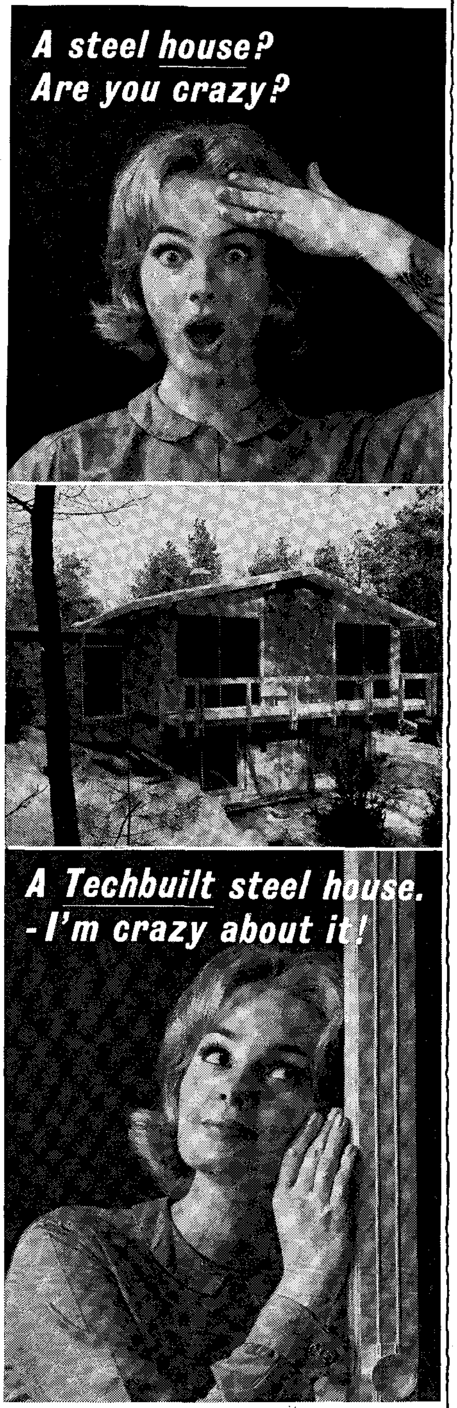
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significant enough to publish. He read not only 1961 and 1962 cases but also every case he could find that had been decided since independence, and when he came upon particularly important ones, he included them in the reports he edited. Next, in order to further his sophistication in Sudanese law, he went through the judiciary files hunting for cases that had been decided during the Anglo-Egyptian years. When he found opinions by British judges that seemed to have continued relevance in the modern Sudan, he referred to them in the reports as well. Writing headnotes and critical annotations to accompany the judges' opinions, he contributed about twenty thousand words of his own to each volume of the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*.

The law of the Sudan is written and recorded in English, but trials are conducted in Arabic. Within six months of his arrival, Brewster had learned enough colloquial Sudanese Arabic to enable him to go almost anywhere without much of a language problem. By this time, he had fairly well filled himself in on all the vintage law cases he could find in Khartoum. He had also turned up everything of interest in the private collections of judges and lawyers there. The principal remaining sources of material were the files of the various provincial courts, from which he would get more than half of the cases he eventually used. He wrote to more than a hundred judges asking for the records of old cases. Only one judge responded, and he sent only one case. So Brewster began to travel, usually in a British Commer truck from the government motor pool—a high-slung vehicle with oversized tires and exceptional durability, built to endure the deserts and semi-deserts of the area. The Sudan is the largest country in Africa, and two miles out of Khartoum, in any direction, the roads become informal. Brewster went to all the district and provincial courts—to capitals like Ed Damer, in Northern Province; El Fasher, in Darfur; El Obeid, in Kordofan; Wad Medani, in Blue Nile; Malakal, in Upper Nile; Juba, in Equatoria; and Wau, in Bahr el Ghazal. Returning from Juba to Khartoum, he rode a thousand miles down the Nile in a stern-wheeler. Because he was a member of the judiciary, he was put on a private deck and accommodated in a mosquitoproof enclosure equipped with a desk and writing supplies. The boat moved through the great swamps of the Sudd, where nothing but papyrus was visible to the

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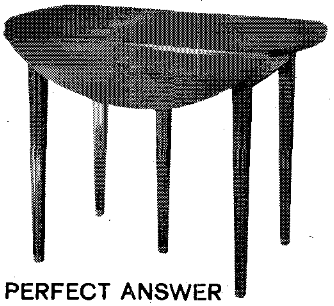

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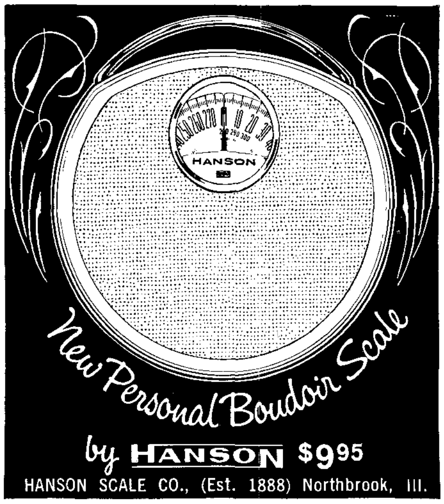

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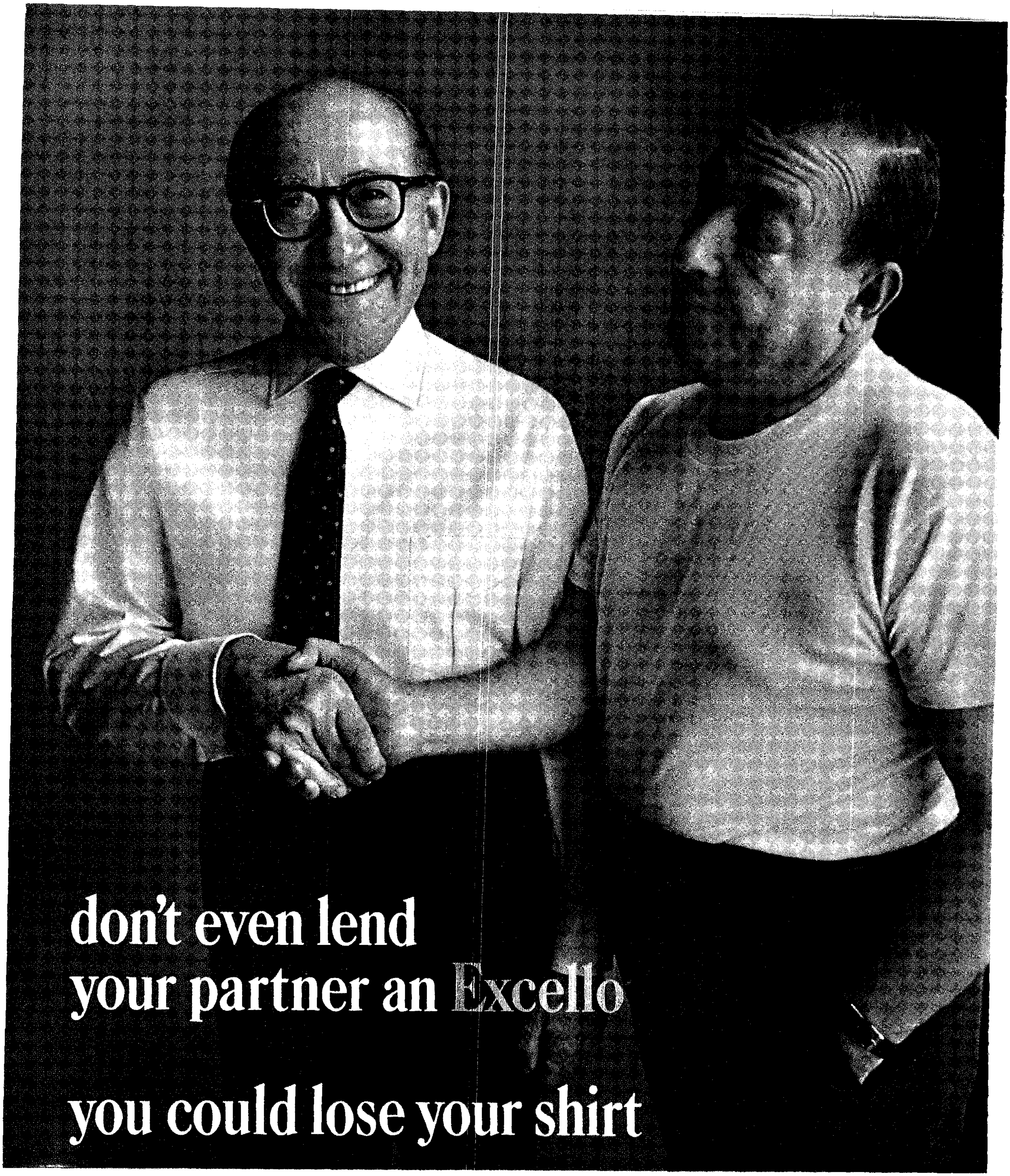

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horizon in every direction, while he edited the law reports of the Sudan.

Brewster's travels were not simplified by the fact that thousands of people had been killed as a result of the apparently insoluble conflict between the northern and southern peoples of the nation. The difference between the north and the south of the Sudan is the difference between deserts and rain forests, between Arabs and Negroes, between Muslims and either Christians or pagans. It is also the difference between descendants of slave traders and descendants of peoples who had been the victims of slave traders. American newspapers often describe the trouble in the Sudan as a religious conflict between Muslims and Christians, but basically, Brewster decided, the enmity is rooted in the racial domination of the Negro south by the Arab north. In the main, though, his work was not affected by this unrest.

In some of the outlying courts he visited, files were beautifully kept, but in most courts he discovered that the records of bygone cases had been irreverently tossed onto the floors of back rooms or into closets or other crannies full of dust and grit. Sorting through piles of records, he frequently found that the principal exhibits in the old cases had been stashed away with the judges' opinions. The stacks of paper were lumpy with knives, spears, and swords, often crusted with dried blood. "I found it a hundred per cent engrossing to sit down in some law court way out in the desert and read through the records of all the legal disputes that had taken place in that area since independence," he said later. "Eventually, I read all the cases decided by the High Court, all the cases decided by the province courts, and almost all the cases decided by the district courts between January 1, 1956, and the end of 1964."

As often as he could, Brewster sought out nazirs, sheiks, and other tribal chieftains, who sit as judges in the native courts and actually try four out of every five cases heard in the Sudan. His reports include few cases from these native courts, since the more professional courts take over at the appeal stage, but he needed to understand the native courts and tribal magistrates if he was to understand the process of law in the country. Now, at the gathering near Malha, he realized that, with the exception of Judge Mubarak el Medani, no one present knew more of the sheiks and nazirs in the tent than he did. Seated next to the king of the Meidob and his surrounding sheiks, for

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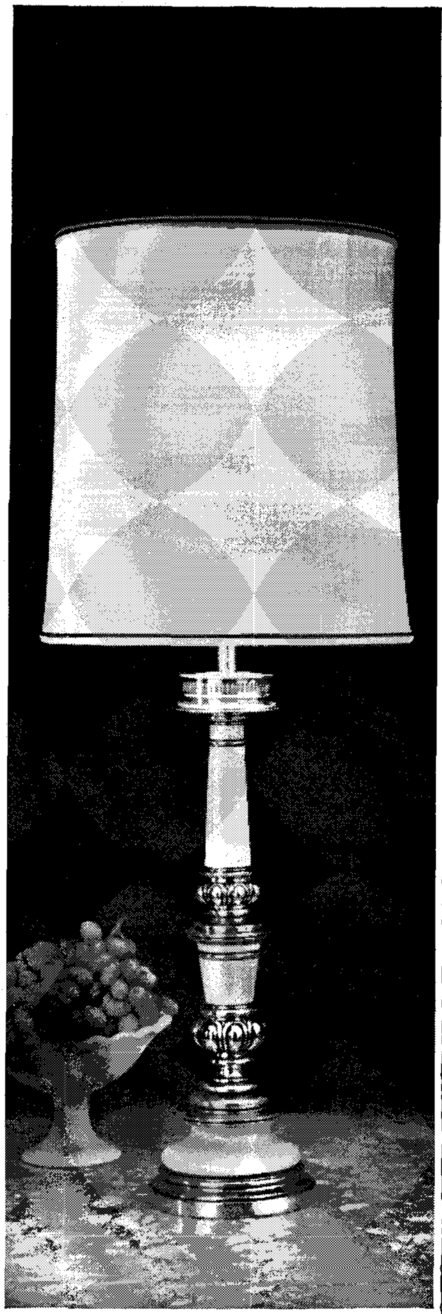

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example, was Nazir Mohamed Temsah, of Kordofan. Brewster had known Mohamed Temsah for two years and had frequently been a guest in his house. Only two nights before, in fact, Brewster, Judge Mubarak, and Judge Dafalla el Radi Siddig had been camped in the desert when another party of travellers approached them and they heard Nazir Mohamed Temsah's tympanic voice call out, "El Car-role!" This was Brewster's first name in Arabic. The nazir and Brewster embraced vigorously for three or four minutes, then began to catch up on the news:

"You are welcome."

"You are welcome and so are your people."

"How is your health?"

"Thanks be to God, well."

"God bless you."

"How is your health?"

"Thanks be to God, well."

"God bless you."

"How are your camels?"

"Thanks be to God, well. How are your camels?"

"Thanks be to God, well. How are your cattle?"

"Thanks be to God, well."

And on they went, through every living thing that could possibly be of importance to either of them. Mohamed Temsah, whose name means Mohamed the Crocodile, is the nazir of the Dar Hamid, a tribe of two hundred thousand people. Brewster had first met him at Bara, in Kordofan, where Mohamed Temsah was acting as one of three judges in a multiple-murder case. The nazir had cemented their friendship by inviting Brewster to breakfast one morning and giving him the raw liver of a sheep that had just been killed. Brewster had eaten it as if it were a boiled egg. Mohamed Temsah had been the first to call him El Car-role.

Nazir Hassan el Tom Ali el Tom, of the Kababish, staring brutally at the king of the Meidob, was also a friend of Brewster, who had visited his portable palace. Just beyond Nazir Hassan el Tom sat Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla Eleazar, of the Kowahla, whom Brewster had also known for the better part of two years. Brewster and the Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla had first met near the oasis at Umm Badr, when Brewster had gone to that part of the Sudan to attend a trial. The nazir, his grass hut surrounded by a sea of camels, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, had sat Brewster down on a priceless rug and offered him a bowl containing

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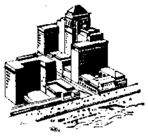

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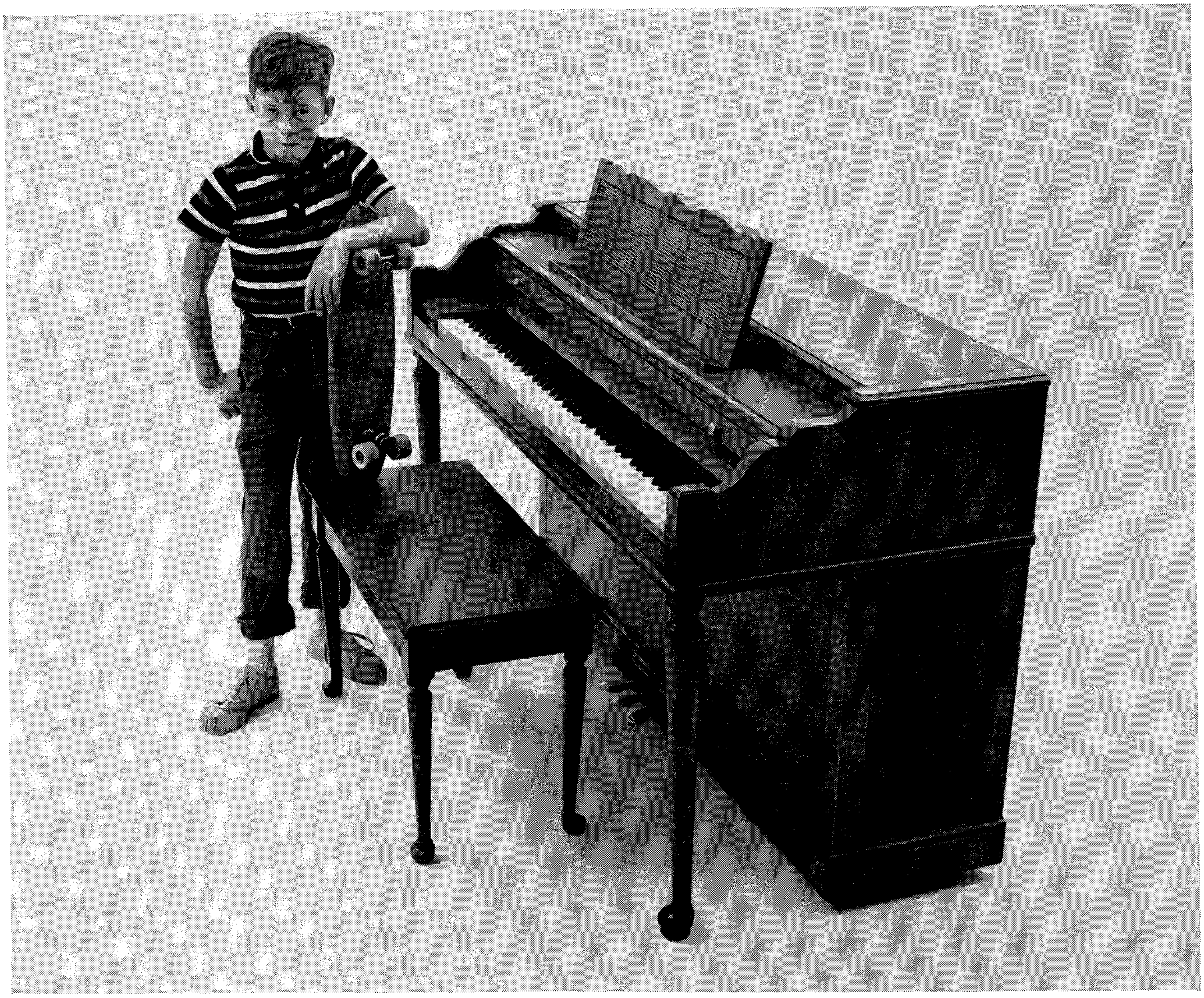

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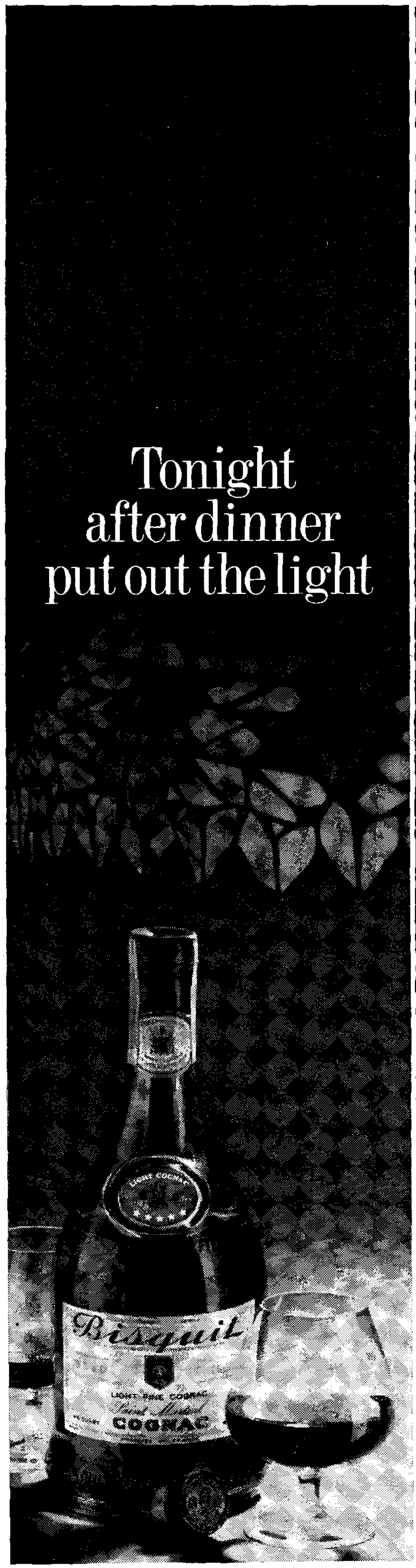

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more than half a gallon of camel's milk. Brewster drank it all. The nazir then offered him the entire raw liver of a camel, which had been torn out of the camel's interior no more than a minute earlier. Brewster picked it up in both hands. It weighed about five pounds. Holding it like a slice of watermelon, he ate it in half an hour, while Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla and half a dozen other men watched him appreciatively. To wash down the camel liver, the nazir gave him a cup of water from the oasis. Brewster, who had never seen an oasis before, had imagined something other than the shallow mud lake at Umm Badr, which was full of camels and cattle, standing knee-deep in mire. The water in the cup was grayish-brown. He drank it down. The nazir embraced Brewster and decided that he was *shadeed*, a word that means virile, robust, courageous, indomitable—in sum, like a nazir. He took Brewster outside, sent him off on a camel for a tour of the encampment, and later took him back inside and gave him another half gallon of camel's milk. This time the milk had been flavored with onion juice. Brewster and the nazir talked about all kinds of things, from the Egyptian troops in Yemen to the news coverage of the B.B.C. And the nazir wanted to know all that Brewster could tell him about the Negro revolution in America.

Next to Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla Eleazar, in the tent at Malha, sat Sheik Gasmalla Fadlalla Eleazar, his brother. There was something enviable about Gasmalla Fadlalla, and this, as Brewster had learned earlier, was that he had only two responsibilities in the world—to look brave at all times and to be overpowering in the eyes of women. His brother was the leader of the tribe, which was a one-man job. Sheik Gasmalla Fadlalla enjoyed the glories of sheikdom without having to bother with the work. He had a rich sense of humor and a commanding air of abandon. Writing home about him, Brewster noted, "He has three wives and countless concubines; and he looks brave as hell to me. So I guess he is successful in life." Like his brother the nazir, Sheik Gasmalla Fadlalla was impressed by Brewster's gastronomic good taste, but he worried—or, anyway, he said he worried—that Brewster would perish on returning to American food.

At one time or another, Brewster had encountered many of these camel-raising western tribesmen in Khartoum as well as in the provinces, and one such meeting had been a memo-

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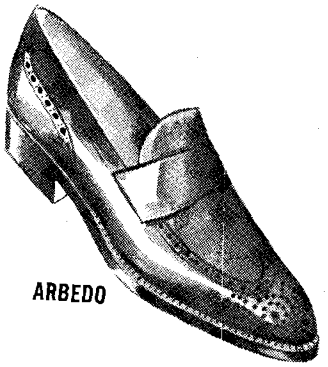

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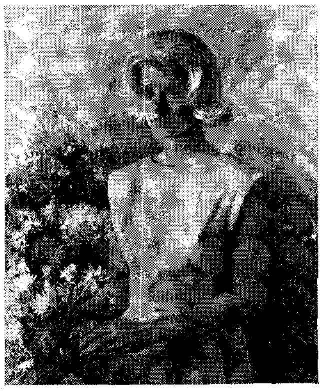

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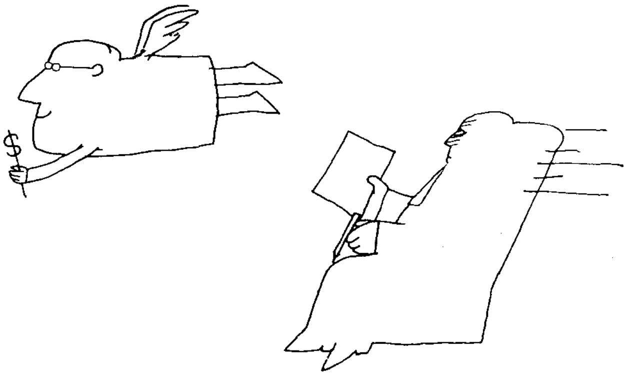

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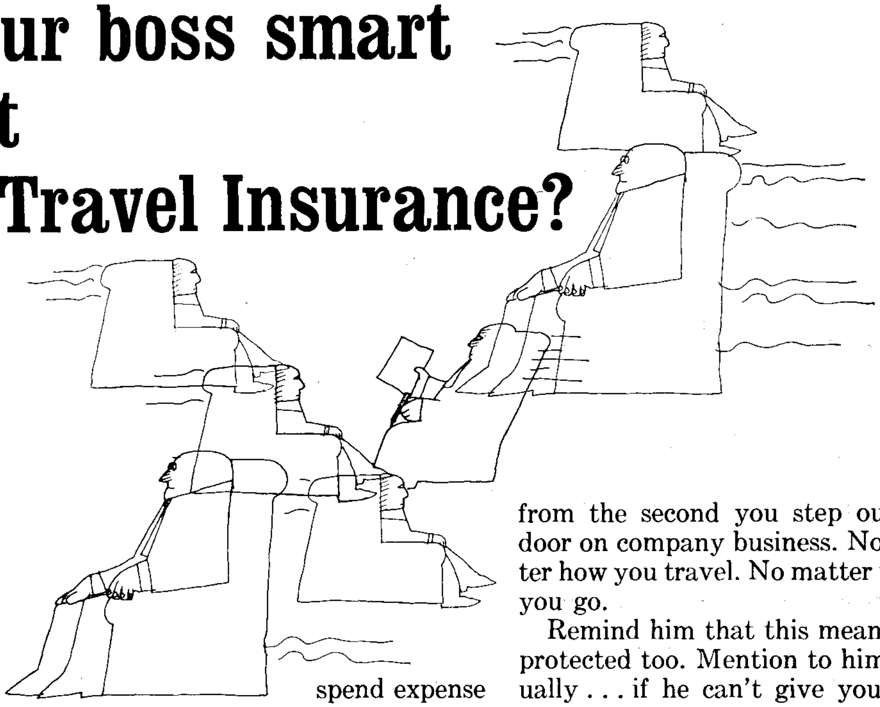

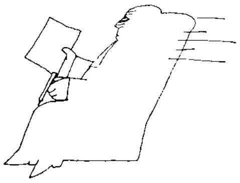

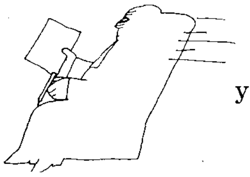

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rable reunion with Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla. Khartoum is the payoff point on the annual nomadic circuit. Once a year, the tribes trek to Cairo to sell their camels—a round trip of about twenty-two hundred miles. Modern monetary policies being what they are, the tribesmen can no longer get Egyptian gold in return for their animals but have to accept a credit from Barclays Bank. After returning to the Sudan, they stop off at Barclays branch in Khartoum, where they are paid in Sudanese pounds. The tribesmen are fairly original in the way that they collect and divide their money. The nazir and nine or ten of the principal sheiks arrive outside the bank, and the sheiks sit down on the sidewalk while the nazir goes inside with a suitcase. After a while, the nazir comes out, opens the suitcase, and takes out thick packets of Sudanese ten-pound notes, heaving one packet after another into the laps of the sheiks. When the suitcase is empty, he goes back into the bank. The tellers fill the suitcase up again. The nazir returns to the sidewalk and deals out more money to the sheiks. After the nazir has made four or five trips between the sidewalk and the bank, each sheik has in his lap the capital on which his particular subdivision of the tribe will live for the coming year. Some Sudanese in Khartoum look down on this as the behavior of unspeakable rubes. Brewster defends the tribesmen, who, he says, "have the great qualities—courage, honor, imagination. They are a noble race of men. Anyone who shows them the slightest bit of condescension appears to them to be a fool." He was therefore embarrassed for some of the clerks in the judiciary one day when Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla, having just tossed several hundred thousand dollars to a sidewalkful of sheiks, stopped at the judiciary to call. The nazir was, admittedly, pungent. As he moved up the stairs, he called out, "El Car-role! El Car-role!" in a voice that nearly levelled the building. Some of the scrubbed urban clerks in the judiciary had quite noticeably recoiled. Brewster asked them to serve tea for all and to come meet Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla Eleazar. He says that they soon recognized what a great man the nazir was.

Now, looking over the assembled sheiks at Malha, Brewster also reflected that at one time or another at least half of them had given him sheep. Whenever he visited a sheik, he would be given a sheep, or two or three sheep, as a sign of the sheik's respect for the judiciary and as a token of hospitality. Brewster had, in fact, classified many of the sheiks present as one-sheep sheiks, two-sheep sheiks, and three-sheep sheiks. Sheik Gasmalla Fadlalla, for example, was a two-sheep sheik, and Nazir Mohamed Temsah was a three-sheep sheik. Brewster had gratefully taken the sheep with him as he continued his journeys, eating them on subsequent nights with various travelling companions. Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla Eleazar was in a category by himself. He had killed a camel in honor of Brewster, and was therefore a one-camel sheik. There was also a sheik in the tent who, when he had first seen Brewster, a year or so earlier, had rushed up to a judge whom Brewster was travelling with and, pointing at Brewster, asked if the British were back. Any number of the sheiks present had entertained Brewster over bowls of *marissa*, a tribal beer that has the color of oatmeal, the consistency of milk, and the impact of gasoline. Brewster never developed much of a taste for *marissa*, but he had been eager to try it, because, he explains, "Practically every criminal case in the Sudan begins, 'The defendant had a bowl of *marissa*. . . .' "

If Brewster had a remarkable breadth of acquaintance among the nazirs and sheiks, he was no less familiar with the judges and provincial governors who were sitting beside him. He had been a travelling companion of both judges and a guest, from time to time, in the home of Judge Mohamed el Mubarak Ahmed el Medani. The other attending judge, Dafalla el Radi Siddig, had only recently returned to the Sudan from Yale, where he had taken his LL.M. at the Yale Law School. Brewster had persuaded him to go there, had arranged a scholarship for the purpose, and, through the United States Embassy in Khartoum, had obtained travel money for him. When Brewster arrived in the Sudan, no member of the Sudanese judiciary had been to an American law school, nor were any interested in going. The quality of American law, he felt, had been misevaluated there, largely because of a general prejudice, on all levels, against American education. However, Brewster had given Judge Dafalla el Radi Siddig a copy of Justice Benjamin Cardozo's "The Nature of the Judicial Process." The

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81. Substitute for button thread
82. Tie a door open
83. For a draw-string
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87. Tie up in knots
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89. Lace things
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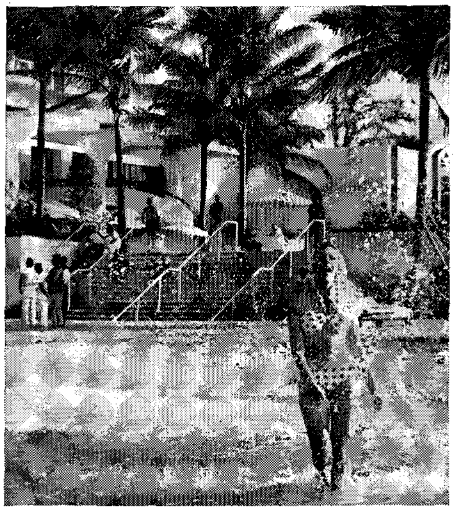

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book altered the judge's opinion of American law. He decided that a year at Yale would be a fine idea, and he became the first of eleven judges for whom Brewster has obtained scholarships for the study of law in the United States.

ON the first day of the gathering at Malha, nothing much happened except speeches by sheik after sheik. The gathering of the tribes, quite obviously, was less fratricidal than fraternal, as might have been expected in an assembly where the peacemakers outnumbered the disputants fifty to one. The speeches of the sheiks were marvels of syntactical architecture. The sheer splendor of the rhetoric—far though it may have strayed from the point of the conference—was so irresistible that the glint of murder gradually died out of the eyes of the Meidob and the Kababish. A genealogical-minded sheik delivered the day's most effective argument when he said how unthinkable it was that deep friction should exist between these two brotherly tribes, since the king of the Meidob had actually been named for the father of the nazir of the Kababish, and the brother of the nazir of the Kababish had been named for the grandfather of the king of the Meidob. A hum of approval ran through the tent. The point had the magic of a great discovery. Everyone had more or less known it, but until then no one had thought of articulating it. The air was mellow as the first day's session ended, and it seemed clear that the peacemakers would be able to proceed quickly to a formal agreement. The content of this agreement was what particularly interested Brewster. Beyond fulfilling his duties as a representative of the judiciary and an adviser to the officers and judges, he was there to record the conference for the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*. It was not the sort of thing that one would expect to find in a law report, but he felt that in the Sudan it was important to have a written precedent showing how an inter-tribal feud could be settled.

Each night during the conference, which lasted a week, Brewster ate with a different sheik, and each night a ram was ceremonially laid out before the guests, its nose pointed toward the east. After its throat had been cut, the guests would ritually step over it on their way in to dinner. The meal would begin with *maraa*, a first course analogous to oysters or shrimp. *Maraa* is the raw lungs, stomach, liver, and other en-

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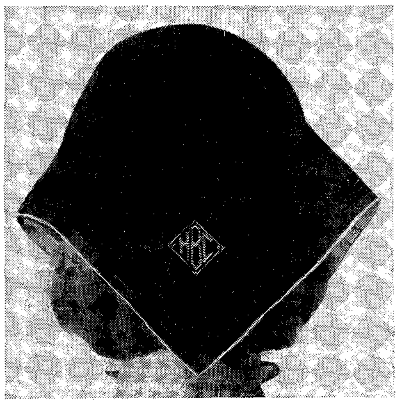

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trails of the just-killed ram. Brewster developed a taste for *maraa*, but, in general, he preferred what followed—the rest of the ram, beautifully roasted—and it often disappointed him that his hosts pressed so much *maraa* upon him that he was quite full by the time the mutton was served. After dinner the first evening, Brewster joined an audience of about two thousand people listening to the songs of an entertainer known as a Flatterer, who sang lyrics he invented on the spot to describe, one after another, the notables before him. Coming to Brewster, he sang, "Tonight here is El Car-role, who came all the way from America to work for the judges, and he eats *maraa* and rides a camel like an Arab and climbs a mountain like a goat." This sort of thing apparently plucked right at the main string of the desert sense of humor, for it filled the air with laughter.

The following morning, when all the nazirs and sheiks had assembled in the tent as before, the presiding officer asked Nazir Hassan el Tom Ali el Tom, of the Kababish, when he intended to pay the thousand pounds that he had once agreed to pay to the Meidob. Everyone looked at Nazir Hassan el Tom Ali el Tom, who stood up, and, offering no comment, reached into the folds of his garments and drew out a packet of money that might easily have been mistaken for the manuscript of a very long novel. Skimming a hundred ten-pound notes off the top, he laid them on the table before Judge Mubarak el Medani. Then he stepped across the aisle and shook hands with Melik el Tom Mohamed el Sayah Jami, King of the Meidob, and he did so with such grandeur that one might have thought it was the Meidob, and not the Kababish, who had been forced to pay up. Then began a great debate, which resulted in the agreement that Brewster had come to record. "The debate was so magnificently eloquent that it cannot be adequately described," Brewster wrote later, "Sheik Ibrahim Ali el Tom, uncle of Nazir Hassan el Tom, was spokesman of the Kababish. He stood there, the folds of his white robe rolling over his shoulders and crossing in front, his face black as coal, his eyes permanently bloodshot, his posture straight, strong, and relaxed, his gestures modest and firm—altogether a mighty appearance. He spoke clearly, making each point carefully, giving illustrations where they helped."

The agreement that eventually evolved dealt mainly with lost and stolen animals, since incidents having to do

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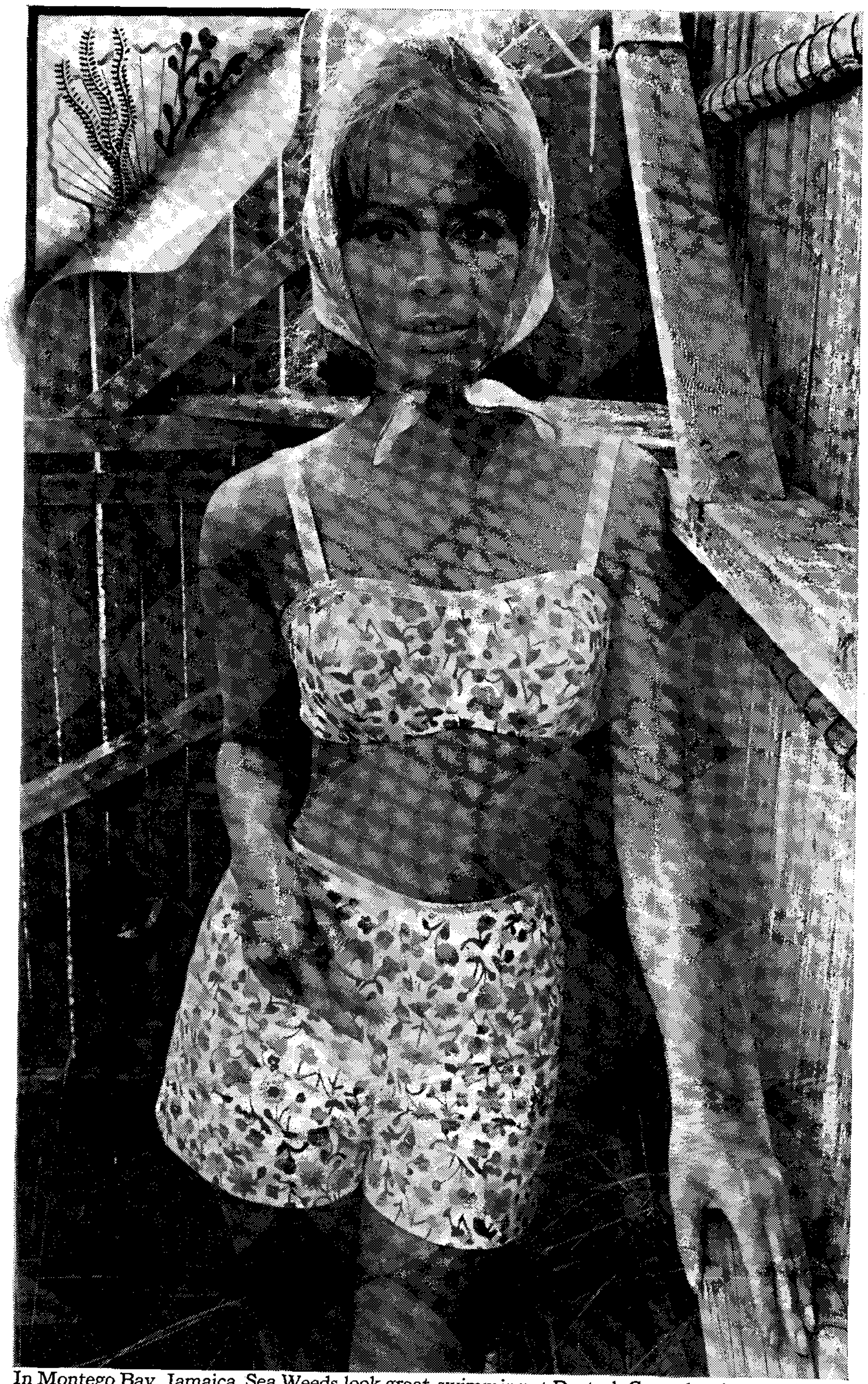

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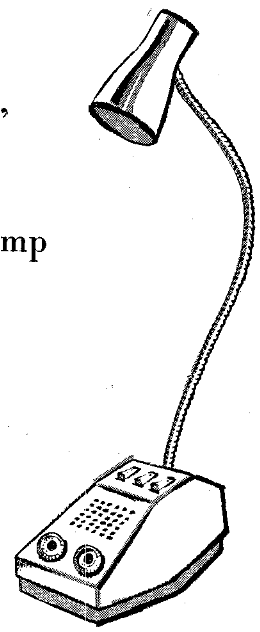
with animals had been a principal cause of friction. "For example," Brewster noted, "if a Meidob loses a camel and believes it to be in the Dar (or territory) of the Kababish, he organizes a *fazaa* (a *posse comitatus* on camelback) to track the animal. The *fazaa* must get permission of a representative of the Kababish, at the tribal border, to enter Dar Kababish. With permission secured, the *fazaa* continues to track the camel. If the track enters a village and does not leave, the leader of the village must pay the price of the animal, or produce the thief. Once a track leaves a village, the village is no longer responsible. When the discussion had reached this point, I suggested a method to mediate disputes should it not be agreed that a particular camel's track left a village. My suggestion was brushed aside. Trackers are so skilled that no one had ever heard of such a dispute. I later learned of a case in which a camel was traced and found two months after it made its tracks. And I have since heard a tracker describe a camel, from its tracks, as female, unloaded, pregnant, and blind in the left eye—because grass had been nibbled on the right." The agreement also provided, among other things, for combined tribal courts to try cases involving members of both tribes, and it set up rules whereby each tribe could water and pasture its animals in the other tribe's Dar. All in all, it was a document worthy of two tribes whose leaders had been named for one another's father and grandfather. It appeared, in detail, with commentary, in the 1964 *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*. After a hundred and twenty relatively small claims had also been heard and settled, the gathering at Malha dispersed slowly, for it takes one Arab at least ten minutes to say goodbye to another, and each of a hundred sheiks had to bid farewell to the other ninety-nine. "*Maasalaamah, Allah ya berikfik. Maasalaamah* . . ."

LONG before Brewster went to the Sudan, the job that needed to be done there had been carefully scouted, and a painstaking search had been conducted for appropriate candidates to fill it. What sets the M.I.T. Fellows apart from other American scholars, observers, volunteers, and technical assistants who have gone to Africa in recent years is that the M.I.T. Fellows have been taken on as actual employees of various African governments, not as mere advisers or consultants, and—a matter of equal importance—the African govern-



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ments have paid them the full going rate for beginning civil servants. This usually amounts to something under three thousand dollars a year, and, with a liberal splash of Ford Foundation money, M.I.T. makes up the difference between that sum and the kind of starting salary that a young man with an LL.B. or an M.B.A. can expect these days in the United States. The program also takes care of moving and travel expenses—a sizable item, especially for those who take wives and children to Africa, as more than half of them have done. All this expense is considered necessary to make the jobs as attractive as possible to the best talent, but those who run the program do not in any sense want to offer the Africans a gift. The criterion is that a government must want a man badly enough to pay for him. Most Americans in Africa are responsible to the United States government or to some American university or organization. The M.I.T. Fellows, as salaried civil servants, are responsible only to the governments that employ them. They regard M.I.T., for the most part, as a kind of specialized employment agency, and while the Institute keeps in close touch with them, it does not attempt to control their work. As Assistant Secretaries, say, in African governments, M.I.T. Fellows have often negotiated across the table with representatives of the United States, and their loyalty to their employers has proved remarkably strong.

It is hardly surprising to find that a program resulting in a highly creative use of both money and talent did not have its origin in the ruminations of a committee. It is, in fact, almost wholly the product of the mind of one man. His name is Carroll Wilson. He is a tall and quiet man in his mid-fifties, with quick, dark eyes. He has the title of professor, and he conducts a number of seminars in the Institute's Sloan School of Management, but he is not really a college professor in the usual sense. For one thing, he has no advanced degree, and, for another, he did not join the M.I.T. faculty until 1959, after more than twenty years in government and private industry. He is a believer in the value of a restless career—if necessary, at the risk of financial uncertainty—and his own considerable number of former roles, commitments, projects, and enthusiasms have, in a sense, culminated in the Fellows in Africa Program, which probably could never have come into existence without his accumulation of friends and his easygoing

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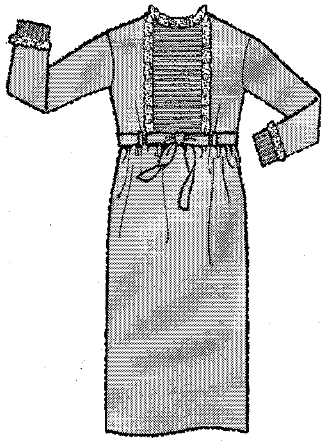

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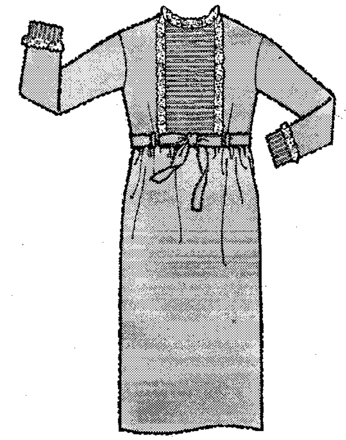

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familiarity not only with governmental leaders on several continents but also with the various Comstock Lodes that support such programs. Wilson's career actually began at M.I.T., where he joined the administrative staff after his graduation, in 1932. The revelation that, as an undergraduate, he went around Cambridge in a raccoon coat and a Cadillac phaeton astounds his present colleagues, who regard him as an eminently reserved and rational man, with a manner that is the antithesis of flamboyance. "The coat and the Cadillac are not to be taken as a particular indication that I had any interest in social life," Wilson says. In any case, he knew enough people to be elected an officer in the student government and, in that capacity, he came to know the men who ran M.I.T.—most notably the physicist Karl Compton, who was then its president. In Wilson's senior year, Compton reorganized M.I.T., establishing four major schools—science, engineering, architecture, and the humanities—and creating the post of assistant to the president, to be filled by a new graduate. He gave Wilson the job. In the office next to Wilson he installed Vannevar Bush, who had been a professor of electrical engineering and was now the dean of the engineering school and a vice-president of the Institute. "Bush and Compton were a marvellous team," says Wilson. "Compton was interested in new things and new ways of doing them. He said 'How?' rather than 'No.' He saw the merit in things. At times, he was naïve. Van, on the other hand, was a tough hombre who did tough jobs." Compton gave all those around him the feeling that they possessed an almost limitless capacity for moving ahead—a confidence that a good idea could always be turned into something tangible.

In 1940, when Bush went to Washington to run what became the Office of Scientific Research and Development, he made Carroll Wilson his executive assistant. When the war ended, Wilson, then thirty-five, became secretary to a board of consultants, including David Lilienthal, J. Robert Oppenheimer, and others, that first sketched out a United States atomic-energy program. When the Atomic Energy Commission was finally created, he became its first general manager. He served for four years, through a tangle of security cases, loyalty hearings, and internal battles between Lewis Strauss and his fellow-commissioners, and into the era of the hydrogen-bomb debates. After nine years in

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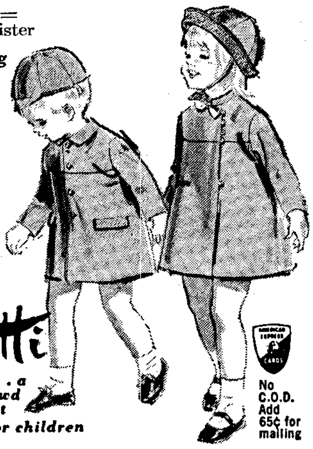

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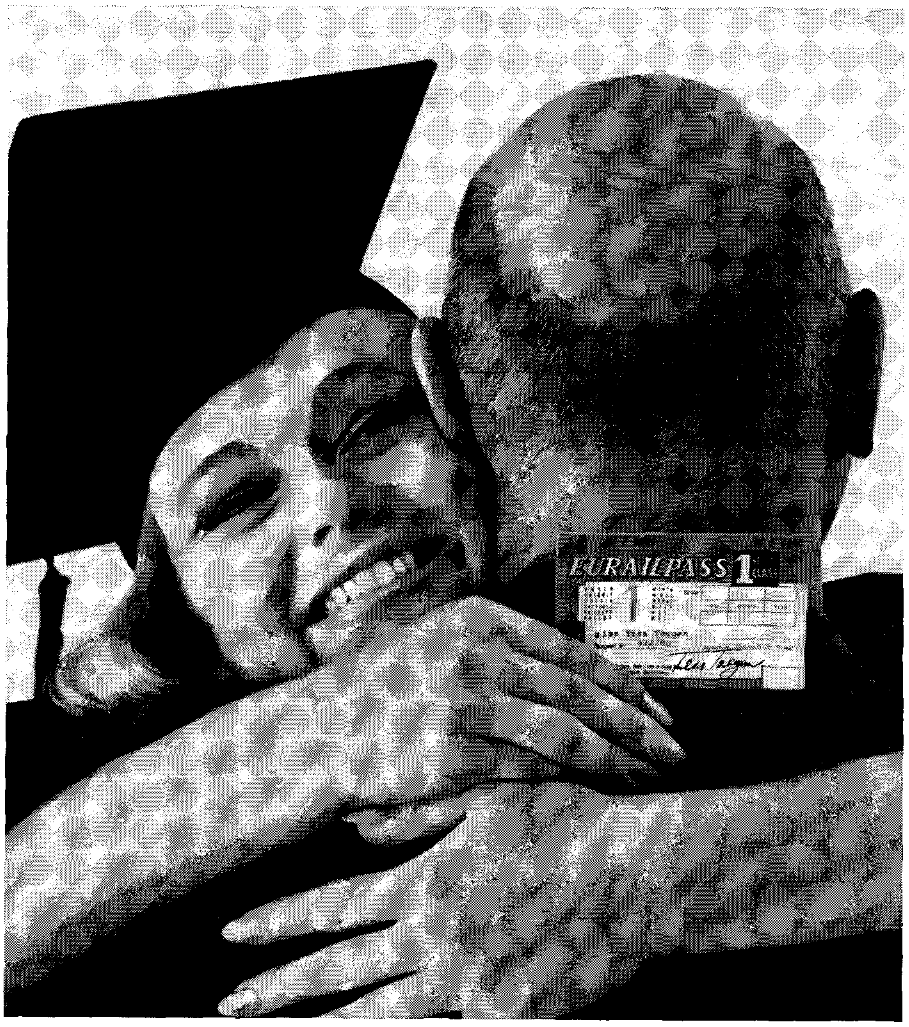
private industry, he was invited to join the faculty at M.I.T. While he was thinking the invitation over, he went to Africa as a travelling observer for the Council on Foreign Relations, of which he had long been a member. The Council had been given a Carnegie grant enabling selected members to go to Africa and look and learn. Travelling through the center of the continent, Wilson began to wonder how all the new nations then approaching independence were going to be able to manage the business of government without trained administrators in the middle and lower strata. Even when knowledgeable people were available on the top levels, there simply were not enough qualified candidates for all the lesser jobs, and these were the ones that involved most of the day-to-day responsibilities and decisions. The idea for the Fellows in Africa Program began to form only vaguely on that trip, however. Returning to the United States, Wilson accepted the offer from M.I.T. and started off with a seminar called Government Policy and Business Decisions. He had sixteen students, all of whom were enrolled in the graduate program of the Institute's School of Industrial Management. A couple of them, who wanted to find jobs overseas, asked him if there wasn't some quicker and better way to do it than by joining the overseas division of some huge American company. Wilson knew what they were talking about. "I was somewhat oppressed by the difficulties young people faced on long ladders of progression," he says. This, of course, was even truer of domestic jobs than of overseas ones. Educated young people have often considered the assignments given them by big organizations to be roughly equivalent to cutting out the backs of cereal boxes. "During the war I saw people doing just terrific things at a youthful age," Wilson goes on. "The structured quality of American business nowadays makes it hard to find a fast track for young talent." He asked the students in his seminar how many of them would want to go to work in Africa if he were to arrange it. Twelve of the sixteen raised their hands. Some of them said later that they had done so almost wholly because Carroll Wilson thought a job in Africa was a good idea. "I went to the Ford Foundation," he says. "I outlined the program. I asked for travel money for job hunting. And I asked them to agree to support the program if it developed. Damned if they didn't say yes."

Wilson went straight off to Tan-



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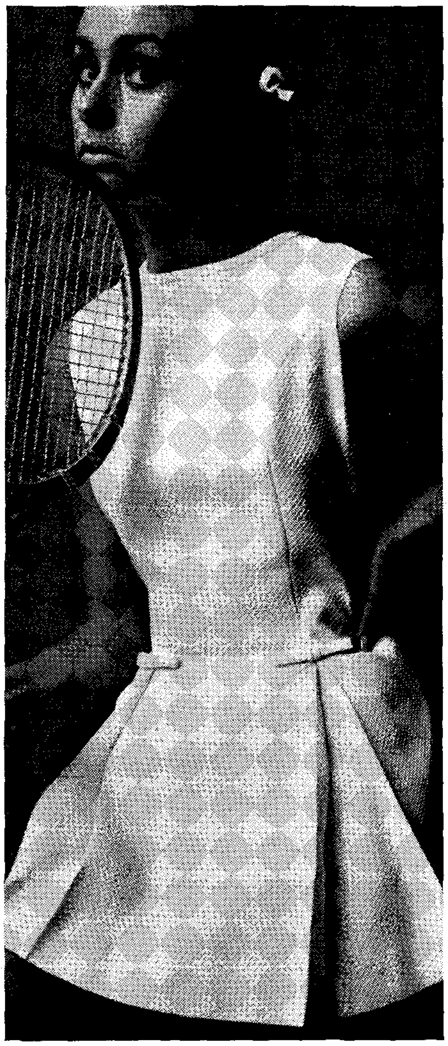

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ganyika and looked up the Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Finance, in whose home he had spent an evening the previous summer. Tanganyika was only a few months away from independence. Wilson arranged two jobs in the Treasury in Dar es Salaam. He found another promising post in the Uganda Development Corporation, in Kampala, and five more in Nigeria. Returning to Cambridge, he picked for each job the man he thought best suited to it. "We don't want missionaries," he has said. "We have always shunned the uplift type." In the following years, as the program expanded, Wilson kept returning to Africa to look for opportunities in new places, and he found them in Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Ghana, Kenya, Togo, the Somali Republic, Zambia, and the Sudan. He even placed two men on the French-speaking, British-governed, operettic island of Mauritius. In considering jobs and countries, one criterion he established at the outset was that the political environment should be, in his words, "sufficiently interesting and rewarding." It didn't have to be tranquil, but for contributions of the sort his M.I.T. Fellows could make, it needed to be less unsettled than it was in the Congo, for example. He rejected other countries for other reasons. "In Malawi, I went to see Dr. Hastings Banda," he said recently. "Everything is decided by Dr. Banda. He didn't understand the program at all. He thought I was trying to sell him the kind of technical experts who select contractors." Wilson thought it would be pointless to look for jobs in Addis Ababa. "Hell, there are four thousand Americans in Ethiopia," he says. "They cancel each other out." Although Liberia, free since 1847, was hardly a newly independent nation, Wilson went to Monrovia to see if the Liberians could use any of his men. "It was the most depressing place I've ever been," he says. "Black colonialism at its worst." He quickly concluded that there was nothing for the M.I.T. Fellows there. In the main, former French territories were also unpromising, because their governments frankly did not want Americans. Africans in former French colonies tend to think and act like Frenchmen, just as Africans in former British colonies—often in spite of themselves—tend to think and act like Englishmen. Wilson felt, too, that when a Ministry or some other institution offered a job to an M.I.T. Fellow, the institution had to prove that it had an important job to do. Finally, he considered the man who would be an M.I.T. Fellow's immediate boss. If he

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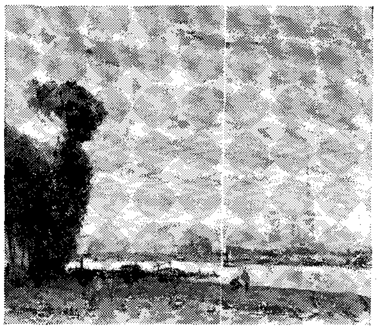

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didn't seem to be the sort who would give ample responsibility to a subordinate, Wilson stopped right there.

On one of his first trips to Nigeria, Wilson met J. Daniel Nyhart, a Harvard Law School graduate who was spending two years in Africa on a grant to study development banks. When Wilson meets a potentially useful man, he moves quickly. Before Nyhart quite knew what had happened to him, he was on the faculty of M.I.T. helping Wilson run the Fellows in Africa Program. Partly because of Nyhart's influence, lawyers were added to the program, and the sources of new Fellows were widened to include the Harvard and Yale Law Schools. Fellows have also been recruited from the Harvard Business School, and, more recently, from the business schools of the University of Chicago and Indiana University. From the beginning, Wilson saw the program as a kind of pilot project, intended to help African governments fill what he has described as the "talent vacuum" in the years immediately following independence. The Sudan became independent in 1956; Ghana in 1957; and Togo, Nigeria, the Somali Republic, Mauretania, Mali, Niger, Chad, Senegal, Upper Volta, Dahomey, Gabon, and the Republic of the Cameroun in 1960. Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, and Tanganyika (now Tanzania) emerged in 1961, Uganda in 1962, Kenya in 1963, and Zambia in 1964. Wilson's program, beginning, as it did, in the autumn of 1960, could not have been more perfectly timed.

THE jobs have been concerned, in the main, with economic development. For example, Michael Payson, with two Togolese colleagues and a U.N. economic adviser, conceived and wrote an economic-development plan for Togo. One of the specific projects fostered by Payson, who is the son of a Maine legislator, was Air Togo, a new national airline, backed by private American investors. He almost literally got it off the ground. The line had one six-passenger Beechcraft, with a fairly monotonous schedule—Lomé to Sokodé and back. Air Togo has since extended its route a hundred miles to Sansanné-Mango, but that will be it, for Togo will then be covered. The country is three hundred and forty miles long from its northern border to the Bight of Benin, and less than eighty miles wide. Arriving there in 1961, Payson soon became fairly close to President Sylvanus Olympio, for whom he wrote speeches and articles. Olympio also had him prepare the documents through which

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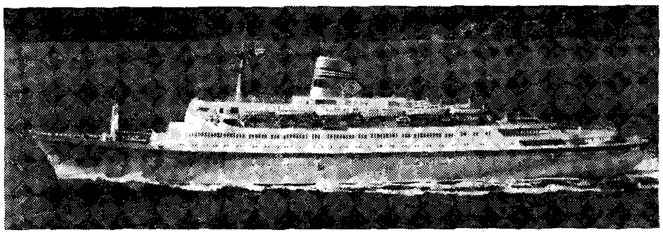

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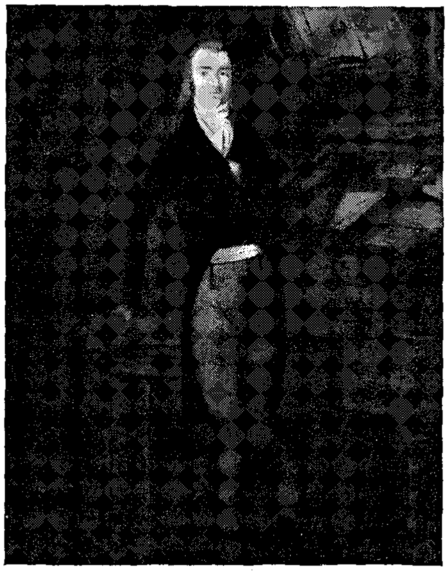

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Togo joined the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and the International Development Association. In 1963, just after Payson had concluded his M.I.T. tour and left the country, Olympio was assassinated. When Payson returned some weeks later on a mission for the United Nations, Air Togo offered him twenty thousand dollars a year to become general manager. He went back to M.I.T., however, and is now working on his Ph.D. there.

James Stoner, who is also working toward a doctorate at M.I.T., was from 1961 to 1963 Project Development Officer in the Ministry of Commerce and Industry in Dar es Salaam. The most remarkable thing he did there was to handle the final negotiations with the Italian oil combine, E.N.I., for the construction of a refinery. The deal was the single most prickly domestic political issue at the time, and Stoner, who was twenty-seven, put it together, shuttling from Ministry to Ministry and then to meetings with the Italians. The agreement, in his words, "had some teeth in it for the country." Other things he did were less momentous but, perhaps, more interesting. One development problem involved a meerschaum-pipe factory. "Meerschaum is a mineral deposit found in old ocean beds," Stoner explains. "The word is German, and means 'sea-foam.' Technically, the stuff is a hydrous magnesium silicate. If you go to Turkey, the Turks will tell you that they have the only meerschaum deposit in the world. But there are extensive deposits under the Amboseli Plain, on the Kenya-Tanganyika border. The Tanganyika Meerschaum Company, Ltd., was in trouble and asked for the government's help. Our government—that is, the government of Tanganyika—took a position in the company, a fairly substantial one, but nonetheless a minority position. Sometimes the government amazed me. The Tanganyika Meerschaum Company was completely on the ropes; it would certainly have failed if the government had not come to the rescue. Our problem was: What is a government's role as a shareholder in a private company in which it does not hold a majority interest? I suggested that the government take a more active role. Tanganyika Meerschaum is now doing very well. It provides jobs, uses local material, teaches usable skills, and makes a quality product. It makes money, too, although not much. You can get a Tanganyika Meerschaum pipe in Cam-

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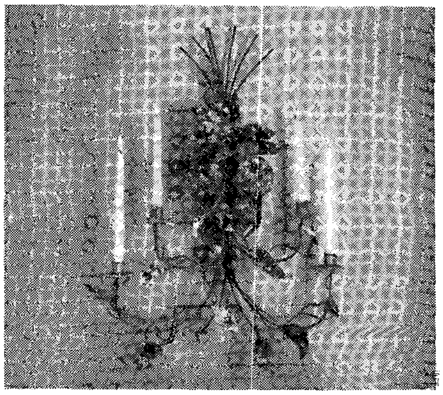

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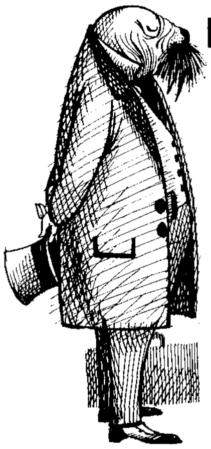
bridge, Massachusetts." Stoner grew up in Bronxville and in the District of Columbia. He went to Antioch College and to M.I.T. "The other project I worked on most was the Lake Manyara Hotel," he recalls. "It was under construction, and its funds had dried up. It had been started by a white hunter, on a bluff overlooking the Rift Valley. Lions sleep in the trees there. The white hunter's name was Russell Bowker-Douglass. After he started his hotel, the trouble in the Congo came up, and that shot the white-hunter business all to hell. Also, Bowker-Douglass had a heart attack and after that couldn't do much white hunting anyway. The government of Tanganyika had already bought some shares in his hotel, and now Bowker-Douglass wanted to sell us more. The problem was how hard a bargain to drive. If you shaft somebody who is down"—the former voice of the Tanganyika Ministry of Commerce and Industry here becomes somewhat ungovernmental—"then other people know they're going to get shafted, too. If you are too easy, you look like a clod. My Ministry had to battle with another Ministry over this. We felt we should help the white hunter. We did, in the end, and I guess I felt pretty good about it. I felt moral. The hotel has been expanded twice since then. The whole thing was good for Tanganyika. It showed that the government would help a private investor who was hurting. And the hotel itself was important to the country as part of the tourist circuit—you know, Kilimanjaro, Ngorongoro Crater, game parks . . ."

THE island of Mauritius, forty miles long by thirty miles wide, is several hundred miles east of Madagascar, out in the Indian Ocean. Rand McNally desk atlases do not even show it. Seven hundred thousand people live there. One of them, until he left last summer, was Robert Norris, of Marshalltown, Iowa, who served as one of two investment officers in the government-controlled Development Bank of Mauritius. Norris went to Grinnell College, the University of Stockholm, and M.I.T. His wife is Swedish, blond, and quite pretty. She taught Mauritian women about birth control and herself gave birth to a child while she was there. "A development banker needs the foresight of an economic planner, the financial wisdom of a commercial banker, and the patience of a university professor," Norris says. He should know. Anyone who could move even a



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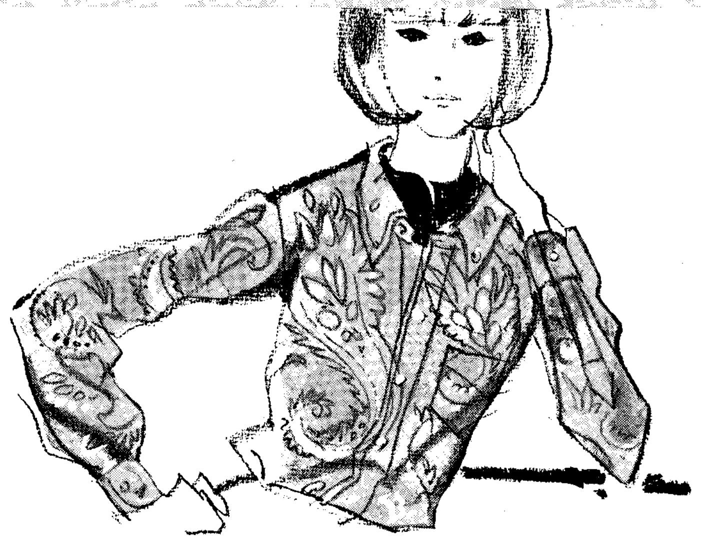

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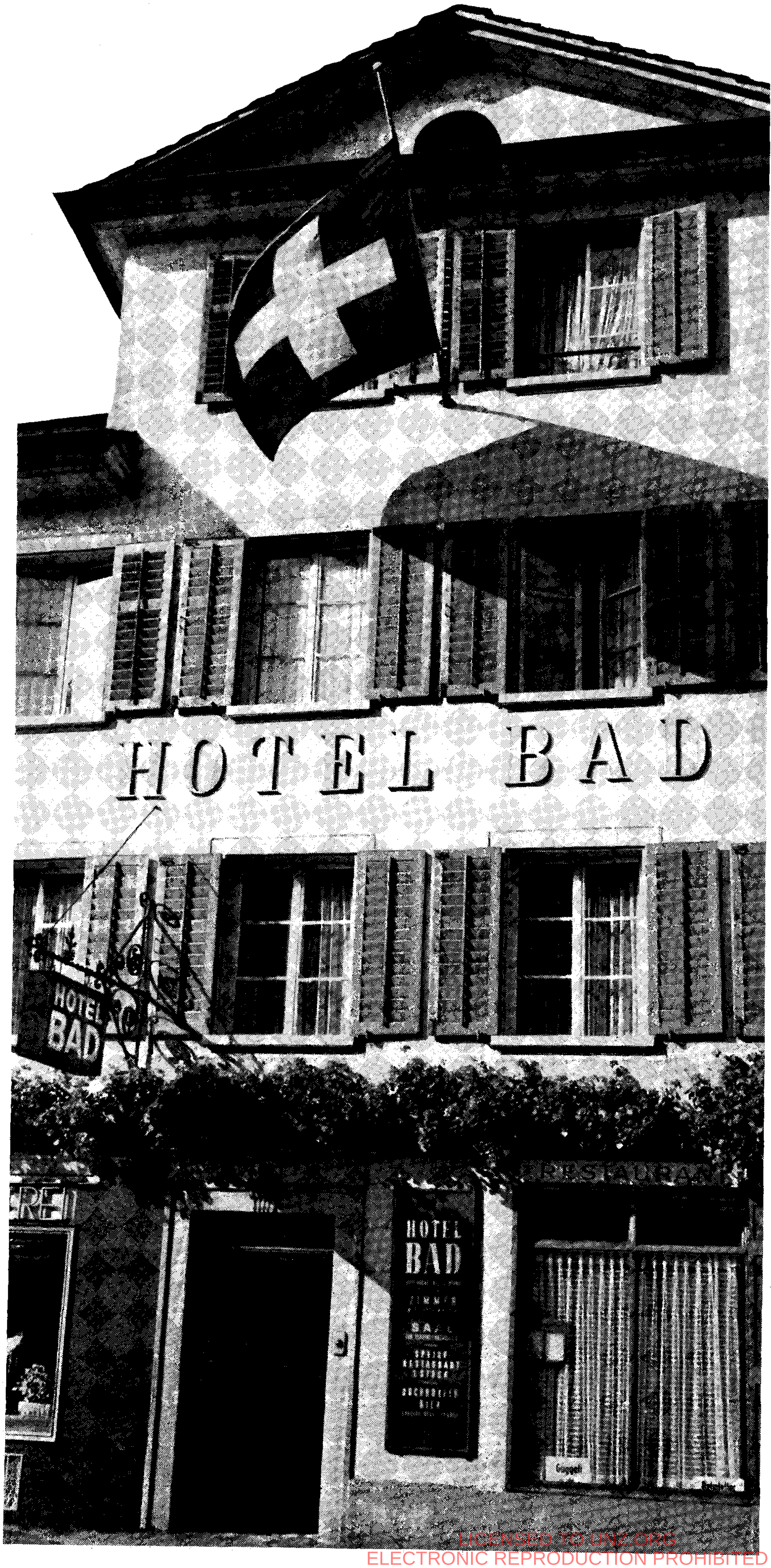
small development project forward on Mauritius could probably create a Tennessee Valley Authority almost anywhere else. If the island asks a question of the cosmos, it must be: How many conflicting races, nationalities, religions, and political philosophies can exist on the head of a pin? The richest people on the island are the French, who make up three per cent of the population. They have been there for three hundred years, growing sugar, which brings in ninety-eight per cent of Mauritius's income from abroad. Hurricanes blow harder in Mauritius than anywhere else—a hundred and seventy miles an hour—and sometimes they blow down the economy in a few minutes. Another three per cent of the Mauritians are Chinese, half of them Roman Catholic, who stay behind closed doors and work twelve hours a day in hole-in-corner businesses. They are suspicious of everyone else, and everyone else is suspicious of them. About two-thirds of the people are Indians—half of them Muslim, half of them Hindu, all of them socialistically inclined, and all of them filled with hatred of the French. A quarter of the people are Creoles—a term that in Mauritius means descendants of some eight hundred thousand African slaves who were brought in by the sugar barons. The slaves' blood has mixed with all the colors of man, and the Creoles are strikingly good-looking people. A small group—too small to be expressed practically as a percentage of the population—are English. They are running the island. Mauritius has been a British possession since 1814. There are thirty-three newspapers in Mauritius—Mandarin newspapers, Cantonese newspapers, French newspapers, and one English newspaper. The Mauritian calendar is a checkerboard of public holidays, twenty-three in all, including the Queen's Birthday, Chinese New Year, Guy Fawkes Day, Id-el-Fitr, and All Saints' Day. (All this against a backdrop of jagged mountain peaks, gushing waterfalls, deep-green vegetation, and fertile red-earth plains.)

The Development Bank of Mauritius would like to create new industries and widen the base of the island's economy. One problem is that in business enterprises the Mauritian races almost never mix. The Coca-Cola bottling plant, for example, was started by a Franco-Mauritian, so Coca-Cola, on Mauritius, is a white man's drink. The Pepsi-Cola plant was started by a Muslim Indian. On Mauritius, Pepsi-Cola is a black man's drink. There is one inspiring exception to the commercial immiscibility of the Mauritian races: The brewery, although it was built by a Franco-Mauritian, was from the start listed on the Mauritian stock exchange. Every sort of person bought shares. Everybody drinks the beer. Norris's chief contribution to Mauritius was to effect the establishment of a vegetable-oil mill that would be similarly pan-Mauritian. It may turn out to be the second-largest industry on the island. It was originally the joint concept of a Hindu landowner and a Franco-Mauritian sugar baron. Only a banker from a place like Iowa, working for the Mauritian government in a supra-political organization like the Development Bank, could have arbitrated the negotiations for such a partnership. Norris brought it off. The project has attracted investors from as broad a base of the population as the brewery did. The oil will be extracted from peanuts—or groundnuts, as they are known in Africa—that are being planted between rows of sugar cane, and so when Mauritius becomes independent, in all likelihood this year, it may not be starting out with what bankers call a monocrop economy.

THE most noticeable characteristic of the M.I.T. Fellows in Africa is a contagious identification with the governments of which they are a part. They use "we" and "our" in any sentence referring to their respective countries, and they go on using these pronouns for months and even years after they return to the United States. Henry Thomas, a Princeton and M.I.T. graduate, wrote an impassioned letter back to M.I.T. from his desk in the Uganda Development Corporation, in Kampala, complaining that United States foreign aid to India was crippling the economy of Uganda, because India had been Uganda's best customer for raw cotton and now the United States was selling its own surplus cotton to India on more favorable terms. A couple of passages from some of Thomas's other letters to Wilson show what has become of the Africa of H. M. Stanley and Allan Quatermain. "Went out after elephant over the weekend," he wrote on January 24, 1961. "All we shot was wart hog. Almost had a nice-



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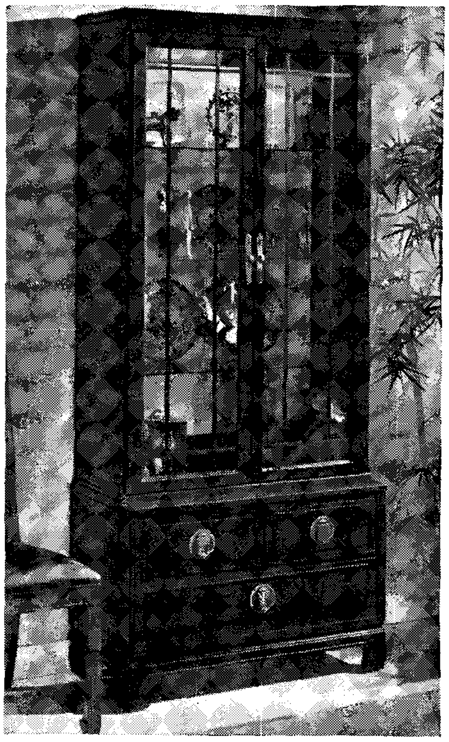
sized kongoni, but, after an hour's tracking, had to give it up. Only other item of news is that I've been moved out of the Development Division and into the Executive Division, at the same time assuming the role of personal assistant to the chairman. . . ." A few months later, Thomas wrote, "I am quite pleased to report that I hit two oribi at fifty yards. First one killed instantly. I'll be having oribi steak tonight. Next weekend I'm off, with camera this time, after buffalo on our cattle ranch. Seems the tsetse fly is getting bad and they have to drive the game across the river. All this week and last we've been working furiously preparing a Development Loan Fund application. We're going to try to get them to guarantee a debenture issue on the New York market." Thomas, who is now with the International Finance Corporation, an affiliate of the World Bank, also described quite concisely the swift and ramifying way in which nearly all the young men in Wilson's program have taken to their African situations. "There is immediate responsibility here," he wrote soon after he arrived in Kampala. "Already I'm authorized to countersign checks drawn against a loan we're about to make to three engineers who want to expand into building native fishing boats, a very good and viable project. On Monday, I visit the Ministry of Mines in connection with a loan application for expansion and renovation of a tin mine (not so hot). I'm making little progress with our scheme to set up a soluble-coffee plant but am about to launch an African shoemaker on the dizzy road to success. The shoe factory will make fifteen pairs a day. In all, I can say that this is one hell of an interesting job. Still no signs of kala-azar, hyperpyrexia, schistosomiasis, diphtheria, elephantiasis, trypanosomiasis, or yaws. Health and spirit strong. Good supply of whiskey." Thomas was twenty-five when he wrote that. If, instead of going to Uganda, he had gone to work for, say, the Chase Manhattan or the First National City Bank, it would have taken him at least five years to work his way up to the point where he could countersign a check, let alone shoot an oribi.

Once, when Wilson was passing through Entebbe, the United States Ambassador to Uganda complained to him about Douglas A. Scott, Princeton '56, Harvard Business School '61. "He acts as if he were working for Uganda," said the Ambassador. "He is," said Wilson. After thinking it over, Wilson



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decided that this was about the highest compliment his program had ever received. In Entebbe and Kampala, the bureaucratic word for native takeover of government positions is Ugandanization. Scott, who is tall and squarely built, and who grew up in Western Springs, Illinois, never managed to look particularly Ugandan, but in a sense he became as Ugandanized as the government itself. "We are part of the 'we's,'" he once said, "and the American government and the U.N. are part of the 'they's.'" Scott worked in the Ministry of Economic Affairs and in the office of the Prime Minister. He was almost solely responsible for bringing in experts from other parts of the world. For instance, the United Nations Technical Assistance Board allocated about five hundred thousand dollars to Uganda for technical assistance over a two-year period. An expert costs about eighteen thousand a year. Scott had to figure out how many experts he could afford and then draw up a list—two hydrologists to study a lake basin, four broadcasting technicians, one fisheries expert, and so forth. The reason for requesting a fisheries expert was that Uganda had about four hundred small fishponds, and it was thought that if more fish could be raised in them, Ugandan children would benefit considerably from the added protein in their diet. Carp do well in these ponds, so Scott made a specific request for a carp man, and the United Nations eventually found him one, in Israel. Scott had a nutritionist on his list, too, since about seventy-five per cent of the children in Uganda had worms, malaria, or stomach parasites. All experts did not come through the United Nations. To set up the basic framework of a national livestock industry, Scott had to decide which cattle-producing country to call upon. "Quite frankly," he says, with a note in his voice which suggests that he feels he may have done something un-Ugandan, "we turned to the United States for this."

IN January of 1964, a three-man mission from Kenya arrived in Washington to negotiate a loan with the World Bank for the purpose of increasing the size of Kenya's tea industry. Kenya had been independent for about a month, and, as it happened, this was the first Kenyan mission to have come to the United States since Independence Day. Two of the men in the mission represented the tea industry, and one represented the Kenya government. The government man was

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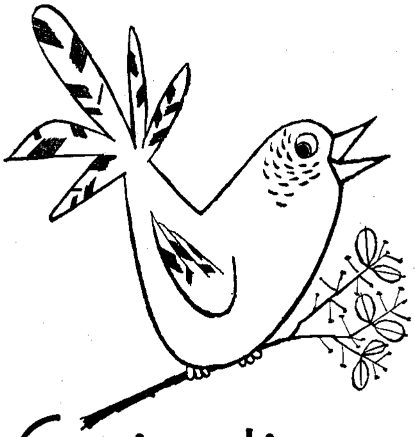

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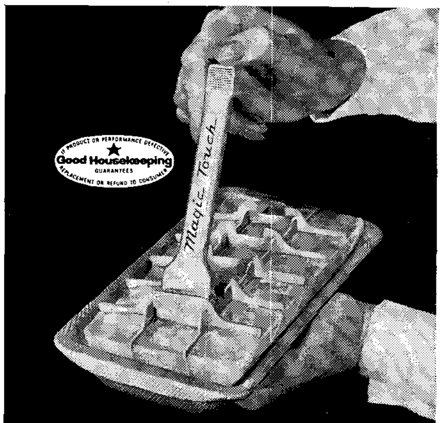
Michael Roemer, of Bakersfield, California, who at the time was a Planning Officer in the Treasury in Nairobi. Though he was only twenty-six years old, he was quite experienced by then in finding the right sources of aid for Kenya. "The key to my job in the Treasury was the thinness of the organization," he explains frankly. "I was the lowest form of civil servant in the office, yet I was only one remove from the Permanent Secretary. Things were not only thin vertically, but horizontally, too. Only three people, of whom I was one, were doing development planning, development budgeting, and foreign aid. My function was to make sure that about four million pounds a year in aid was forthcoming. My boss—the man between me and the Permanent Secretary—was a very busy man. The dog work, the actual project appraisals, would be done by me. We would sit down and decide how much money we needed, then find eligible projects. The appraisals were sometimes difficult. In Kenya, statistics didn't exist, and we had to invent a lot. Then we made application for loans."

The Kenya government's tea scheme was a kind of compromise between a large, efficient, central operation and one that would fulfill the political objective of encouraging small farmers. Tea is ordinarily a plantation crop—primarily because the leaves have to be processed within a few hours after they are picked. But the last thing Kenya wanted was more plantations. So the government created the Kenya Tea Development Authority, to build processing plants in the middle of clustered acreages of small tea growers. "The World Bank was the obvious source of money," Roemer says. "We thought it would be attracted to our project, because it was a nice tight one with a high return. We wanted to save the United States Agency for International Development for other things. Also, the U.S.A.I.D. likes hardware—even more than the World Bank. It also likes people to use its money to buy equipment in the United States. The United States is not a producer of tea equipment. The World Bank, for that matter, is not so big on agricultural schemes, either. It likes visible construction, visible results, sure things. A dam is fine. A road is good. A railroad is great. You can buy the equipment overseas, so the import content is high. However, in the Kenya Tea Development Authority the World Bank could get its finger on one organization. It liked this. A World Bank project-appraisal team spent a couple of weeks in



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Kenya, and then, not quite fast enough for us but pretty fast for the World Bank, they invited the Kenya government to send negotiators to Washington. When a representative of a small country gets to the United States, he does a lot of things other than his principal mission. I completed arrangements for us to join the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. I also made contact with A.I.D. I never ceased to marvel at the incongruity of my being there." Roemer eventually became so interested in economic development that he decided to become an economist. He had graduate degrees in both engineering and management, and now he is at M.I.T. getting a doctorate in economics. "I once thought that when I came back from Africa I would take a job in industry, but Africa broadened me enough so I was no longer interested in pure industrial pursuits," he says. "Jobs I could have had before I left were no longer interesting to me. This is both a strength and a failure of the program, I think. It creates dissatisfied people."

Roemer's successor in Nairobi is also an M.I.T. Fellow—something that Wilson has tried to let happen as infrequently as possible, since one goal of the program has been that its members be replaced by Africans. Michael Dixon, of Salt Lake City, Yale '62, Harvard Business School '64, last summer proved his familiarity with the intricacies of the Kenya government by showing up at the M.I.T. program's annual conference wearing a zebra-skin tie. He explained that Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta wore a London School of Economics tie and Dr. Julius Kiano, the Minister of Commerce and Industry, wore a zebra-skin tie, and that he was a follower of Dr. Kiano. He went on to deliver a talk that showed him to have become as sophisticated in the field of foreign aid as Scott, Roemer, Thomas, and others who had preceded him in East Africa. "Aid from Peking is the simplest of all," he said. "They just credit a million pounds to your account and let you spend it any way you want. The World Bank is a little more difficult in its approach. . . ."

PROFESSOR WILSON has made trips to Africa each winter to hunt for good jobs. Nonetheless, some of the positions he has lined up have inevitably fallen very wide of their promise. "If I find someone who is really stuck, I can often move him on or help him," says Wilson, who moved Robert Norris, for example, to Mauritius from Ghana—where the basically one-man

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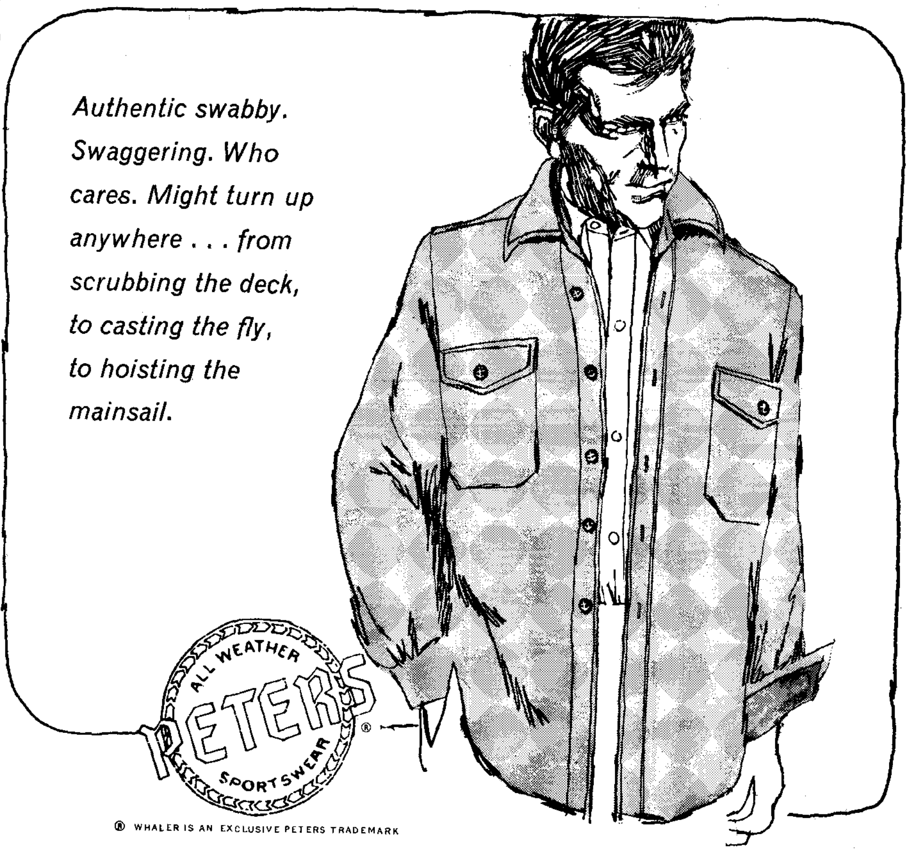

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government of Kwame Nkrumah seemed reluctant to give the M.I.T. Fellows any real work. Often a man whose original assignment has come to nothing will improvise a useful job to do. Tom Farer, for instance, arrived in Mogadiscio, the capital of Somalia, to find that he had no job at all. He was supposed to be legal adviser to the Foreign Ministry, but his contract had become lost in the bureaucratic machinery of the new government and consequently had never been approved. Farer saw the Prime Minister quite often, and on these occasions the Prime Minister would say, "Something must be done," but nothing was done. If Farer had gone home or been moved elsewhere, Somalia would have lost a considerable man. Wilson, in seeking lawyers for his program, had reasoned that the best young lawyers are chosen to be clerks for judges. From the Harvard and Yale Law Schools, therefore, he obtained lists of recent graduates who were clerking for judges. A high-honors graduate of Princeton and a former editor of the *Harvard Law Review*, Farer had been clerk-designate for Judge Learned Hand. After several unpromising weeks in Mogadiscio, Farer came to know General Mohamed Abshir, commandant of the police forces of Somalia—a five-thousand-man corps, which, says Farer, "is something like the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and ordinary traffic cops, and then some." General Abshir, in more than twenty years of service, had been trained by the British and further trained by the Italians. He could speak English, Arabic, Italian, Somali, and Swahili, and when Farer met him he had just returned from a year of study in the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton. Largely as a result of his admiration for the General and the regard that the General developed for him, Farer went to work for the police. First, he taught a course in criminal procedure and evidence to a class of junior officers, for in lesser crimes Somalian police serve not only as investigators but as prosecutors. He also taught criminal law. With another man, who was working as United Nations adviser to the Somalian police, he devised changes in the Somalian rules of procedure, which were based on Anglo-Saxon examples and did not always prove practicable in Somalia. According to one rule, for example, an accused person had to be brought before a judge within forty-eight hours—a difficult feat if the arrest happened to

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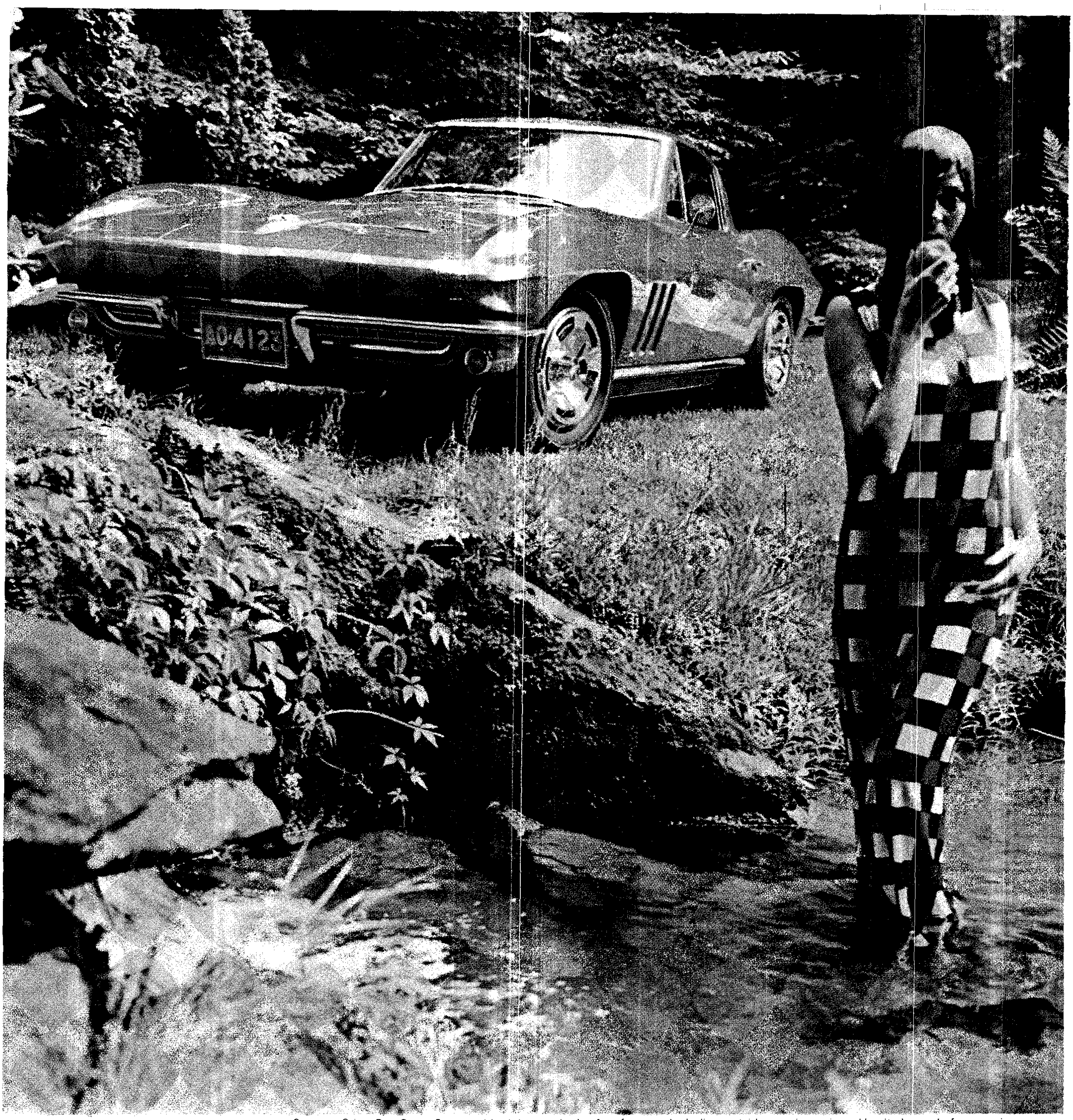

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The day she flew the coupe

What manner of woman is this, you ask, who stands in the midst of a mountain stream eating a peach?

Actually she's a normal everyday girl except that she and her husband own the Corvette Coupe in the background. (He's at work right now, wondering where he misplaced his car keys.)

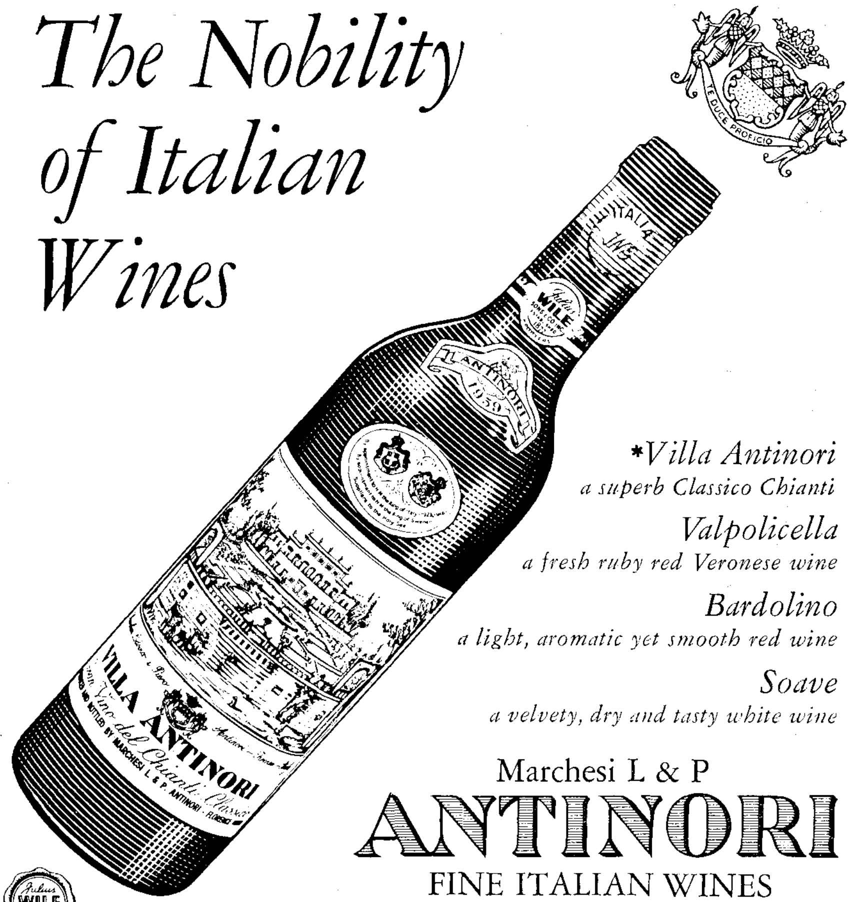
The temptation, you see, was overpowering. They'd had the car a whole week now, and not once had he offered to let her drive. His excuse was that this, uh, was a big hairy sports car. Too much for a woman to handle: the trigger-quick steering, the independent rear suspension, the disc brakes—plus the 4-speed transmission and that 425-hp engine they had ordered—egad! He would teach her to drive it some weekend. So he said.

That's why she hid the keys, forcing him to seek public transportation. Sure of his departure, she went to the garage, started the Corvette, and was off for the hills, soon upshifting and downshifting as smoothly as he. His car. Hard to drive. What propaganda!

'66 CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan have been made two or three hundred miles by camelback from the nearest judge. "In that instance," Farer comments, "an effort to protect individual rights made the law unenforceable." The simple solution was to amend the code so that travel time did not count. With Abshir's permission, Farer began to teach the riot police karate. Selecting the ten most athletic-looking men in the two-hundred-man squad, he got up every morning with them at six and instructed them in Bando, the Burmese form of karate, which he had learned from a Burmese graduate student in the United States. Sports in general were not widely popular in Somalia, and Farer decided that something should be done about that, too. In 1963, Somalia had sent a team to the New Emerging Forces Games—a kind of underdeveloped Olympics—which were held in Jakarta. Somalia, in this milieu, had proved to be about as underdeveloped as it is possible to be—which was not surprising, since there were hardly any schools in the nation and no other organizations of the kind that usually foster sports. Farer therefore started something comparable to the Police Athletic League, beginning with sports that required very little equipment, such as basketball, track, and soccer. Moreover, he got the General to recommend a one-hour sports period each day throughout the police system, because he thought it would be good for Somalia if the police and the civilians around them were to compete with one another on the athletic field.

Farer found Somalia to be a kind of natural democracy, despite the illiteracy and poverty of its people, most of whom saw so little money in their lifetime that the nation had no measurable per-capita income. Last spring, in an article in *Africa Today*, Farer wrote that although widespread literacy and moderate affluence are two of the classical prerequisites for democracy, "I know of few countries where the democratic process seems so vital." He continued, "One reason is the rooted egalitarianism of Somali life. It is pervasive. Even in that most hierarchic of institutions, the military, it persists. I taught a law course for the paramilitary police to men ranging in rank from sub-inspector through four higher ranks. I never witnessed the slightest sign of rank consciousness. This lack explains in part, I think, the absence of that divisive rancor within the officer class and between noncommissioned and commissioned officers that afflicts the armed forces of many countries and produces the endless succession of mili-



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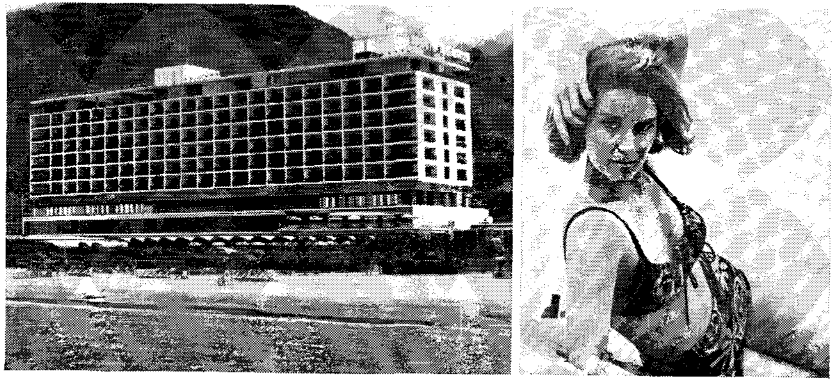

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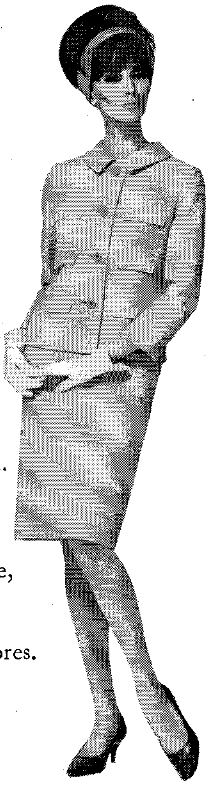

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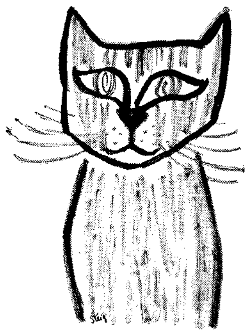
tary coups for which such countries are notorious." Farer, who is now with the Wall Street law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland & Kiendl, has edited a book containing ten essays by members of the Fellows in Africa Program. "The Management Fellows do the concrete jobs," he has said. "But lawyers, picking up threads on their own, sometimes find more glamorous things to do."

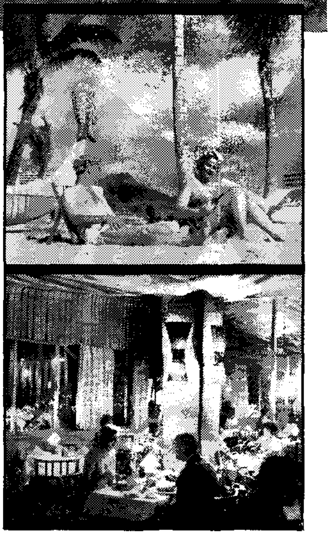
Michael Christian, for example, a graduate of Harvard and the Harvard Law School, is currently working in the office of the legal secretary of the East African Common Services Organization, in Nairobi. This organization administers things like customs, income taxes, railroads, harbors, telephones, telegraph systems, and airlines jointly for Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania. At last summer's M.I.T. Fellows in Africa conference, Christian told his colleagues about one fairly glamorous thread that he had recently picked up. Gold smuggling, he said, had become a big thing in East Africa. Gold from the Congo was moving through outlets in Nairobi and Mombasa in lots worth as much as a couple of hundred thousand dollars, and the smugglers were so adroit that the authorities were having trouble making arrests. Earlier in the year, an informer had sold the customs office information about the position of one smuggling exchange. "They needed a sort of stupid-looking American to go in and offer to buy this gold," Christian said. "I was the natural choice. Excited by 'Goldfinger,' I got right into the middle of it before I began to realize that I might get hurt. I went into the den of thieves, as it were, and there was this wonderful, wonderful man who had about seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of gold. He had diamond rings on every finger. I was introduced as an American missionary from Tanganyika. Beforehand, I had told a customs officer, 'Don't be so stupid—nobody would ever fall for that.' And he said, 'If you look at our records, you will see that American missionaries are the natural choice as far as who is doing the big smuggling these days.' All I had to do was get my money out and get him to put his gold on the table. Then the police, in plain clothes, who were all around the place, could swoop in. Once you've put out seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of gold on a table, it isn't going to be moved. One guy could grab one bar and start running, but once it is all out on the table you are in business. I failed miserably, because I was given only ten thousand pounds in real cash, the rest in fake money. He kept wanting to see the money before he would put out all his gold. I would put a little of my money out, and he would get a little gold out there, but I never could get him to put out the rest. I kept saying to him, 'Look, I don't know who you are; I don't know who all these people are around here. I'm alone in this country. I want to buy the gold, and I want to see it before I put my money on the table. I want you to put it right out there. Bring it from wherever you've got it.' He looked at me, you know, and, his fantastic face representing every crime in the world, he said, 'Sir, you're a man of God. You must be able to tell an honest face.' "



Christian, who is twenty-seven, explained to the conference that as part of his more usual duties he appears in court to defend the East African Railways. "Sometimes, there is a slight accident—never caused by the railway," he said. "Our engines get involved in collisions with other people's vehicles, which are negligently handled on the roads." He is the only American lawyer in the area. "I've never even seen an American court, except a traffic court," he said. "As a young lawyer in New York, you would get into court only in order to hand a motion in, or maybe take care of some little preliminary points, but I've been lucky enough to appear before the Supreme Courts of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania."

THE conference at which Christian related all this was held in Sorrento, in a hotel built on a cliff high above the Bay of Naples. The first M.I.T. Fellows in Africa conference took place five years ago in Entebbe, which is set on a peninsula in Lake Victoria, but not even this background looked very exotic to people who had just spent a year in Africa. So, for the enjoyment of all, including half a dozen African Ministers who are invited each year, the conference was moved to Europe; it has been held in Évian and Majorca, among other places. Wilson leaves details like conference sites to an assistant named Constantine B. Simonides, an imaginative Greek, educated at M.I.T., Boston University, and the Harvard Business School, who looks after much of the program's week-to-week administration. If the program itself is an admirably creative use of foundation money, Simonides' deployment of funds to provide splendid settings for the conferences is, in its way, just as creative. Simonides likes lofty Xanadus clinging to precipices. Three years ago, he chose a hotel in Athens, also on a cliff edge—this one four thousand feet above the Attic plain. The language at the conferences sometimes gets heavy enough to walk on. The management types, generally dominant because they are the majority, offer even their most casual thoughts in terms of infra-structures, parameters, input, feedback, capital-output ratios, social overhead capital, and macro-economic approaches, while the lawyers, certain that their own armored rhetoric is as inspired as Shelley's, curl their lips.

The Fellows' wives accompany their husbands to these de-luxe gatherings, and they have more than earned their way, for nearly all of them have worked at full-time jobs in Africa. Many have taught at schools or universities. One, a virologist, set up a tissue-culture division in the Central Pathology Laboratory in Dar es Salaam. This basic diagnostic process had not existed there before. Another, working as a secretary for several government Ministers, sometimes wrote letters in one Ministry in the morning, then crossed the street to another Ministry and answered her own letters in the afternoon. Still another taught psychology, pharmacology, bacteriology, and biology to fifty students. One worked as a small-loans officer, one as a nutritional consultant in pediatric clinics. Still another, whose name is Marian Schwarz, taught English literature in a college in Kaduna, Northern Nigeria. She also offered a course in West African history—the first ever taught in the college. Meanwhile, her husband, Frederick A. O. Schwarz, Jr., was revising the laws of Northern Nigeria. Schwarz, the great-grandson of the man who founded the most celebrated toy store in the United States, was educated at Harvard and the Harvard Law School. His title in the regional government of Northern Nigeria—F. A. O. Schwarz, Assistant Commissioner for Law Revision, Pupil Crown Council, Inspector of Prisons—had a ring of Gilbertian hyperbole that belied the seriousness and importance of his work and the brilliance with which



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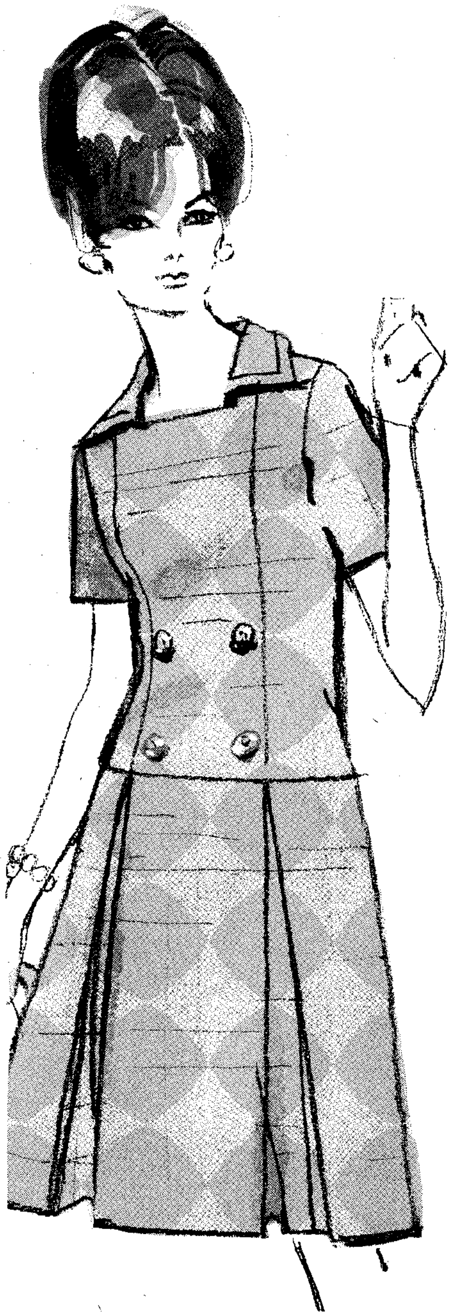

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he performed it. During the ten years before Schwarz's arrival in 1961, Nigeria had been gradually evolving from a unitary political system toward a federal system with regional and national governments, similar to the political structure in the United States. Schwarz's job was to go through all the thickets of enacted legislation and to separate what was federal from what was regional. He then drafted amendments to the regional laws where necessary, in order to make them conform to the federal constitution. Moreover, although Schwarz was officially styled the Assistant Commissioner for Law Revision, there was in fact no Commissioner. He did the job by himself, ultimately writing three volumes of revised regional laws. He also prepared thirteen major amendments of the laws of Northern Nigeria, which required passage by the regional legislature. In one instance, having found that the region—under a law known as the Peace Preservation Ordinance—had the power to jail people without a trial, Schwarz prepared an amendment eliminating that power as unconstitutional. In another, he revised the Newspaper Act, whereby the region had what he felt to be an unconstitutional power of censorship over the press. He prepared an appropriate amendment. Of the thirteen amendments he wrote, twelve were passed verbatim and became part of the law of Northern Nigeria. He was twenty-six at the time.

CONSIDERED among these individual histories, the experience of Carroll Brewster in the Sudan seems to be less an accident of place and character than a product of the program that took him there. If Brewster, as much as anyone, illustrates the height of the possibilities of Professor Wilson's idea, he also illustrates the reasons for its general success. Brewster's accomplishments in the Sudanese judiciary would never have been possible if he himself had not become, in a sense, Sudanese. His admiration for the people of the Sudan began with his own superiors and expanded through all ranks, classes, and tribes. More than anything else, he was impressed by the Sudanese preoccupation with character. In a stranger, he observed, the first thing a Sudanese would look for would be evidence of courage, honesty, and honor. Brewster, for his part, is frank and unself-conscious, open, full of humor, more than a little romantic, and always ready to move with enthusiasm into something new. He is the kind of person who sees the stories in the lives

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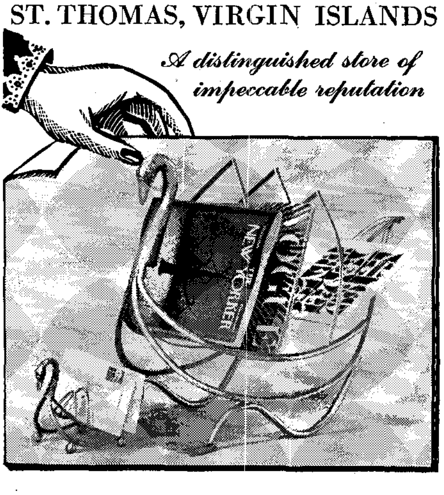

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around him. Just as Africa at present is an amalgam of past and future, of tribal rites and development banks, Brewster in Africa was a transitional figure, with a trained twentieth-century intelligence and the spirit of a nineteenth-century explorer. If, in a way, his experience could be compared to a passage of H. Rider Haggard unexpectedly appearing in *Foreign Affairs Quarterly*, in other moments, it might have been a page from *Foreign Affairs Quarterly* slipped into an edition of H. Rider Haggard. Among the things that Brewster came to understand and accept was what it means today to be a white man in the Sudan—to be considered, on sight, a notably inglorious being, presumably ungracious in manner and without morals or principles. This preconception was something he had to try to overcome, and he found that if he forgot his disadvantage even for a moment, he was vulnerable. Because he was the only white man in the judiciary, his career there would have been thought of as remarkable even if he had achieved far less. As it happens, however, he became so much a part of things that members of the Sudanese judiciary still regretfully mention the exact date—December 7, 1964—on which he left the Sudan. "The judiciary was a wonderful place to work," Brewster says. "The Chief Justice, Mohamed Ahmed Abu Rannat, respected the independence of every man there. It is an exciting thing to work in a place where you set your own standards." His words acquire a kind of reverential sonority when he speaks of Chief Justice Abu Rannat. "Although it can be said about most institutions that generate speedily and effectively into greatness, about no institution can it be more truly said than about the judiciary in the Sudan that it is the lengthened shadow of one man," he reported at one M.I.T. summer conference. "The first Chief Justice of the Sudan, like the first American Chief Justice, has such great qualities of mind and character as are necessary to the gigantic task he has been called to perform. . . . The loyalty and devotion he commands in the judges under him is reflected in the phrase I have so often heard from high and low when a piece of his work, a decision he has made, or advice he has given, are discussed: '*Raies el Kadaa aazam ragil, Wallahi, aazam fi Afrikia*'—'The Chief Justice is the greatest man, by God, the greatest man in Africa.' Anyone could walk in off the street and, without going past a secretary, present his grievances to the Chief Justice of the Sudan. I,

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like everyone else who worked for him, would have jumped in front of a train for the man."

Brewster differed from many of the M.I.T. Fellows in Africa in that his work depended to a very large extent on a precise and subtle understanding of the country he worked for. What his Sudanese colleagues most admired about him was his facility in coming to terms with the complexities of Sudanese law, which is partly Western, partly Muslim, and partly tribal, and is more a braid than a synthesis of these elements. "There was also tension between the common law of England and the civil-code law system of Egypt," Brewster explains. "The country had, after all, been the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan." In Personal Law (marriages, divorces, wills, and so forth), a case in the Sudan is decided according to the law or custom by which those involved have lived. If they are Muslims, for example, the case is decided according to Sharia, the law of Islam. If they are Christians, English law is usually applied. If they are non-Muslim tribesmen, they are judged by tribal law. Thus, in Brewster's *Sudan Law Journal and Reports* for 1962 there is an article on customary law among the Aweil District Dinkas—law that is as much a part of the Sudanese legal system as any set of formal statutes. Dinka marriages are reckoned in cows much as American marriages are calibrated in carats. A forty-cow wedding is what in America would be called a big wedding. The size of a Dinka wedding can be a determining factor in legal problems that may arise later, most notably in cases of divorce, where the alimony reflects the original bride price. If a man commits adultery with another man's wife, he must pay her husband eight cows and two bulls. The Dinkas have another custom that is without a Western counterpart. After a woman has been found guilty of adultery for the fourth time, she is considered a harlot and no one owes her husband anything. If a man seduces an unmarried girl, it costs him only one bull. If she conceives a child, the price changes to one cow. The Dinkas believe that immorality on the part of a woman causes her death. The parent or guardian of a girl who dies can collect one bull from every man who admits to having seduced her.

There are countless tribes in the Sudan, each with its own customs, almost all of which the law respects, but at times a judge, creating the new common law as he goes along, reverses a decision of a native court in the interests

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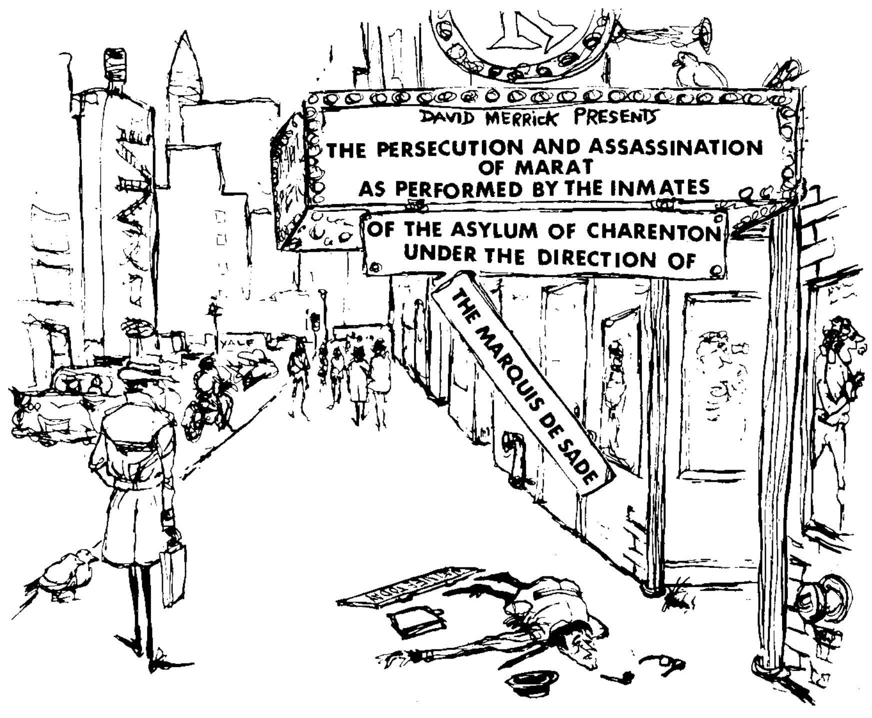
of what he considers higher justice. The *Sudan Law Journal and Reports* notes, "The responsibility of an accidental death is traced by Dinkas far beyond the limits allowed by European standards. The Dinka view is that the person who caused a series of incidents to take place which directly led to an accidental death is partly or wholly responsible for that death." A few years ago, in Yei District, a Dinka was sitting in a tree when another told him a joke. The man in the tree laughed so hard that he fell out of the tree and died of a broken neck. The man who told the joke was accused of murder. He was tried in a native court and convicted of culpable homicide. He appealed. The decision was reversed in a province court.

"About eighty per cent of all cases in the Sudan are decided according to local custom—unrecorded African common law," Brewster has estimated. "In certain tribes, a certain word will be enough of an insult to constitute grave and sudden provocation. In a country in which possession of water can be a matter of life or death, it is within the law to shoot a person who is found stealing water from the hollow trunks of the great tebeldi trees, which, as reservoirs, can hold as much as two thousand gallons. In most parts of the country, it is quite easy to try criminal cases, since all you have to do is ask the man whether or not he committed the offense, and he will tell the truth, even if it means his life. Mothers will testify against their sons, brother against brother. Westerners believe that they control their environment. Sudanese believe that their environment controls them. Some of the trickiest problems in Sudanese law involve the ownership of land along the Nile. You cannot understand a Nile land case without understanding how the river behaves. As it rises and falls in its annual cycle, fertile land in the riverbed is arable for seven or eight months, then disappears again beneath the water. One year a particular tract may fail to reappear, and the owner loses his land. Five years later, land appears again in that same place. Does the old owner still have rights to it? If he is dead, who does have rights to it? Perhaps an island has vanished under the flood. It reappears a quarter of a mile downstream in slightly different form. Does the owner of the lost island own the new one?" Along the Sudan's seventeen hundred miles of the Nile, from Nimule to Wadi Halfa, these questions are decided by local custom, which may vary from town to town. The banks of the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Some Sudanese believe in the existence of ghosts, and they also believe that ghosts have power to kill. "As an excuse for murder, anyone could say he thought he was killing a ghost," Brewster says. "There was a case like that in El Obeid. *A* wanted to make love to a woman, so he told *B*, who was also interested in her, to leave. *B* left. After a while, *A* left, too. *B* returned. *B* killed the woman. He testified later that he had concluded from the way she looked—all covered with dust and with her hair sticking out in every direction—that she had turned into a *baatiya*, or ghost, and he killed her in self-defense. The judge decided that he knew she was a woman. He was hanged. Can you imagine a Yale-trained lawyer being confronted with this set of facts? There was a *fekki* in El Fasher who sold a man a knife-proof charm. A *fekki* is, in a way, like a witch doctor or a medicine man. He is actually a purveyor of charms. The *fekki* in this particular case told his customer that if he wore his new charm no knife could kill him. The man picked up a knife and plunged it into his heart, killing himself. The *fekki* was charged with murder. He was acquitted, but he *was* found guilty of taking money under false pretenses."

Brewster once wrote about such cases:

> A judge considering a case like this, or a *baatiya* case, must have some psychological understanding of the nature of the illusion. A judge handling the land-law problems of the riverine peoples must understand the rudiments of agriculture and the social organization that underlies present agricultural methods. These problems in customary law are problems that the common law has never faced before. The common law of the Sudan is now beginning to handle these cases and will be able to handle them successfully only if the judges are given the very broadest liberal education. In the Faculty of Law at the University of Khartoum, law is not thought of as a social instrument. I encouraged Sudanese judges to go to American law schools, where courses were available in related disciplines—subjects like sociology, economics, psychology—and, more important, where the

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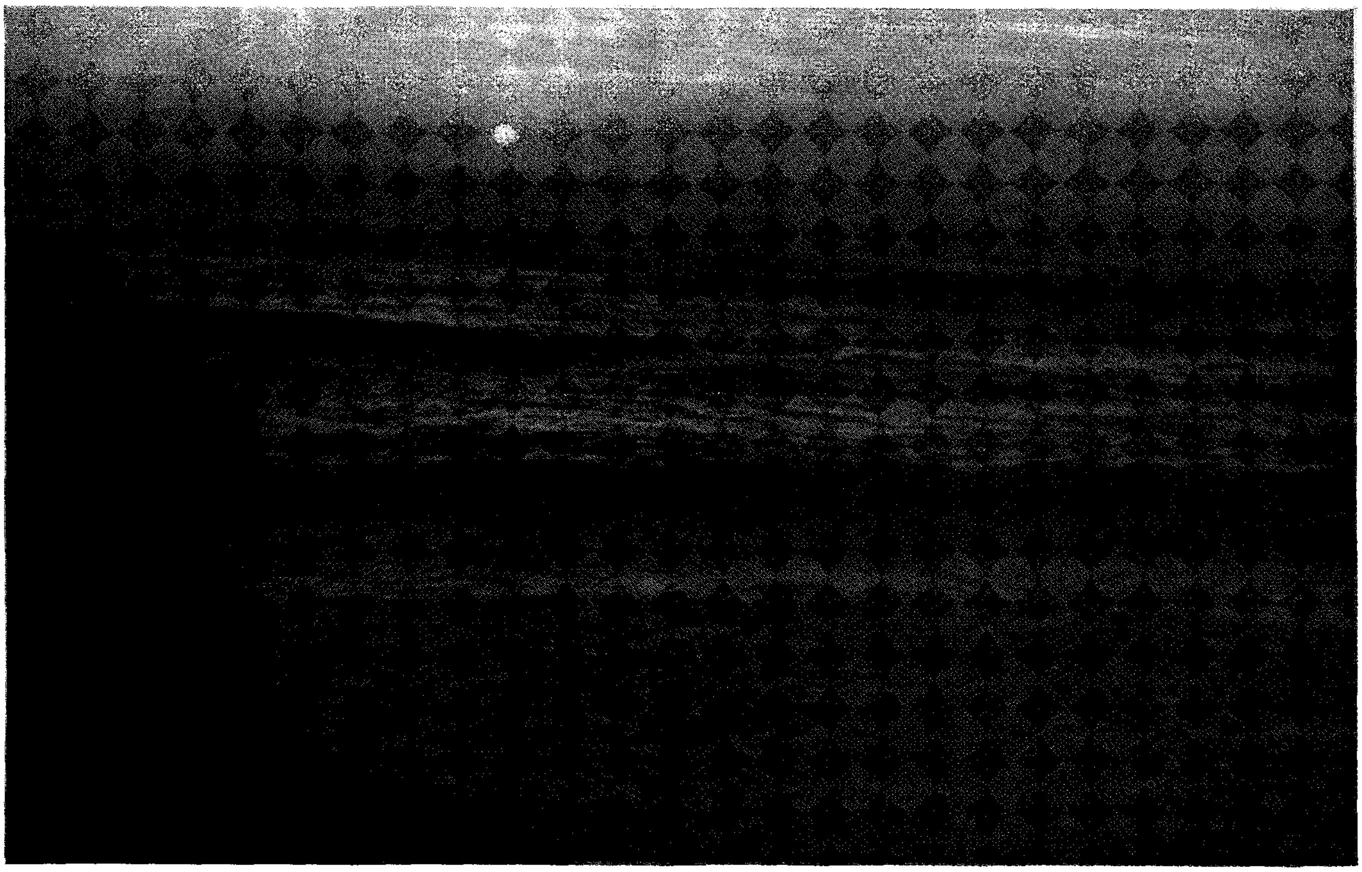

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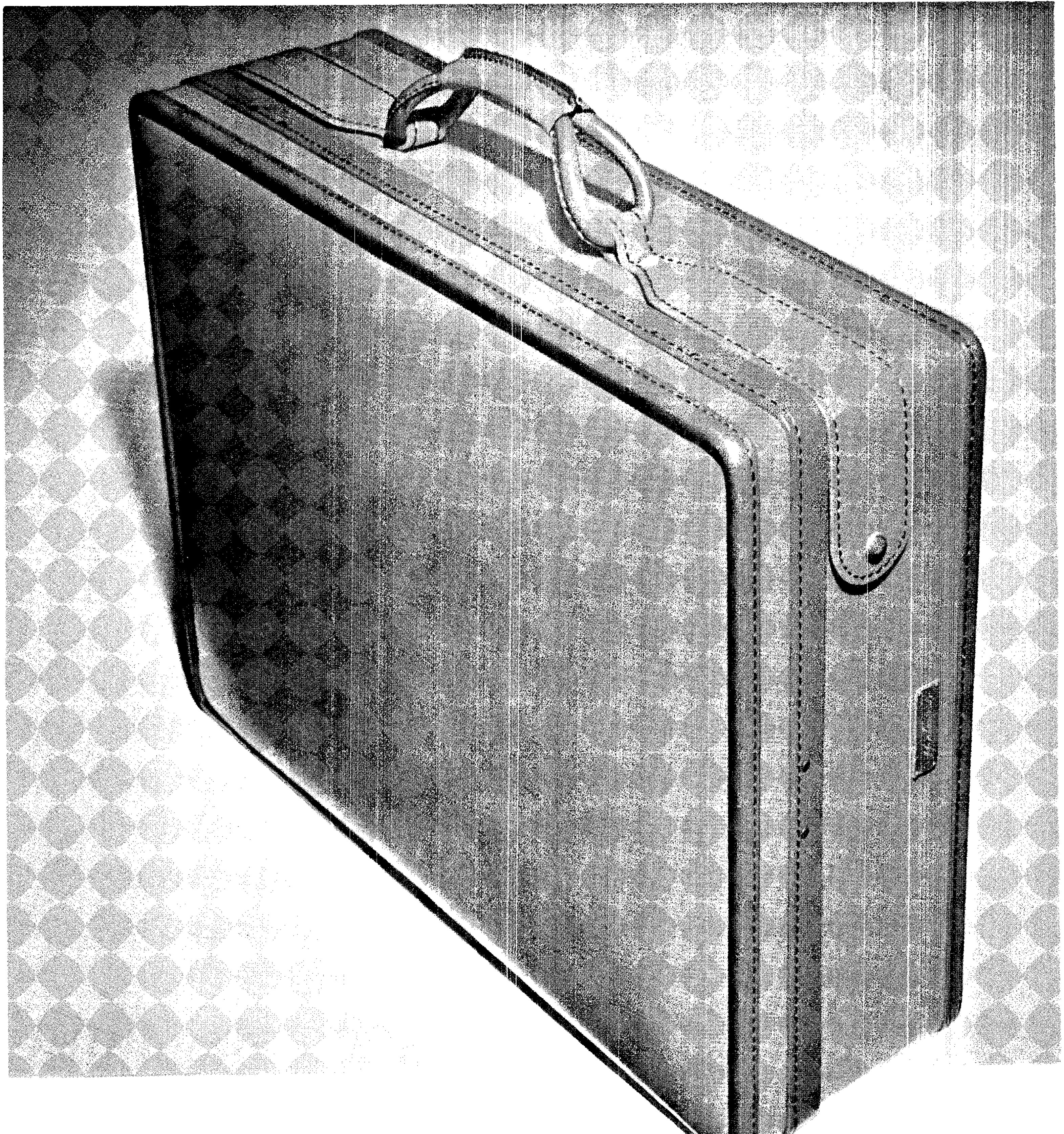

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approach to law was broad enough to utilize concepts from these neighboring fields.

It is hardly surprising, considering all the other ways in which Brewster exceeded his contractual responsibilities to the government of the Sudan, that he should have found time to give a course at the University of Khartoum. Using the cases he had collected, he taught criminal law to a class of forty or so students. About half did passable work, in Brewster's judgment, while eight did good work and two did superior work. "One of these wrote two examinations for me that would have received an A in criminal law at Yale," he says. "He was fat, pleasant, shy, and unkempt. He loaded his underlip with a mixture of snuff and tobacco, thus considerably limiting his ability to recite, but he handled the trickiest situations with compassion, power, and imagination."

ON the morning of November 23, 1963, the day after the assassination of President Kennedy, Brewster was something over two hundred miles east of Khartoum, in Khashm el Girba, on a long journey through the east and north. He went into a small store to buy provisions for a trip he was about to take down the Atbara River to the province court at Ed Damer. At this store building, which was made of mud and camel dung, members of the Hadendoa tribe liked to buy DDT, the only substance they had ever known that had the chemical power to subdue all the living creatures in their long and spectacularly billowing hair. The Hadendoa were Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzies, who broke the British square. They still wear three-foot swords as part of their conventional dress. Brewster bought enough food to last him for several days, and when the storekeeper had finished writing out the bill, he filled in its edges, all around, in black. Brewster asked him why he was doing that. The man looked up, surprised that Brewster did not know, and Brewster saw that he was crying. "*Aazam rajil fi el aard mate el nehardah,*" the storekeeper said. "The greatest man in all the world is dead today." Going down the river, Brewster was stopped in village after village by tribesmen of the Hadendoa, who would hold their hands open and apart, in the sign of death, and then step forward and embrace him. Much the same thing happened among the other tribes he visited. "Each night, a sheik produced a transistor radio for me to hear the news," Brewster wrote home. "An old Bisharine

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tribesman said to me that the true catastrophe was that Kennedy's son was so young, for it would be a long time before he could be the true leader." The schools of the Sudan closed. Business stopped. Nazirs and sheiks wept before their people. In Khartoum, the Chief Justice did not sleep for three nights.

Toward the end of his stay in the Sudan, Brewster could think of few Sudanese who had seen as much of the country as he had. Upon arriving in a new community, he would stay in the home of a province judge or a resident magistrate, where he would have coffee and talk, then have some more coffee and talk some more—almost always for a full day before literally getting down to cases. The judges he stayed with were frequently quite young, about a third of them being in their twenties. In the Sudan, a graduate of a law school decides at the outset whether he will be a judge or a lawyer. After several years of apprenticeship, a judge is sent out to a provincial town—usually a place where he has never been and doesn't particularly care to stay. He spends two years there. Brewster tried to put a little spirit into the young judges wherever he went. "Let's get into my truck and go out and visit a chief," he would say. It was, after all, part of their job to supervise tribal courts.

As a member of the Sudanese government, Brewster was not a regular member of the American community in Khartoum. He did not, for instance, have the privilege of using the American swimming pool, beside which other Americans would sit and eat hot dogs and potato chips flown in by jet from New York. Once, at a party, Brewster was talking with William Rountree, the United States Ambassador to the Sudan, and Rountree asked him what he had been doing that day.

"Swimming," said Brewster.

"Oh? Where?" Rountree asked, a little sensitively.

"In the Nile."

It is the official view of the United States Embassy in Khartoum that Nile water can kill.

"Brewster," said Rountree, "as an ambassador and a diplomat, I have sent a lot of bodies home during my career. I don't want to send yours."

"Mr. Ambassador," said Brewster, "if I die here, I want to be buried here."

Brewster drank the Blue Nile from the Ethiopian border to Khartoum, and the White Nile from the Ugandan to

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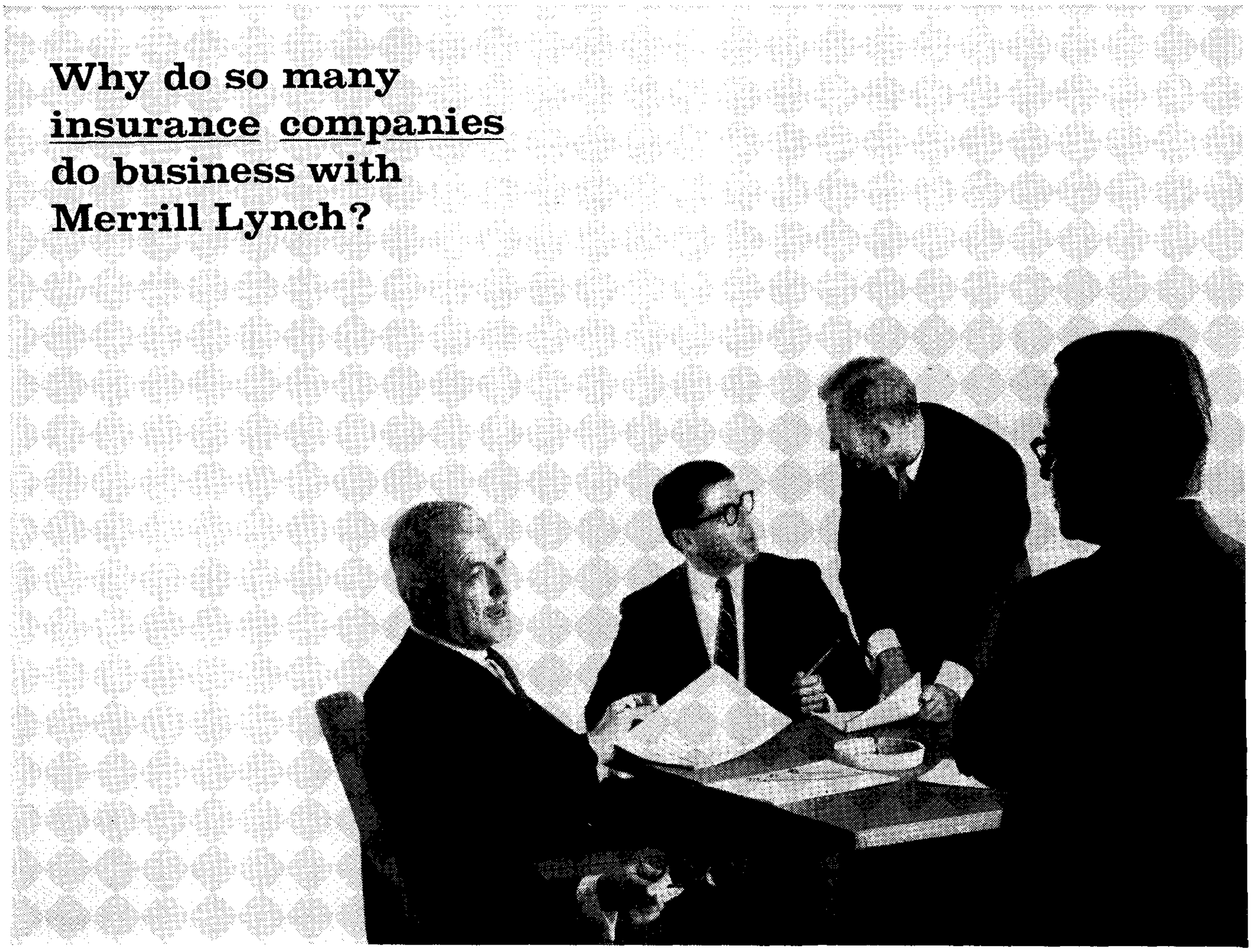

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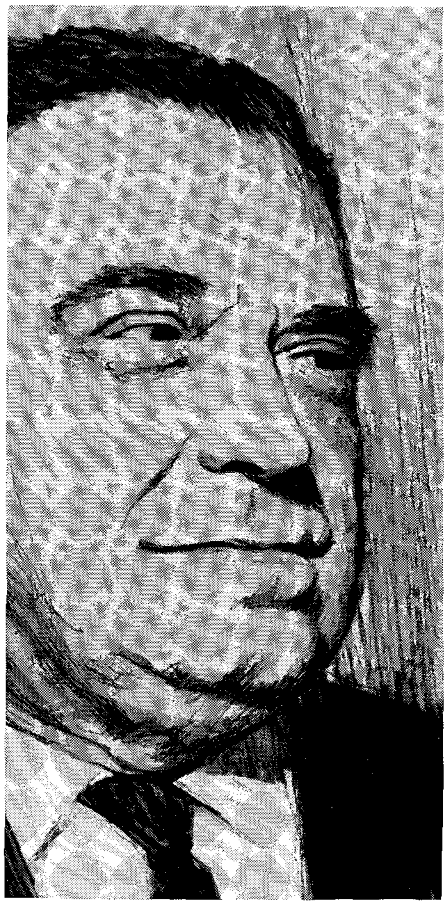
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the Egyptian frontiers. "Living with the Sudanese, you weren't about to drop tablets into the water all the time," he says—a somewhat surprising statement in the light of the fact that his mother happens to be Clinical Professor of Pediatrics at the New York University School of Medicine. Brewster's father, who died in 1952, was a Wall Street lawyer. After graduating from Yale in 1957, Brewster went on to King's College, Cambridge, where he read history. Returning to the Yale Law School, he became an editor of the *Yale Law Journal.*

He grew exceedingly fond of Khartoum, which is built inside the point of the V made by the confluence of the White and the Blue Niles, with Omdurman across the White Nile. Whenever he had a visitor from the United States, Brewster would seat his guest on the back of a Vespa he had acquired and proudly show him the city: the tomb of the Mahdi, whose forces killed General Charles George Gordon; the palace where Gordon died; the battlefield at Omdurman where the British avenged Gordon. He would take his guest to dinner in the Mogrun Gardens, at the point where the Niles meet, drink Camel beer from the Blue Nile Brewery, and watch the lights come on across the river. There are two hundred and twenty thousand people in Khartoum. In the Suk, the vast bazaar, the leopard skins were the cheapest in Africa—according to Brewster, who developed into an unabashed promoter. While running through the products of the Sudan, from dates to groundnuts, he would say, "We also produce gum. We are the world's largest producers of gum arabic. We produce long-staple cotton, too. It is grown in the Gezira—more than a hundred miles of irrigated land in the wedge between the Blue and the White Niles. When the British left, they said there would soon be no more Gezira, but the Sudanese have nearly doubled the cultivated area. It is the largest economic institution in the underdeveloped world. Half a million people under one management." Sudanese conversation, he found, was occasionally weighted with abuse of the British, but he noticed that if Americans were to fall in with what the Sudanese were saying and add unkind words of their own about the British, the Sudanese would turn on them. Colleagues of Brewster in the judiciary would emit streams of vituperation against the English, yet Brewster knew that they wanted nothing so much as to be able to send their sons to English schools. "They even act

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like Englishmen on the tennis court," he says. "They hate the English and they love the English. The Sudanese government—whose members are almost all Mohammedans—pays a substantial sum each year to maintain the British cathedral in Khartoum. Some people—the Chinese among them—probably make the mistake of not realizing that colonialism was a two-way relationship."

Premier Chou En-lai was in Africa in 1964, and a Chinese circus toured the continent at about the same time as a kind of added attraction. When it appeared in the National Theatre in Omdurman, most of the people in the judiciary went. The circus was excellent, and the audience was carried away by it. As a climax, a small bicycle went wheeling across the stage ridden by twenty-one Chinese at once. There was a great gasp from the crowd. Halfway across the hall from Brewster, a Sudanese lawyer stood up and shouted, "Brewster, will you recognize them now?"

Brewster says that Chou, in Khartoum and elsewhere, kept telling the crowds, "We black people have to stand together!" In Khartoum, a reception was held for Chou, and members of the government filed past to shake his hand. When Brewster reached him, Chou looked up, and, adjusting smoothly, said, in English, "Good evening."

"*Asalaam aleikum*," Brewster replied cordially.

BY contrast with the north, the southern Sudan, because of the continuing civil strife, had the reputation of being a much less pleasant place in which to travel. Murders there have been frequent, ubiquitous, and wholesale. As a representative of the government, Brewster would sometimes be assigned a bodyguard carrying a rifle. He was not terribly concerned for his own safety, however, because the southerners seemed to be sympathetic toward white men. White missionaries, whom the government had deported from the Sudan a couple of years before, had given most southerners what education they had, and had also given them their Christian names. As often as possible Brewster travelled without a guard. He was alone one morning, driving along a dirt track in Yei District, and he stopped his car under a tree to have breakfast. He believed that the only way he was likely to get killed was by happening to come suddenly upon an armed group of rebels and surprising them into opening

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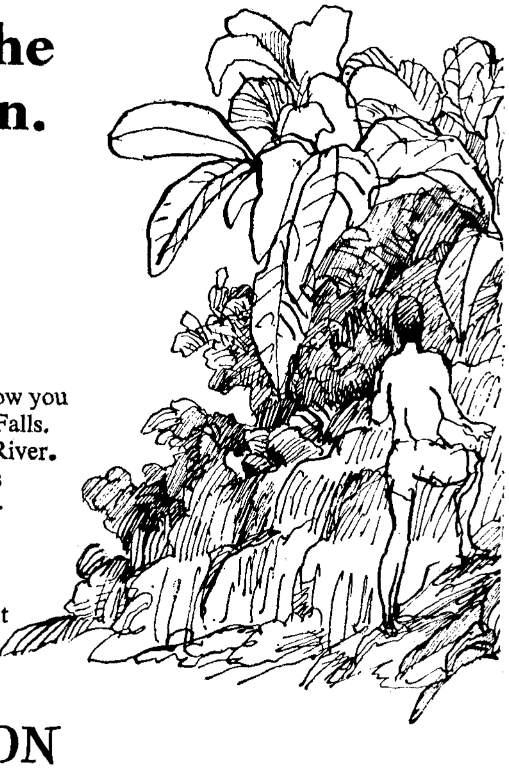

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fire, so he liked to keep himself quite visible. While he sat under the tree that morning, he became aware that he was being approached by a line of children—perhaps thirty of them, coming from a village a quarter of a mile away. Walking two abreast, they were singing. As they drew nearer, first the tune became clear to him, and then the words:

"... dwelt a miner, 'Forty-niner
And his daughter, Clementine.
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and ..."

As the children formed a large circle around his car, they finished "Clementine" and went on to sing "Greensleeves." Brewster was probably the first white man they had seen since the missionaries left, and they had come out of the village to sing to him because they associated him with the people who had taught them the songs. "In Khartoum," Brewster says, "there was always a rumor that I was collaborating with the southerners, partly because I loved them so much."

It was a debate on the problem of the southern Sudan, held by the Students' Union of the University of Khartoum, that touched off the revolution whereby, in late 1964, the military government that had been ruling the Sudan was replaced. The police, in trying to stop the debate, killed a student. Riots followed, and then a general strike. The military government dissolved itself. As joyous mobs streamed through the city, there was one white face among them—Brewster's. The terrible problem of the southern Sudan was not solved by the departure of the military government, of course, but the men who then came to power—doctors, lawyers, farmers, teachers—seemed to be dedicated to resolving the nation's difficulties by democratic means. As a gesture in this direction, the new government made Clement Mboro, the leader of the Southern Front, its Minister of the Interior. Mboro was a close friend of Brewster's, and Brewster was the one person who met him at the airport when he arrived in Khartoum to assume his post. Hillary Paul Logali, a southern leader who was at Yale studying economics on a scholarship arranged by Brewster, was called back to become the Sudan's Minister of Works. The civil war has by no means ended. The more uncompromising southern leaders continue to operate from outside the country, and about a year ago a race riot caused hundreds of deaths in Khartoum.

In his last letter from the Sudan,

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Brewster wrote, "One who has witnessed the courage, thoughtfulness, and forcefulness of most of the leaders who made the revolution a success cannot but feel great hope now." When the government fell, the Chief Justice, despite the fact that he had always maintained a strong line of demarcation between himself and the military, was compelled to resign. Brewster's own work in the judiciary went on, and it did not come to an end even with his departure, at the end of 1964. Last March, from the office of his present employer, the New Haven firm of Gumbart, Corbin, Tyler & Cooper, he published the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports* for 1964. Last week, he sent the 1965 edition off to the printers, and his law reporting for the Sudan ended. "El Amin will maintain whatever standard I set," he says. "The job of the expatriate lawyer is finished out there. Before long, the job of the expatriate will be finished in Africa."

WHEN the Fellows in Africa Program began, many of the first group, setting out in 1960, went to work for holdover white civil servants. The present group is working almost entirely for Africans. "Our major purpose there has been to work ourselves out of a job," Professor Wilson says. "We are not going to overstay our time." Meanwhile, the Ford Foundation has expanded the idea, and M.I.T. is one of three participating schools in a new program that sends young men to Latin America. "In Africa, what we did was just go out there and do a hard job, something that might not otherwise have been done," Carroll Brewster said after he had mailed off the galleys of his last *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*. "None of us went over there to do political jobs. We went over there to do subpolitical jobs. Here and there, someone has left some law reports, or a new tax code. The program has not changed the face of Africa. We've been only fifty-two people on a continent."

Before leaving the Sudan, Brewster established a permanent program whereby two or three Sudanese judges would go to American law schools each year. The judges have done well. Three who have completed their work at Yale have all made better than B averages. One of them—Abel Alier, Yale Law '63—is a Bor District Dinka and was the first southerner to become a member of the Sudanese judiciary. Brewster feared that Abel Alier would suffer terribly from the winter temperatures in New Haven and advised

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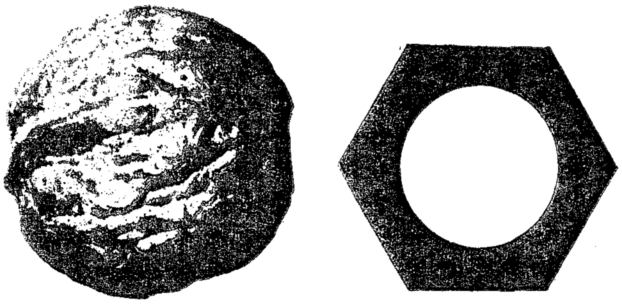

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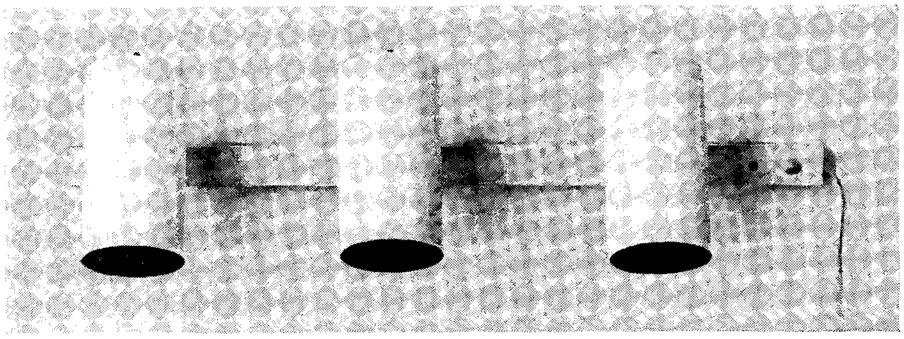

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him to acquire plenty of blankets. "Dinkas don't need blankets," said the judge. He survived. When he returned to the Sudan, he resigned from the judiciary to become the No. 3 man in the Southern Front, a political party that has been attempting to achieve southern autonomy through persuasion, in contrast to the more widely publicized southern rebels who have been attempting to do so by force. Brewster also obtained a Yale scholarship for El Amin Mohamed El Amin Tatai, the young judge whom he trained to succeed him as editor of the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*. "El Amin differed from many Sudanese," says Brewster. "He would admit when he did not understand something. I don't like to make generalizations about the African Mind, or the Sudanese Mind, or the Underdeveloped Mind, but there is this thing about facing a new problem: Rote teaching doesn't prepare you for it. There is so much tradition in the family and in the tribe that new ideas and problems tend to throw an African. I tried to help El Amin understand this. He now tackles problems with enthusiasm rather than dismay. He is back in the Sudan now, and one more Anglo-Saxon name is gone from the governments of Africa—mine." —JOHN MCPHEE

•

Dean said, "There is about five per cent increase in the amount of mail we handle every year." In 1966 more than 127 pieces of mail passed through the Santa Monica office. Approximately 400 people are employed there.—*Santa Monica Independent.*

Just one long coffee break.

•

Mrs. Davis asked why the company was retaining the blue-and-yellow color scheme on the Hellmann's mayonnaise jar after improving the jar's shape.

Mr. McFarlane likened the blue-and-yellow color scheme on Hellmann's mayonnaise to a "Rembrandt."—*Report of the annual meeting of the Corn Products Company.*

That'll quiet Mrs. Davis down!

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Times*]

Gerhard Gronefeld, a German journalist, has long been a student of animal behavior. For years he has conducted, on his own and with Professor Konrad Lorenz, experiments in the field of animal psychology. Now he tells us of Barbi, the rhesus monkey who reacted almost exactly the same as a girl of eighteen months when presented with a tiny terrier pup.

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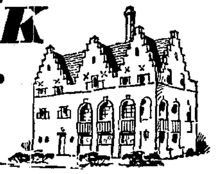

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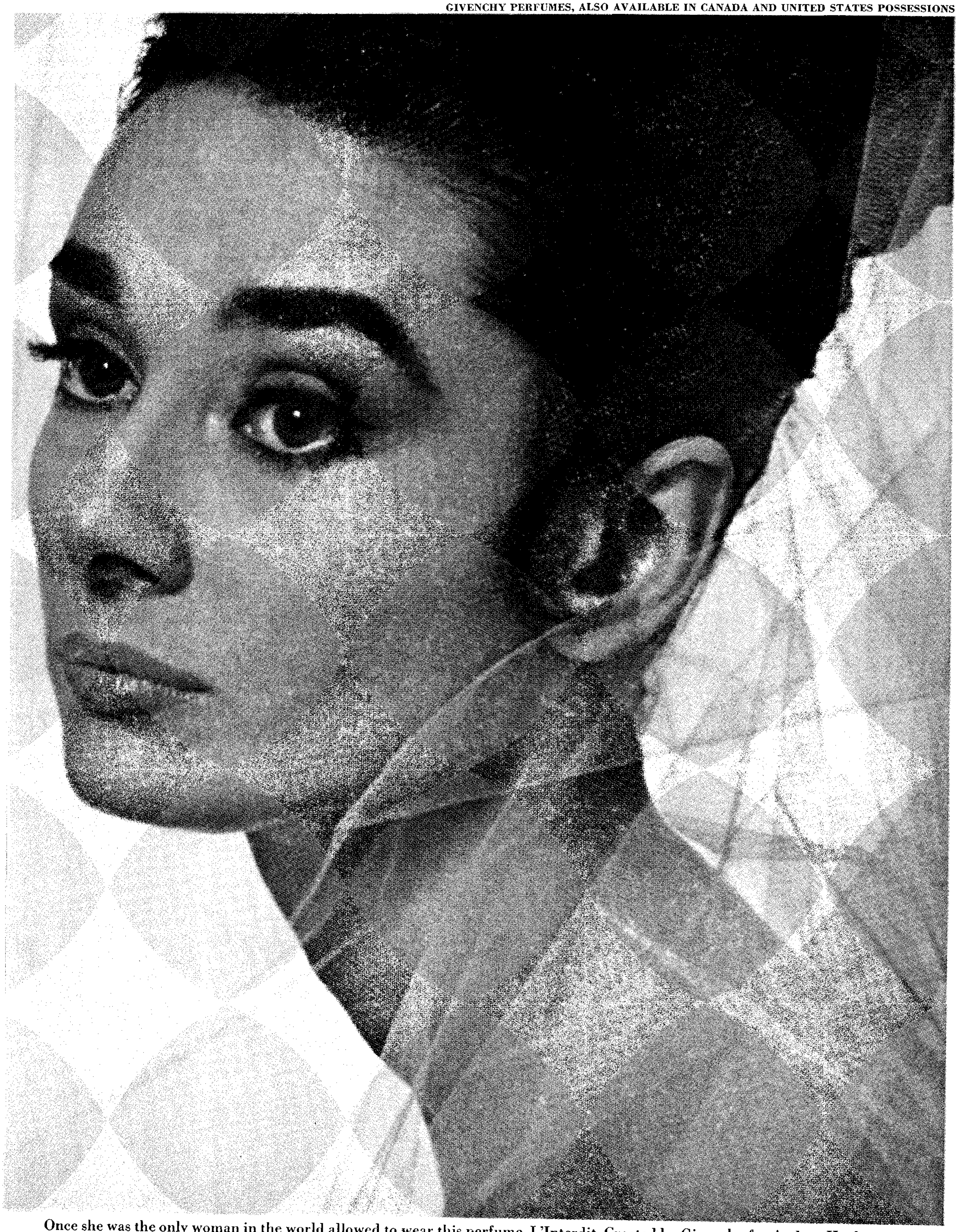

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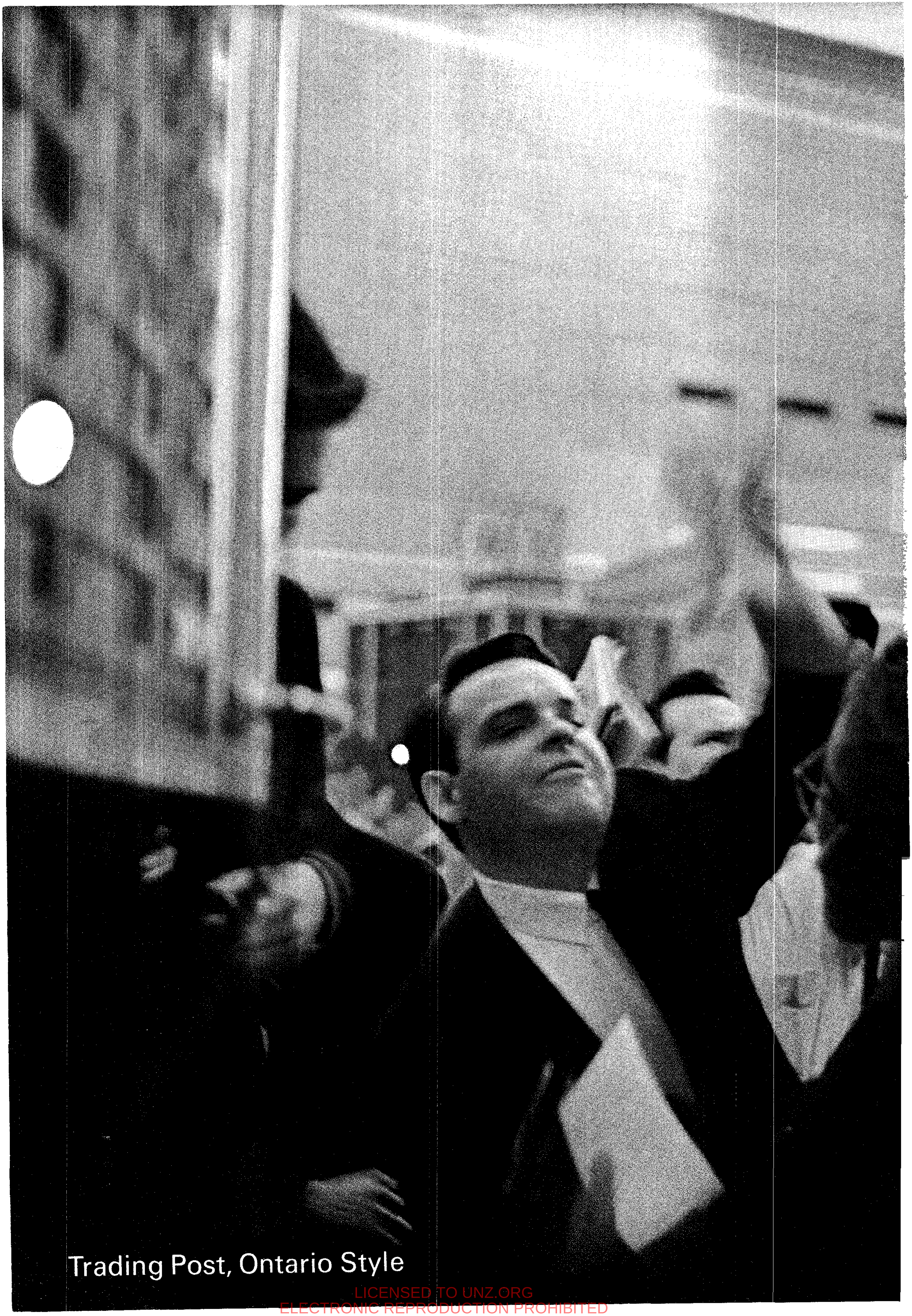

Trading Post, Ontario Style

Americans who know us are not surprised to find vigorous stock trading in Ontario. Toronto's daily volume (5,186,020 shares) rivals New York's.

Many Americans (we are told) think of Ontario, Canada, as a land of trappers packing their pelts to the trading post. It's a natural thought. Canadian wild mink *is the finest in the world*. So is our beaver and our otter. But we'd like a word with you about that trading post image. Pictured at left is the Toronto Stock Exchange, a trading post without a dog sled in sight. As exchanges go, it's pretty big, with the second heaviest share volume in North America. But this is not the only kind of progress that is impressive about Ontario. For instance: insulin was discovered here and the space suit was invented here. Still more developments which help make Ontario a province of steady growth and opportunity are pictured below.

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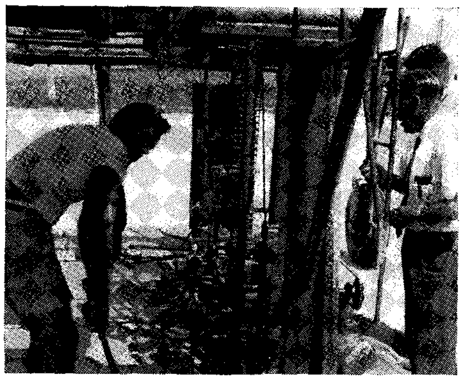
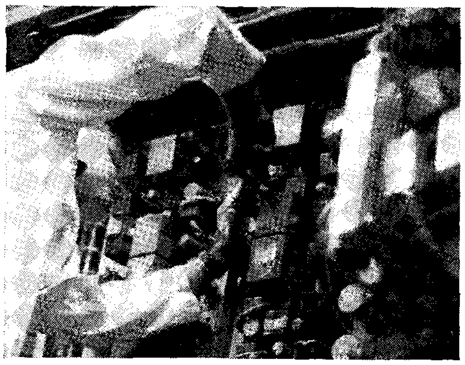


The University of Toronto's Institute for Aerospace Studies is acclaimed internationally. Space scientists abroad are keenly interested in one of the Institute's current projects. Likely result: a mathematical equation to represent the human pilot in flight.



Gene Littler shoots his way to victory in the $100,000 Canadian Open Golf Tournament at Ontario's beautiful Mississaugua course. Also in the field for this 61st Open: Devlin, Nicklaus, Palmer, Player, Snead and 138 others.

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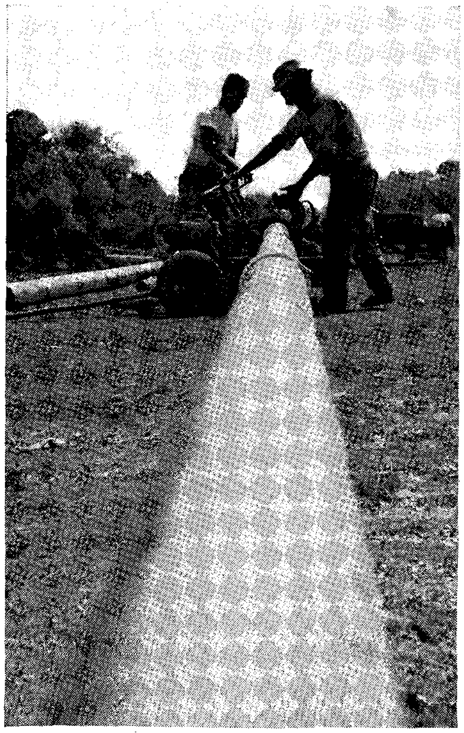

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Festival Piece

THE performance, by the New York City Opera, of Alberto Ginastera's opera "Don Rodrigo" in the New York State Theatre on Tuesday evening of last week was a historic occasion from several points of view. It marked the transplantation of this courageous and able company to surroundings more suitable to its gifts than the old City Center, where it had been producing opera under considerable handicaps for twenty-two years. It offered listeners their first chance to assess the acoustics of the State Theatre for operatic purposes. (There was some padding at the rear of the auditorium, and perhaps there were a few less noticeable mechanical alterations, but microphones—which, if utilized habitually, would be the death of the art of opera singing as we know it—were rigorously avoided.) It was also historic for another reason. Ginastera's opera, a tremendously demanding work that calls for an amount of stage and musical apparatus undreamed of even by Wagner, is distinctly a festival piece, by which I mean that it is something special—unlikely to enter the standard repertory, if only because of its enormous scale. Nor is it likely to be done again in the near future, except for the few performances of this production that are scheduled by the company. And it is a work worth hearing at least once—especially in the totally magnificent investiture that the City Opera has given it.

The libretto of the opera—the work of the Spanish poet Alejandro Casona—is a formal affair, reminiscent in its characters and story, if not in its general dramatic layout, of nineteenth-century grand opera. The people in it wear medieval costumes, strike heroic stances, and sing loudly over an orchestra that gives them competition. This libretto, however, has been pruned to the bone, so that what remains is more a series of tableaux than a continuous narrative. The story deals with a historical personage—Rodrigo, the last Visigoth King of Spain, an unhappy fellow who seems to have been crossed up in nearly everything he did. We first see him returning victorious from the wars against the infidel. We see him crowned King of Spain in a ceremony in which the crown accidentally falls to the floor—bad omen. We see the daughter of his best friend and companion-in-arms, Don Julian, confided to his paternal care—and the care turns out to be not so paternal; Florinda, as the lady is called, is raped by her guardian (or is subjected to the pleasures of the bedroom without benefit of clergy, which in medieval Spain was just as bad). The lady is furious, and writes to her father, who is off governing Africa, telling him of her humiliation and urging him to march on Spain with his armies. He does, and defeats the armies of Don Rodrigo. Don Rodrigo, as might be foretold, goes pretty much to the dogs, and finally winds up in a humble hermitage. At the last minute, Florinda shows up there in the guise of a pilgrim and tells him that his troops are again on the march to save Spain. Appropriately, Don Rodrigo drops dead in Florinda's arms, while a great pealing of church bells signifies divine forgiveness.

Whatever else it may be, all this is certainly operatic. It offers opportunities for pageantry reminiscent sometimes of the early Verdi, sometimes of "Boris Godunov," sometimes of "Tannhäuser." Ginastera's score is curiously evocative. It is completely atonal—methodically so—and is filled with elaborate contrivances that really do not reach, or are not really appreciated by, the ear: atonal rondos, atonal madrigals, and so on. Moreover, the whole opera is based on a sort of geometric scheme, as though its composer were very much afraid of incoherence. I said "curiously evocative" a couple of sentences ago because I have heard virtually no atonal music in my life that is evocative at all. The prevailing grayness and the limited vocabulary that are characteristic of atonal music are to be found in Ginastera's score, but he has made up, at least in part, for these inevitable weaknesses with a remarkable technique. He writes so well for the voice that it sounds almost melodious even when it is singing atonal phrases. He is a master of orchestral color that can fascinate the listener with mere variety of sound. The size itself of the orchestral forces involved (there were eighteen horns situated in the upper balconies the other night, in addition to the eighty-odd men in the orchestra pit) carries its own sort of excitement. Most important of all, however, is that

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Mr. Casona's libretto is a study in horror, excitement, tension, scorn, sexual obsession, violent ambition, and fury of various kinds. Everybody on the stage, with few exceptions, is mad at everybody else most of the time. For such emotions, atonality is singularly appropriate, and it is used by Mr. Ginastera with considerable deftness. The weak portions of the music occur when tenderer emotions are fleetingly called for—a scene in which Florinda goes bathing in a forest pool with her companions, a scene in which Don Rodrigo is momentarily moved by something approximating love as he approaches Florinda in her bedroom. Here atonality does not work, and one can only regret Mr. Ginastera's inability to do these scenes justice. On the whole, though, "Don Rodrigo" is a fairly striking affair. Whether it would have been a better opera if Mr. Ginastera had used tonality it is idle to speculate. In the hands of a great tonal composer like Richard Strauss (whose "Elektra" comes to mind), "Don Rodrigo" might have been one of the immortal works of operatic history, instead of a highly special pageant, somewhat remote and impersonal in atmosphere, incapable of enlisting sympathy for any of its characters, and yet, in its way, rather splendid.

The production given "Don Rodrigo" undoubtedly added to the impression of splendor. The scenic designer, Ming Cho Lee, presented us with a resourceful series of sets surrounding a permanent centerpiece, which served successively as a dais, a bathing pool, a collection of crumbling monumental stone, and other things. The costumes, by Theoni V. Aldredge, were more conventional, very elegant, and luxurious. The singers of the company worked with a sort of teamwork and dedication rarely witnessed on the operatic stage. The frequent choruses were incisively sung, and all the principal roles were ideally set forth. The two most notable portrayals were those of Florinda, sung with power and dramatic intelligence by Jeannine Crader, and Don Rodrigo, sung and acted with superb voice, bearing, and intensity of feeling by the Mexican tenor Placido Domingo—a real find, as contemporary dramatic tenors go. Slightly lesser tasks were assigned to, and excellently done by, David Clatworthy and Spiro Malas. As the conductor, and courageous advocate, of the whole production, Julius Rudel led his forces in an outpouring of spirit that I had thought impossible for music of this type. And the acoustics of the State Theatre

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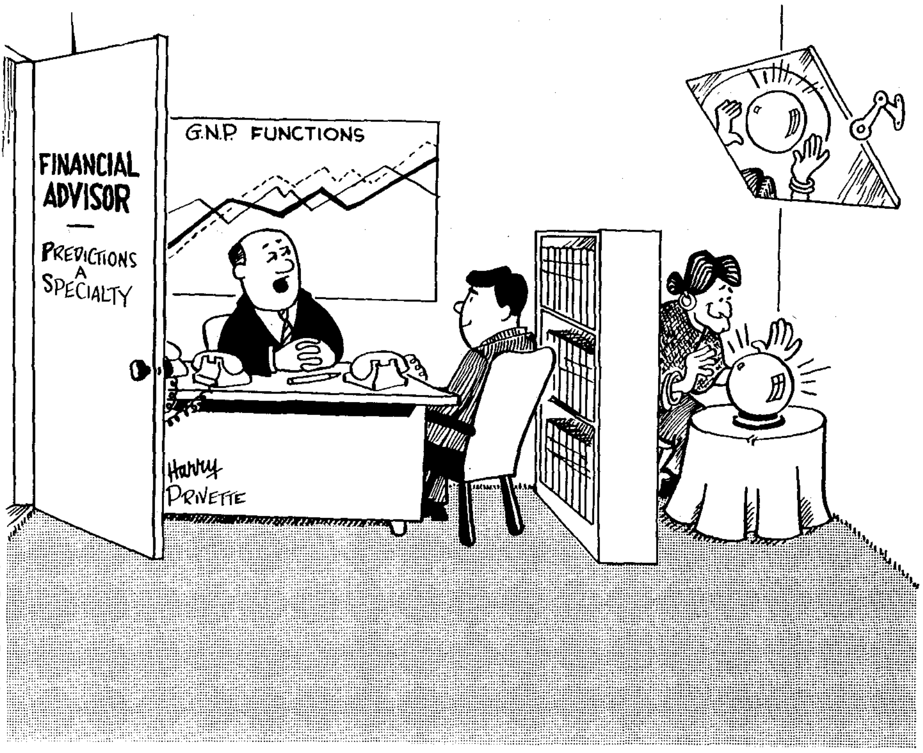

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were proved entirely adequate, at least for large voices.

I SHALL merely summarize the events I attended during the rest of the week. On Monday night, in Carnegie Hall, George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra gave one of the finest performances of Bruckner's Third Symphony that I have ever heard—a reading of majesty as well as exquisite clarity, in which the Cleveland horn section shone as few other horn sections can. On Thursday night, in Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Schippers and the New York Philharmonic presented a straightforward and faithful performance of Mendelssohn's once popular and nowadays not often heard oratorio "Elijah." Snobs to the contrary notwithstanding, I find it an appealing work. The Camerata Singers made an excellent chorus, and among the soloists the soprano Jane Marsh and the New Zealand bass Donald McIntyre stood out as artists of special distinction. On Friday night, the Metropolitan Opera trotted out the first "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" of the season. The production remains highly amusing. The coloratura soprano Reri Grist made a Metropolitan début as Rosina, exhibiting a pleasing stage presence and a scintillating vocal delivery. Nicolae Herlea did his first Figaro, and it turned out to be visually engaging and vocally quite impressive. George Shirley was good indeed as Almaviva, though his voice is deepening and is ready for heavier roles. Giorgio Tozzi was particularly funny as Don Basilio, Fernando Corena funny enough as Dr. Bartolo. Nobody nowadays, except perhaps Joan Sutherland, can sing all the elaborate *fioritura* that Rossini wrote, and nobody did. Silvio Varviso's conducting was less than brilliant.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The man on the balcony watched the white blouse and striped skirt of the girl disappear around the corner of the rue Montmartre. As the girl passed out of view, thirty-four-year-old Yves Bayet drew a corn-silk cigarette from his pocket, lit it, and breathed a relieved lungful of tobacco.—*From "Is Paris Burning?," by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre.*

Not a bad trick.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Union (S. C.) Daily Times*]

Grading for the shopping center on East Main St. at the edge of the city has started. Deterioration in other areas is underway too.

LEADING
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ON TUESDAY, MARCH 15, the five winners of 1966 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1965 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

FICTION

PETER MATTHIESSEN / At Play in the Fields of the Lord / Random House
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER / The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter / Harcourt, Brace and World
JAMES MERRILL / The (Diblos) Notebook / Atheneum
FLANNERY O'CONNOR / Everything That Rises Must Converge / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JESSE HILL FORD / The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones / Atlantic-Little, Brown
HARRY PETRAKIS / Pericles on 31st Street / Quadrangle Books
Judges: Paul Horgan, J. F. Powers, Glenway Wescott

ARTS AND LETTERS

LIONEL TRILLING / Beyond Culture / The Viking Press
RENÉ WELLEK / A History of Modern Criticism / Yale University Press
PHILIP RAHV / The Myth and the Powerhouse / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JANET FLANNER (GENET) / Paris Journal 1944-1965 / Atheneum
ALFRED KAZIN / Starting Out in the Thirties / Atlantic-Little, Brown
R. W. B. LEWIS / Trials of the Word / Yale University Press
Judges: Francis Fergusson, Walter Kerr, Norman Holmes Pearson

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG / Coming of Age in America / Random House
CHARLES FRANKEL / The Love of Anxiety / Harper and Row
ALICE KIMBALL SMITH / A Peril and a Hope / University of Chicago Press
BENTLEY GLASS / Science and Ethical Values / University of North Carolina Press
Judges: John Kenneth Galbraith, Ernest Nagel, James R. Newman

POETRY

W. H. AUDEN / About the House / Random House
JAMES DICKEY / Buckdancer's Choice / Wesleyan University Press
RANDALL JARRELL / The Lost World / The Macmillan Company
IRVING FELDMAN / The Pripet Marshes / The Viking Press
ELIZABETH BISHOP / Questions of Travel / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
RICHARD EBERHART / Selected Poems / New Directions
LOUIS SIMPSON / Selected Poems / Harcourt, Brace and World
Judges: Ben Belitt, Phyllis McGinley, Elder Olson

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

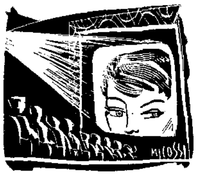
IRVING BRANT / The Bill of Rights / The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
EDWARD CHASE KIRKLAND / Charles Francis Adams, Jr. / Harvard University Press
ROBERT SHAPLEN / The Lost Revolution / Harper and Row
THEODORE H. WHITE / The Making of the President 1964 / Atheneum
RICHARD B. MORRIS / The Peacemakers / Harper and Row
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. / A Thousand Days / Houghton Mifflin and Co.
Judges: Julian P. Boyd, Lyman Butterfield, Louis Fischer

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Seeking After a Sign

IT is a lot easier to recommend attendance at "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" as an act of penitential piety during the Lenten season than it is to praise the movie as a movie. Whether or not the life and death of Our Lord is the greatest story ever told, it is so far from being merely a story that we cannot deal with it in literary terms (if we could, I think we would have to begin by saying that in respect to construction and motivation it leaves much to be desired); our difficulty is enormously increased when we try to pass judgment on the story itself once it has been turned into a screenplay. If ever there was a work that deserved to remain in its original, intensely noniconographic form, it is the New Testament, but I suspect that the first motion-picture camera and projector had no sooner been invented than some enterprising ex-glove salesman thought of giving the world a Gospel According to Saint Nickelodeon. Ever since, the Bible has been big box-office. In my time, I must have encountered half a dozen screen Christs, from H. B. Warner on, and the Old Testament as well as the New continues to provide us with what the trade calls blockbusters. Indeed, aren't we soon to have a many-hours-long movie version of the Book of Genesis, rewritten by Christopher Fry, with an American Adam and a Swedish Eve, and with the director, John Huston, taking the role of Noah and presiding over an ark big enough to contain, two by two, all the stockholders of Twentieth Century-Fox?



Not that "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" is a blockbuster. On the contrary, its director, Pier Paolo Pasolini, has taken pains to spare his picture the least taint of Hollywood pomp. The screenplay scrupulously adheres to Matthew's text, and the settings—an abandoned village and a ruined twelfth-century Norman castle, both in the impoverished heart of Calabria—fit, with the sun-riddled rhetoric of their gaunt walls and adjoining rock-strewn pastures and stringy vineyards, our notion of the Palestine of nineteen hundred years ago. Similarly, the costumes of the Sanhedrin, though based on frescoes by Piero della Francesca, strike the right note of the odd and ancient, while the clothing of the common people seems to our eyes now, as it may have seemed to their eyes then, shrouds for the living. The extreme of modesty is reached in Mr. Pasolini's cast: they are all amateurs. Which is not to imply that they are gifted amateurs; they appear to have been chosen not because of their ability to impersonate a character but for who they are—or, more crudely, for how they look. Jesus is played by a Spanish student of economics whom the director encountered one day—a slender, sallow-faced young man with brows meeting above a stern nose, and a thick shock of hair—and the Mary who watches her son die on the cross is Mr. Pasolini's own mother. (I'm not sure that it has any particular significance, but Judas is played by a Roman truck driver.) These people are, of course, as different as possible from instantly recognizable Hollywood stars, and it would be pleasant to report that Mr. Pasolini, by securing a humble anonymity of cast and settings, has at last solved the problem of bringing the Bible to the screen. Unfortunately, this is not the case; what he has done is to demonstrate that if the old deMille method doesn't work, its opposite doesn't work, either. Despite their intrinsic interestingness, these faces and voices have as little to do with the language of the Gospels as would the face and voice of a Richard Burton or an Ava Gardner. The most skillful actor on earth would find it hard to utter convincingly, as if for the first time, the great words that have rung in our ears from birth; they are not to be uttered convincingly by a student of economics, much less by any authentically illiterate peasant. For all its fidelity to the original and for all the undoubted beauty of its camerawork, Mr. Pasolini's "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" is an artistic failure. I hope it will serve as an exemplary one.

—BRENDAN GILL

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

The Deluge: British Society and the First World War, by Arthur Marwick (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A very good book by a very young English historian. It tells, as precisely as possible, in what ways and to what degree the First World War affected life in the British Isles. Mr. Marwick's researches do not contradict our general impression that the war hastened the emancipation of women, improved the lot of labor, encouraged the concentration of industry, and enhanced interest in applied science, but he moves these generalizations out of the realm of guesswork and into the realm of data, which he certainly knows how to organize. Where he cannot avoid speculation (for instance, neither he nor anyone else knows what was the long-range effect of the near-decimation of young Englishmen—the loss in the war of nine per cent of all males under forty-five), he is plausible and judicious.

This U.S.A.: An Unexpected Family Portrait of 194,067,296 Americans Drawn from the Census, by Ben J. Wattenberg, in collaboration with Richard M. Scammon (Doubleday). This fat, jolly, informative book begins by explaining briefly how the Census Bureau works (Mr. Scammon was once its director) and then interprets, extensively, the huge compilation of data that it collected in 1960. Life in the United States, the authors declare, is rosy. They demonstrate that the extent of poverty has been exaggerated by writers who did not understand how to assess raw data (to cite but one example, the census reports place college students in the category of individuals with extremely low cash incomes), and they explain why they do not fear that Americans are having too many babies and why the comparatively large number of old people in our population is a short-term fact instead of a long-range tendency. They contrast the latest census with earlier ones to demonstrate that the quality of American life has been steadily improving. Does all this seem too good to be true? Not really. Do the authors seem too smug about it? Alas, yes.

The Honorable Conquerors, by Walt Sheldon (Macmillan). A more or less serious history of the Occupation of Japan. Fragments of this remarkable story have appeared widely, of course, in other books. This author has synthesized it and tried to give it coherence, especially when he attempts to give us the Japanese view of a world gone topsy-turvy, with the conqueror rebuilding the broken country into a first-class economic power, second to none in the East—which was what the Japanese had gone to war to achieve in the first place. An amusing and occasionally quite thoughtful book.

Lyonel Feininger: City at the Edge of the World, text by T. Lux Feininger and photographs by Andreas Feininger (Praeger). The authors are sons commemorating their father, the painter Lyonel Feininger. T. Lux, who teaches art, offers a memorial critique that tells what his father was like and what, at different times in his life, he was trying to do. The account describes a series of fanciful toys—ship and train models, figurines, and a whole city of buildings—that the artist carved and painted over the years. The objects have been photographed alone, in groups, and at times juxtaposed with Feininger's graphics, by Andreas, a professional photographer. T. Lux is quite right to emphasize the relation of these engaging wooden whimseys to his father's more formal productions. Since we have become accustomed to seeing "art" most inclusively, the toys look like art. A lovely, lovely book.

Trials of the Word, by R. W. B. Lewis (Yale). Essays, mainly about American literature, by the young critic who seems best able to fill the void left by the death of R. P. Blackmur. The high points of the book are two Blackmurian essays on novels by Henry James, as complex and resonant as the novels themselves, and two essays on the tension between literature and religion—a fine warning to the Procrusteans called "Hold on Hard to the Huckleberry Bushes" and a discussion of apocalypse in our literature, "Days of Wrath and Laughter," in which

Mr. Lewis shows how the subject *should* be handled. Highly recommended.

A Way of Seeing, by Helen Levitt and James Agee (Viking). Fifty-one black-and-white photographs by Miss Levitt sandwiched between the two halves of a twelve-page appreciation by James Agee. The photographs were taken on the streets of Spanish Harlem in the nineteen-forties, and they are mostly glimpses of children (or children's sidewalk graffiti) posturing, playing, and dreaming. Mr. Agee, whose observations were written several years before his death, in 1955, correctly describes these pictures as lyrical. They are also almost unbearably sad.

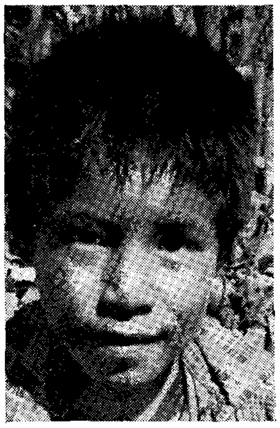
Note: Lippincott has published "Adlai Stevenson," a memoir of the late Ambassador by Lillian Ross, which originally appeared in this magazine under the heading of Notes and Comment. Twenty-four photographs, selected by the author, have been added.

VERSE

A Lume Spento and Other Early Poems, by Ezra Pound (New Directions). Pound's first two books (1908), together with ten unpublished poems from a notebook of the time, all recently reprinted on the occasion of the poet's eightieth birthday, are of the greatest interest. A certain pathos surrounds these often derivative efforts of a young, practically penniless American, isolated in Venice, to break into some sort of originality and to get his poetry into print. The facsimile title pages show how crudely print was achieved; they are balanced by a most vigorous photograph of the young poet. The poems for the most part are framed in an affected diction, which seems to have taken hold for good. Yet within a few years this disciple of the extreme and decadent was to demand, as a prime mover of Imagism, natural words set down in natural order. Pound's daughter writes sympathetically, in a note, of this earliest phase, and Pound himself disowns the whole matter in a curt foreword.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Pulse of Danger, by Jon Cleary (Morrow). Flight and pursuit through the high Himalayas of Bhutan, with winter coming on. The fugitives are the members of a small Anglo-American botanical expedition (including two young women),



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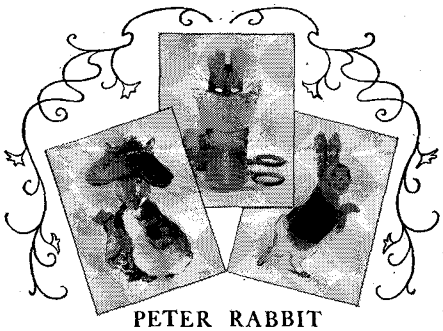

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SQUIRE OF DEATH, by Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). A pleasant, relaxed story of murder among millionaires in New York in the summertime. The shooting of rich, unpopular Jefferson Page is slightly complicated by the disappearance the same night of a pretty night-club singer, but there is a comfortable feeling throughout the story that the mystery is of the temporary kind that will come to an end in its own satisfactory way, with no damage except to the victim, who was not a very nice man anyway. Mr. Lockridge's detectives are as casually competent as ever, and the New York scene is well done.

A FIREWORK FOR OLIVER, by John Sanders (Walker). A screaming melodrama set in England (and France and Switzerland) in the time of Oliver Cromwell. It has to do with the efforts of an ingenious young secret agent in the employ of the Protector to run down a maniacal Cavalier who has acquired the formula of a new explosive, and it foams with inopportune entrances, coincidental encounters, and dazzling returns from the grave. One of its numerous climaxes occurs (shades of Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty) near the Reichenbach Falls, and the dead—men, women, and children—number close to a hundred, most of them victims of cold steel.

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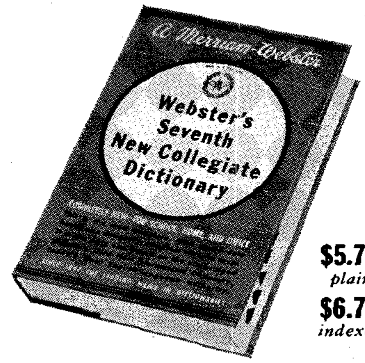

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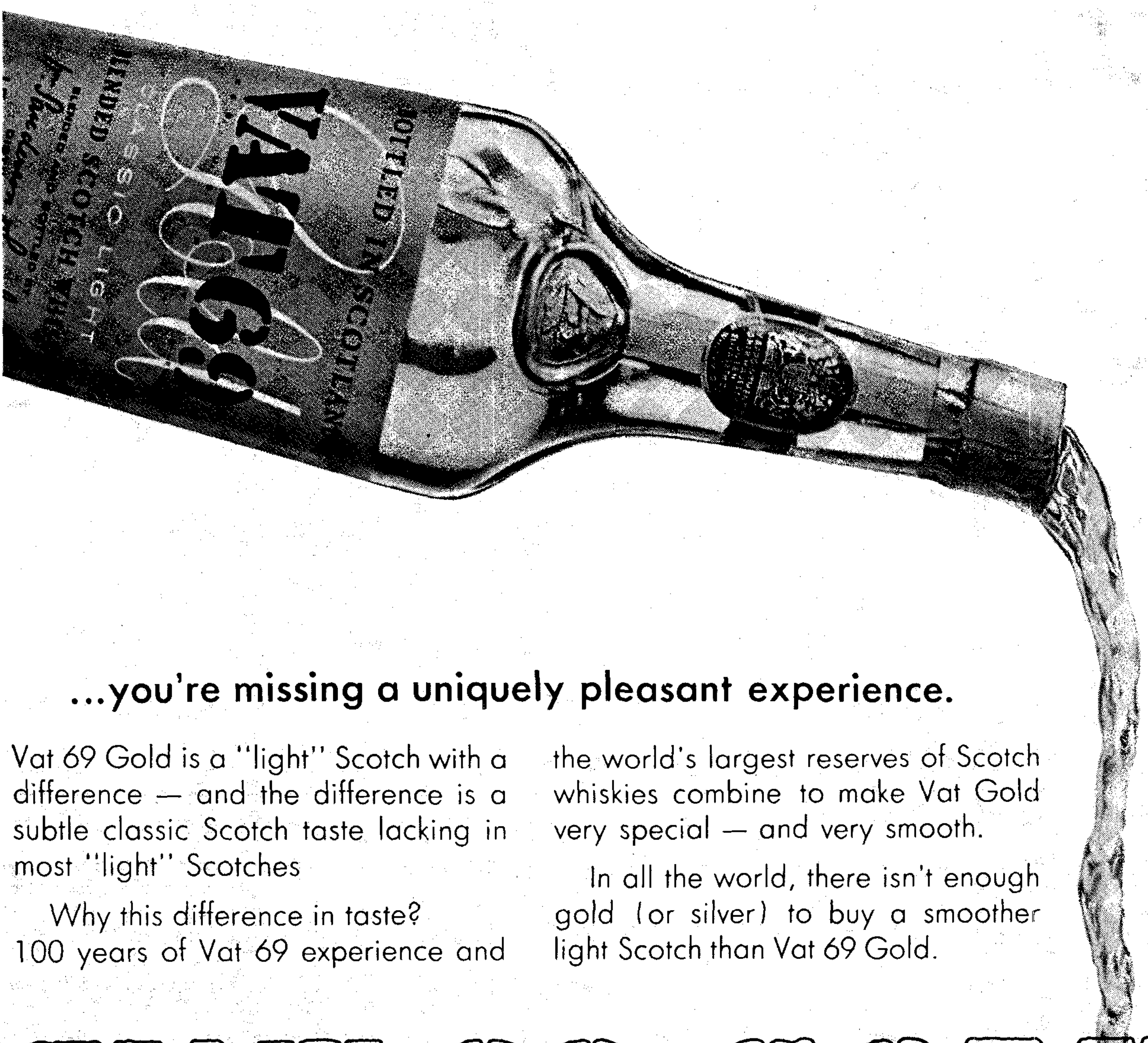

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